Saturday Review

April 30, 1966 35¢

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EYEWITNESS IN RED CHINA

A report on life today behind the bamboo curtain

by Hugo Portisch

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RECORDINGS

Features by Emily Coleman, Paul Henry Lang, and Robert Lawrence

MACAULAY AND HIS CRITICS, By Jack Valenti

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THE STORY OF L'HEURE BLEUE

Or how a certain time of day led to Guerlain's creation of, perhaps, the most tenderly beautiful perfume in the world.

Twilight on the Seine: 1911.

The art of the perfumer, like the art of the musician, is elusive and mysterious.

But even the musician has certain laws of harmony and the eight notes of the scale to rely upon, while the perfumer is faced with an infinite range of fragrances, and only his intuition to guide him.

Common to all great art, however, is that moment, or event, which compels the artist to attempt to preserve it forever. (Who amongst us has led such a shallow existence that he was never moved to say "I wish I could paint that," or at least, "I wish I had a camera with me"?)

A moment such as this is the story of L'Heure Bleue.

A man pauses to reflect on his walk home from work. The year is 1911. It is summer. There is nothing spectacular about the scene. No vivid sunset. No heavenly rays penetrating dark clouds.

To the contrary. The air is dark blue. The sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars. And yet it is as if all the elements were conspiring to say something.

Something infinite. Something . . . tender. Something that simply cannot be translated into words.

The following morning M. Guerlain returned to his laboratory and began work. For almost a year he struggled to capture that vibrant hush, the beguiling sweetness of closing flowers, the tender, infinite something that had overwhelmed him.

The result was L'Heure Bleue, a finely balanced perfume composed with the passion of Musk and Rose de Bulgarie, and the naive loveliness of Iris and Heliotrope, subtly blended with fragrances from the far corners of the earth.

What happens when you apply L'Heure Bleue to your pulse points, and its delicate scent starts to permeate the air around you? Ah . . .

That's another story.

Twilight on the Seine: 1966.

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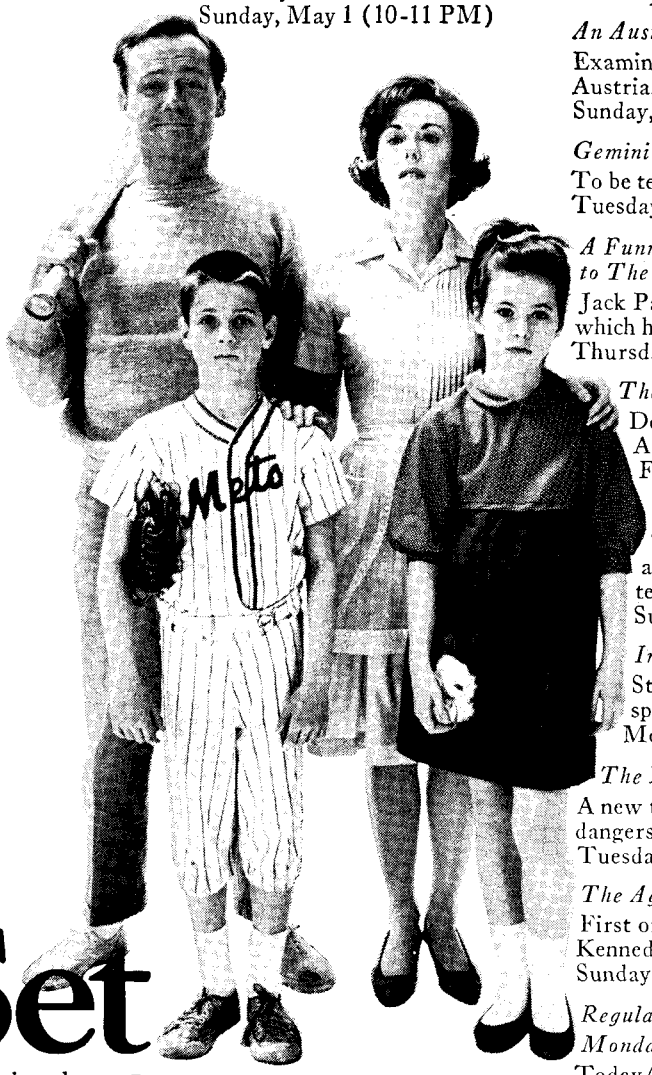
The Jet Set



They've been more places, and probably know more about what's happening than a lot of people who travel the world. All because of television.

For instance, this month, they'll be in Texas for a tour with L. B. J. In Alaska and Hawaii. In Austria to weigh signs of a neo-Nazi revival. They'll know about Stravinsky's life and works. Martin Buber's philosophy. John F. Kennedy's political development. They'll watch Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman." Attend the Emmy Awards. And even take a National Drivers Test.

Now what about you?

Operation Sea War: Vietnam
A new kind of land-water war against an enemy without a navy.
Sunday, May 1 (4-5 PM)

Mississippi: A Self Portrait
Opinions of white Mississippians on current social, political and economic changes.
Sunday, May 1 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Magic of Broadcasting
Entertainment documentary traces the history of radio and television. Arthur Godfrey hosts.
Sunday, May 1 (10-11 PM)

Discovery
The Baird Marionettes; Digging Up a Dinosaur; Alaska, Part I; Alaska, Part II; Hawaii. Sundays, May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (11:30-12 Noon)

Directions '66
The Bigger They Are, The Harder They Hit; The Pequot Hand; Epilogue: Ballad of Growing Old; Martin Buber; This Is Leo Baeck. Sundays, May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (1-1:30 PM)

Stravinsky, Man of His Age
Portrait of a musical revolutionary who is still exploring new frontiers.
Tuesday, May 3 (10-11 PM)

Saga of Western Man: I Am a Soldier
Follows a career soldier from West Point to Vietnam.
Sunday, May 8 (8-9 PM)

"Death of a Salesman"
Arthur Miller's drama stars Lee J. Cobb, George Segal and Mildred Dunnock.
Sunday, May 8 (9-11 PM)

Lyndon Johnson's Texas
President Johnson tours the Texas Hill Country of his childhood.
Monday, May 9 (10-11 PM)

An Austrian Affair
Examines signs of neo-Nazi revival in Austria.
Sunday, May 15 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Gemini Launching
To be televised on all networks.
Tuesday, May 17 (tentative)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to The White House
Jack Paar narrates humorous incidents which have enlivened American history.
Thursday, May 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Anatomy of Defense
Documentary on the roles of America's military forces.
Friday, May 20 (7:30-8:30 PM)

18th Annual Emmy Awards
The Academy of Television Arts and Sciences cites achievements in television.
Sunday, May 22 (10-11:30 PM)

In Search of Man
Studies the universe's most complex species: Man.
Monday, May 23 (10-11 PM)

The National Drivers Test
A new test, timed to alert drivers to dangers of long summer weekends.
Tuesday, May 24 (10-11 PM)

The Age of Kennedy
First of two programs on John F. Kennedy, the man and the politician.
Sunday, May 29 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/Golf with Sam Snead/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Frontiers of Faith/Directions '66/Issues and Answers/American Sportsman/Sports in Action/Vietnam Weekly Review College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: Times (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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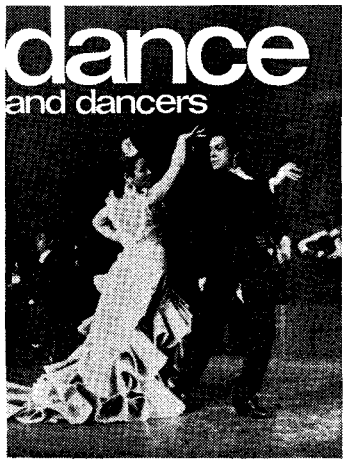

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April 30, 1966

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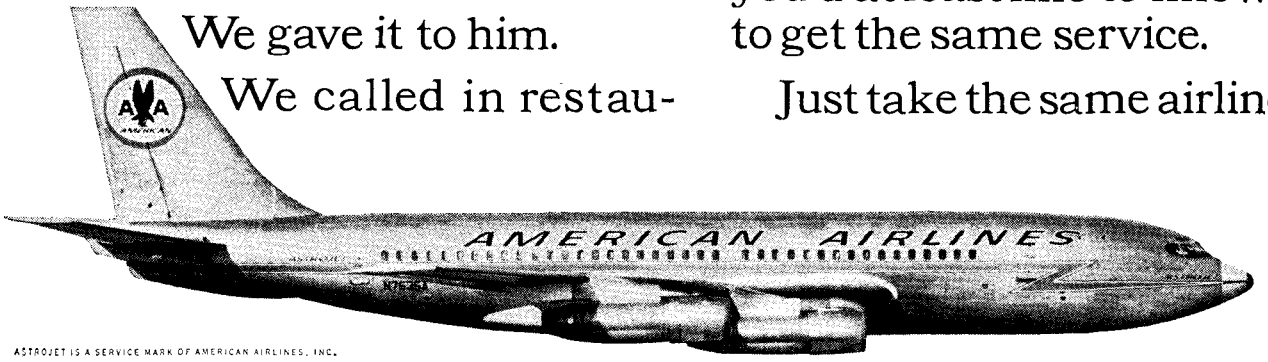

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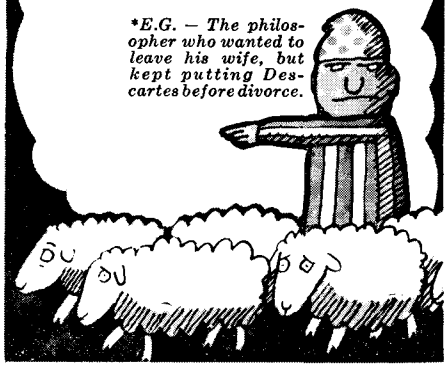
*E.G. – *The philosopher who wanted to leave his wife, but kept putting Descartes before divorce.*



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five women

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A Partisan Review

There's Nemerov and Malamud and Podhoretz and Borowitz,
The names crash in crescendo like a Steinway played by Horowitz.

There's Kazin, Roth and Brustein; what a grand, gemütlich group o'wits,
I'd like to buy them chicken soup at Moscowitz and Lupowitz.

Yes, the critical fraternity have handles that reverberate
And what they eat is not the food that Pater, Shaw or Thurber ate.

When Kauffmann talks to Clurman, while Miss Sontag adds vivacity,
I rather think that what they drink is apt to be a glass o' tea.

To me they form an orchestra—and if you want the proof,
Just harken to the music of the Fiedler on the roof.

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

Time Check

TOWARD the end of World War II, after three years of duty in Alaska, I was given a short, pleasant stateside assignment as a radio-telephone censor in Seattle. I monitored—actually listened in on and recorded—telephone calls between Alaska and the mainland. I'm sworn to eternal secrecy as to the actual content of those conversations, but I can reconstruct a typical one for you. This would be, then, a young infantryman, still in the Aleutian Islands after twenty-eight months, calling his girl in Alabama. The phone circuit to Adak has just opened today, so this is their first chance to talk since that tear-dimmed day in the railroad station in Montgomery:

Soldier: Hello. That yew, sweet-haw-wut?

Girl: Hello. Hello. (*Suspiciously*) Who is that?

Censor: Hello. *This* . . . is the cen-sor. Can you hear me, Corporal? Can you hear me, Miss?

Soldier: Who are yew?

Operator: Both parties are on the line. Go ahead, censor.

Censor: *This* . . . is the cen-sor. *Please* guard your words. The enemy—

Girl: I said hello. Mama! Daddy! It's—

Censor: The *enemy* is listening. *Please* do not discuss the weather, the location of, or the movements of military units, planes, or ships. Go ahead, please.

Girl: Hello!

Soldier: What did yew say?

Girl: I was talking to *Mama*. Hello!

Operator: Go ahead, please.

Soldier: Is that yew, darlin'?

Girl: Yes! Why Talbot, you sound just like you were in the next room!

Soldier: What?

Girl: I said—listen, I just can't get *over* this. Talbot, what time is it out there?

Soldier: It's about three-thirty, or three-forty-five, I reckon. Yes, three-forty-five.

Girl: Imagine! It's so much *later* here. I can't quite see the clock, but it's—

Soldier: What?

Girl: I said, I can't quite see the clock from here.

Soldier: Darlin', I sure do love yew.

Girl: All right.

Operator: Are you through?

Soldier: Listen, I hope to be seein' yew before—

Censor: One moment please. This is the cen-sor. *Please* do not discuss the location of, or the movements of mili—

Girl: What did you say, Talbot?

Soldier: I guess we better say bye bye now, sweet-haw-wut.

Operator: Are you through?

Censor: I think *she's* hung up, hasn't she?

Operator: Oh, who *knows*? We're going *crazy* here on this shift.

Girl: Hello? . . .

That's how the war was won, and that's how we censors always knew what time it was everywhere.

—HAYES B. JACOBS.

The Reading Habits of the Young

ONCE there was a high school teacher who got her students to read *Silas Marner* and enjoy it. She went about it in an unusual way. She told her students that it was a bad book that

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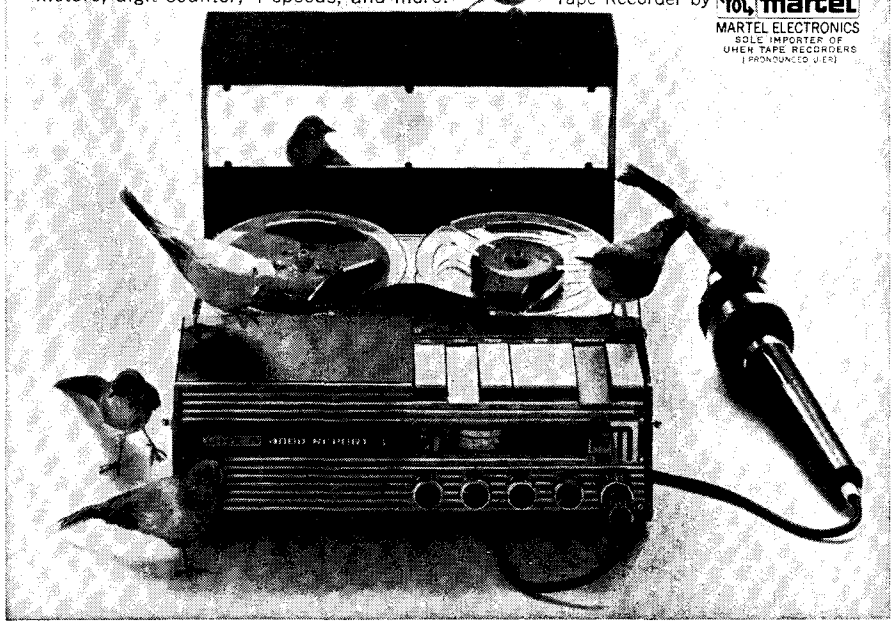

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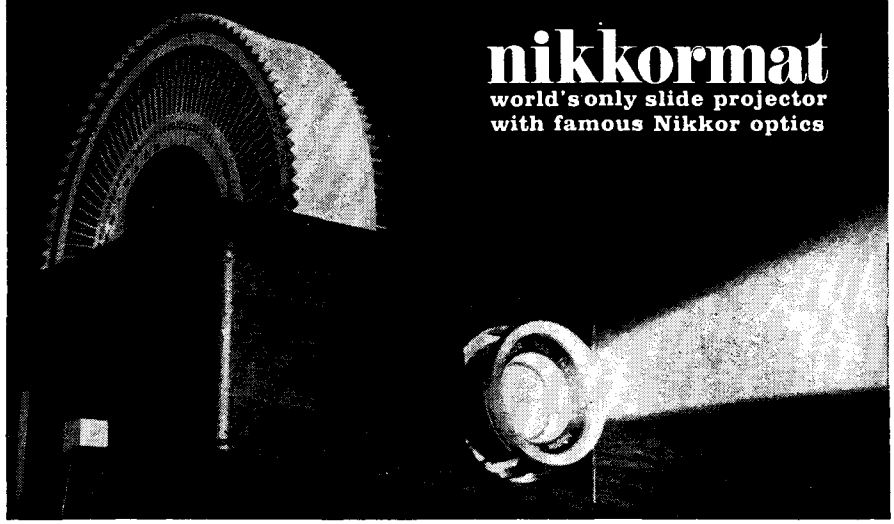

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might be harmful to their moral fiber; that it was written by a woman named Mary Ann Evans, who preferred to be called George; and that they might get carried away by the story and miss the author's message. Her clincher was that it was available only in a cheap paperback.

The students read *Silas Marner* with such gusto that this teacher is thinking of trying the same technique with *Moby Dick*.

The lesson to be derived from the above is that kids will read almost anything if it is not required, and if it is practically guaranteed not to do them any good. The best recommendation for a book, to a teenager, is not the reviews of literary critics but word of mouth, so long as the mouth is not that of a parent, teacher, or librarian.

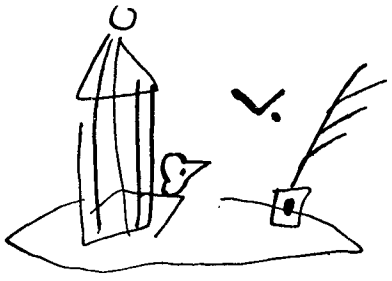
When it comes to magazines, teenagers will read almost any of them, but they especially like the magazines to which they do not subscribe. These they read at the magazine stands (so called because that is where one stands while reading magazines for free), completely oblivious of the hostile looks of the proprietor. Sometimes, while reading magazines, they do not stand but sit. Usually they sit on the stack of magazines from which women shoppers are not strong enough to push them in order to get a copy.

The younger set cannot understand why adults insist on reading under a strong light. All that glare must be why so many older people have to wear glasses. It is much easier on the eyes to read lying on the floor instead of sitting stiffly in a chair and putting all that strain on the spine.

Another thing about adults that is pretty silly is the way they read without the radio on and without simultaneously watching TV. The really versatile teenager not only reads, listens to the radio, and watches TV all at once, but at the same time carries on a telephone conversation and munches a candy bar. You haven't forever, you know, and you need to make every minute count.

"Some books are to be chewed and digested," wrote Francis Bacon. If the teen-ager could only eat each page, after reading it, he would be really happy, lying there on the floor in the dusk.

—Richard Armour.



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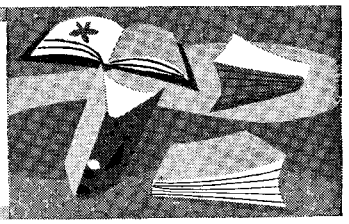

You can pick up all the chatter you want about current best-sellers, anyplace, anywhere. But today, we're going to look at some really camp publications that have crossed the desk recently. (Don't worry if you don't know the exact definition of *camp;* even the most *in* people can't define it, any more than they can accurately define *in.* Some of the most *in* things have become *out* lately, and vice versa.)

There's a slim paperback volume not long off the press called *The Impoverished Students' Book of Cookery, Drinkery & Housekeepery,* by Jay F. Rosenberg, and published by the Reed College Alumni Association, Portland, Oregon, which you can leave on your coffee table to spark a conversation when things promise to be dull. In a paragraph headed *"Some Crucial Notes on Rice,"* you'll find this warning: "If you insist on using lower-echelon rice, this book has nothing further to say to you. The only rice worth living with is *long-grain, non-precooked* rice!" After further exposition, the paragraph concludes with: "That is all I have to tell you about rice. But it's more than most cookbooks would tell you about rice."

Other dishes discussed in the book include *Primordial Chicken, Genuine Hungarian Goulash Also Brought Over from the Old Country by the Same Grandmother I Mentioned Earlier, Grinded-Up Beef,* and *Neatloaf.*

The author also includes a challenge. He will pay $5 to anyone submitting a *valid* reason why man should not consume the flesh of a horse.

If you like to engage in occasional impulse buying of books, you could browse in the Johnson Reprint Corporation, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, jangling the change in your pocket, and pick up a spanking new reprint of the fifty-volume set of *Report on the Scientific Results of the Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger.* This handsome reprint of 29,500 pages is yours for the asking, plus $3,850, plus tax. It was first published by Order of Her Majesty's Government in 1885, and might tell you more about the physical, chemical, geological and biological conditions of the great ocean basins than you care to know.

Buying books according to tonnage may be just in the process of becoming a trend, according to Rebecca Valette, of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. She sends along a local bookstore advertisement for *The Kennedy Years,* that proclaims: "Actual size, 10″ x 13″—weighs nearly five pounds!"

From the same source, we received a publication of very little tonnage, *News of Wellesley,* that includes chatter about the staff and faculty of that college. Honored at a special dinner and given awards for five-year milestones of service to the college were a carpenter, janitor, head cook, groundsman, dormitory matron, trades helper, kitchen man, and Miss Margaret Clapp, president of the college. "These simultaneous awards could only happen in America," writes Mrs. Valette.

If you should happen to be glancing through U.S. Bureau of Census material from 1910, you might want to make a note of some of the actual certified names which Irving N. Fisher of Hamden, Connecticut, sends along. Among the surnames are: Threadcraft, Whitecotton, Crampeasy, Blister, Grunt, Smack, Caress. Among the full names are: Peter Wentup, John Smothers, Barbara Staggers, Joseph Rodeback, and Booze Still.

More about names is available in the first state place-name journal in the United States, *Names in South Carolina,* published in Columbia, South Carolina, by the Department of English of the State University there. In the publication, you can find all the information you need to know about the origin of the names of such places as Whippy Swamp, Ape Yard, Scratchnose Swamp, Kneeball Dance, Cool Blow Alley, Gobbler's Knob, or Pinch 'em Slyly. The last name is derived from a small store in this location back in 1800, where the Down Easterner who owned it would pinch off meal flour on the sly as he weighed it for his customers, thus ensuring that the customer never got exactly what he paid for.

Now you can be among the first to know, too, that *another* new literary form has just been invented, in the wake of Truman Capote's "non-fiction novel." The new form is being called "real-life fiction" by the editors of *Midstream,* the monthly magazine of Jewish affairs, and it is reflected in the article "My Friend, the Late Moses Herzog," by Maurice Samuel. It is the story that asks the question, dear reader, of what happens to Herzog when Saul Bellow leaves him at the conclusion of the best-selling novel? Does Herzog survive to write more letters, or resume his career, or marry Ramona?

Still another brand-new literary form is now being developed by *SR*'s own Hollis Alpert. "After years of analysis," says Alpert, "and years of painstaking soul-searching, I am now ready to announce this revolutionary step forward. It's going to be called a 'fiction novel.' No applause, please. Just humble gratitude will suffice."

Now for the *pièce de résistance* that no coffee table can afford to be without. The New American Library is wrapping for immediate shipment 750,000 copies of *Batman*—an original, so the gold seal on the cover says, not available in any other edition. In it, the title page tells you, you can "THRILL TO the greatest adventures of that dynamic duo BATMAN and the Boy Wonder ROBIN. . . . Follow the very first adventures of these caped crusaders for law and order—defying death to defeat crime, battling the arch fiends of the underworld. . . . It's the only, the original BATMAN!"

As Bob Kane, creator of Batman, says,

"Batman is a real American folk hero, not a pseudo-hero like James Bond. He might be camp, but he represents the kind of fantasy Americans want to escape into."

What more could you ask? POW! ZAM! WHUMP! Holy Lexicography!

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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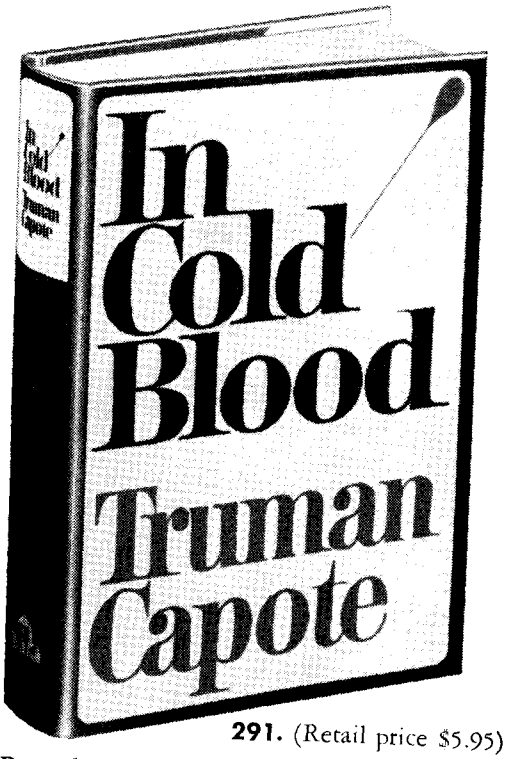

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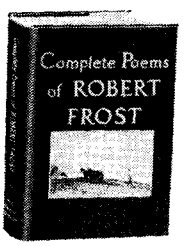

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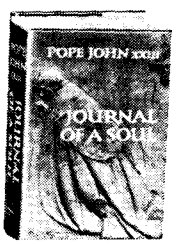

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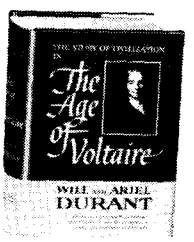

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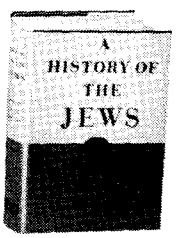

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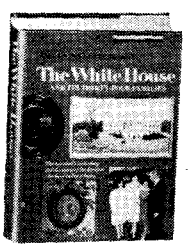

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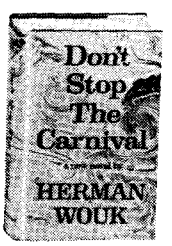

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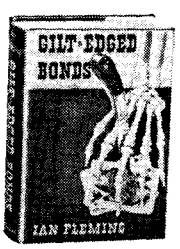

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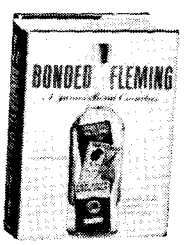

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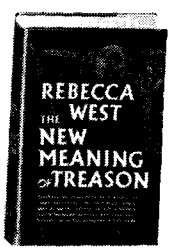

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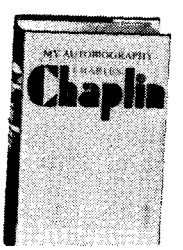

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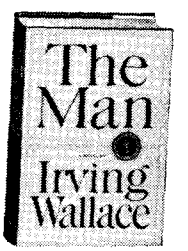

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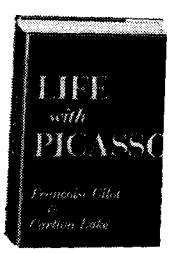

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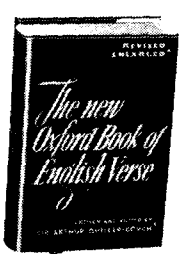

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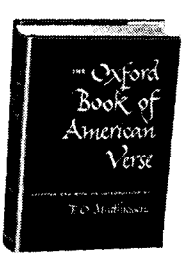

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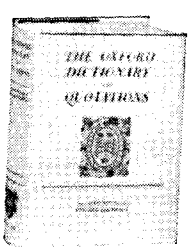

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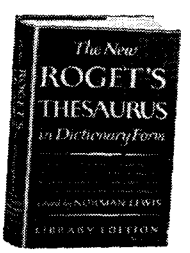

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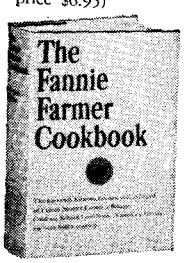

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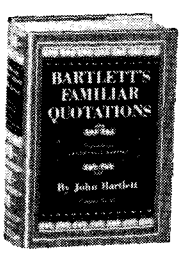

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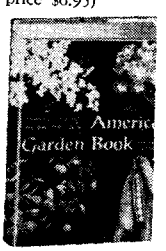

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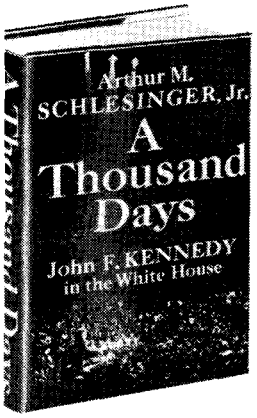

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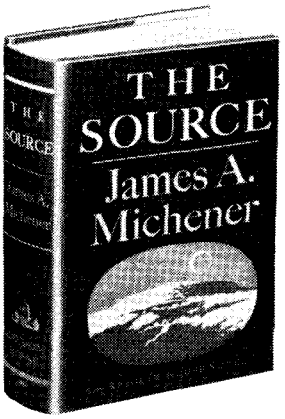

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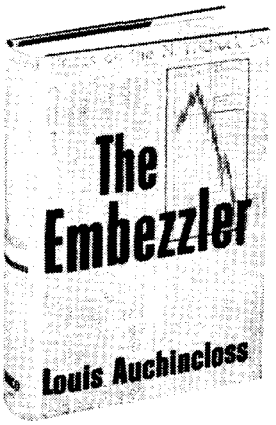

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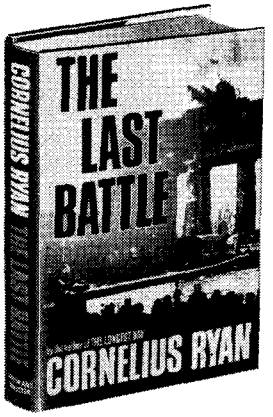

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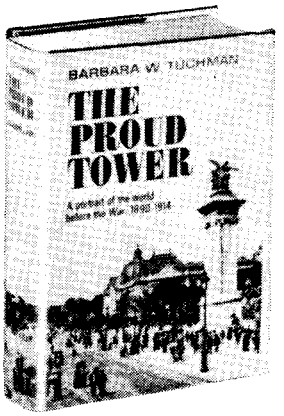

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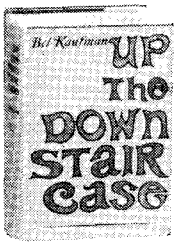

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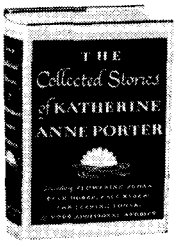

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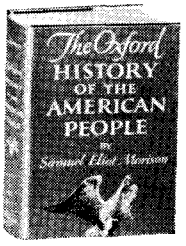

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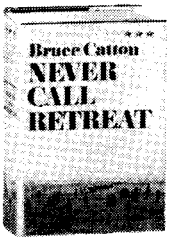

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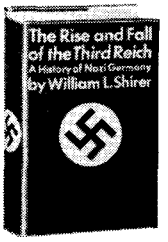

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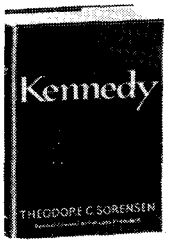

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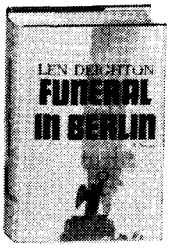

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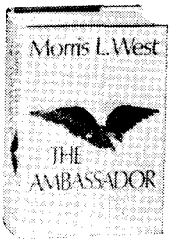

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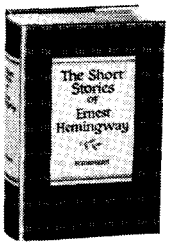

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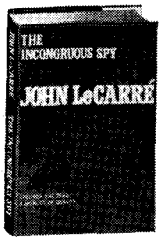

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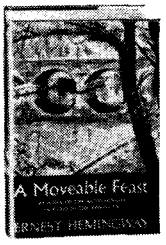

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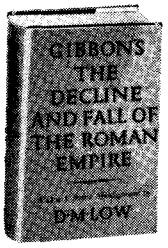

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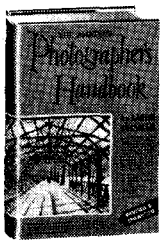

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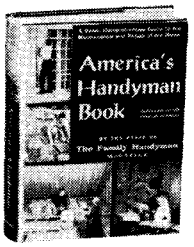

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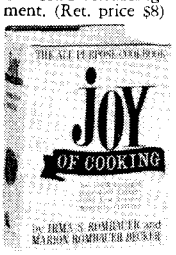

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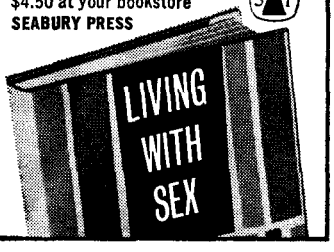

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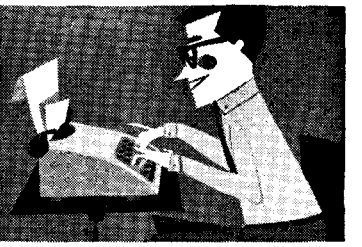
DOUBLEDAY

Top of My Head



Man of Letters

The Economics Press, Inc.
P.O. Box 425
West Orange, N. J. 07052
Dear Sirs:
As per your letter of the 15th at hand, we are this day in receipt of your letter, hereinafter and henceforth referred to as a Letter about Letter Writing, for which the undersigned wishes you would kindly advise. . . .

This is in answer to a letter received from this company which points out that this form of writing letters is out of style. Economics Press, Inc., asks you to subscribe and twice a month you will receive sample letters for all occasions. Hereinafter and henceforth your letters will never say "hereinafter and henceforth." They will say: "In the future."

Instead of "As per your letter of the 15th at hand," you will now write: "In your letter of June 15th." Instead of "We are this day in receipt of," you will write: "Today we received." Instead of "Kindly advise the undersigned," it will be: "Please let me know." Letters beginning with "Due to the fact that" will begin with "Since."

These changes among many others, petitioner promises, will give your letters tone, friendliness, clarity and imagination. And high time. Letter writing has become the most stilted and antiquated art form of all types of communication. To quote Economics Press, Inc., again: "Business conversation isn't as stilted and formal as it used to be. Now it's fresh and vital. Business letters should be that way too."

That's all well and good as far as it goes, which is mostly in the body of the letters. Let's take it from the salutation: "Dear Sir." Doesn't that sound as if it were written with a quill pen?

"Dear Sir" has to go. Instead let's try this for size:

Look:
In your letter of June 15th you say that you did not receive etc. etc. etc.

Or even this:
Just One Darned Minute:
In your letter of June 15th you say that you did not receive etc. etc. etc.

Now isn't that fresh and vital? And suppose it's not a business letter. Let's say you went to a party the night before and you got there loaded. As the party went on the load became heavier and you made a spectacle of yourself. The next day you are contrite. You write a letter:

Oh Boy:
I'm sorry I couldn't get to your party of June 15th, and I want to say, etc.

"A good business letter," says this brochure, "should read as though a live, warm-blooded person wrote it—just the same as a personal letter. The trouble with too many business letters is that they sound like an inanimate corporation speaking from the heights of Mount Olympus or the depths of a food freezer."

An accurately turned figure of speech. And I have, over the years, received many letters written in a food freezer. Here is one I have defrosted:

Dear Sir:
This is the third notice of your unpaid phone bills as of April, May and June 15th. This is to notify you that henceforth and hereinafter we will be forced to take drastic action if you do not submit in full, etc. etc. etc.

The receipt of this letter turns on the juices of such hostility that the reader winds up in the final stages of writer's cramp and couldn't write a check if he wanted to. What is indicated in this type of letter is a touch of humor:

Hey, Guess What:
You want to hear something funny? We haven't received any money from you in months. Are you out of town? Out of sorts? Out of money? Did we do something to displease you? Why don't you phone us and let us know? On second thought, why don't you drop us a note? We tried to reach you by phone but it's out of order or something. We wonder why. We could send a man to fix it if you say the word. Working together, each contributing to the other, we could conquer the world. OK?

Yes, letter writing has long been overdue for an overhaul. Except of course, love letters. You know, the kind that begin: "Enclosed find check."

—Goodman Ace.

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The Psalmist and After

NOTES ON THE PSALMIST

"What is man?" the Psalmist cried.
"Equal," declared the Declaration.
"Mine," the Manifest State replied,
"I am his relevance and occupation."

What does a man do? I don't know.
I hope he refuses some of every election;
at least the electioneering. Though
I want him to vote, if only by defection.

He comes to nothing. Astronomers, at least,
are sure he does. And wives suspect.
It's easy for a man to be a beast,
hard for him to select

one of whatever he can't have two of.
Hunger is punctual in him. Given some
of anything, he cannot get enough.
When they have most to say, most men are dumb,

then garrulous about nothing. Men are boys
who find out about dying, and then forget.
They do not suffer much: their day annoys
more than it hurts. No one has answered yet

the Psalmist's question. If you thought I would,
you couldn't have been listening. Or you can
hear only what you choose—the aptitude
most like a man.

CRYSTAL NIGHT

I told one devil to the end
and found no other. In his place
came day by day, the long bone round
—the race.

Came hunters scarified for God,
their magic twitching in their eyes,
their lances cocked for any blood
not theirs.

Came pharaohs mounted past the world
but with their whole weight on it still.
In their beginning was the word
—kill.

Came sultans dappled by the rays
of their own rubies. Not quite God,
but gods enough to like God's ways
with blood.

Came monks in their own shadows, vowed
to rack out error, thus to save
the essence God had not allowed
a grave.

Came troopers in their polished meat,
too lucid to have tears to shed.
Came order, ordnance. At its feet
the dead.

Came man, alas, by right and wrong,
by can and will, by Hellgate slammed
his red night through, his long bone round
the damned.

FRAGMENT

To the laboratory then I went. What little
right men they were exactly! Magicians
of the microsecond precisely wired
to what they cared to ask no questions of
but such as their computers clicked and hummed.

It was a white-smocked, glass, and lighted Hell.
And there Saint Particle the Septic sat
lost in his horn-rimmed thoughts. A gentlest pose.
But in the frame of one lens as I passed
I saw an ogre's eye leap from his face.

THE WEEK THAT WAS

The pet shops were advertising non-rabid bats
for air-raid shelters. ("For that natural touch!")
LBJ and Mao were placing bets.
("The sky's the limit.") Overkill held her torch
high over the harbor. ("Give me your weak, your poor!")
England asked to be mentioned as a world power
and France said, "*Comment?*" (Transmitted as "No
comment"
by the wire services, and botched by a lino-hack
to read "Con meant." —At which Parliament
took qualified umbrage until Nelson gets back.)

After that there was no more direct quotation.
It is safer in paraphrase. Evade the question:
you need no answer. And why speak
what's already in the junk mail? —Those bats sold.
And Norman Rockwell did a cover that week
of a boy and his pet hyena, both oddly soiled,
digging up an old sunset by a charred road.
Comment? No comment. This is pure mood.

PROJECT FOR A CLIFF FACE

Before I die (said the self-riddling
stonecutter) I mean to practice a
whim on a cliff face, if I can find
an unused extrusion to be the page
for the following text I shall carve
in the pure practice of nothing but
the art and pleasure of my lettering:

THERE WAS A TIME BEFORE MAN.
THERE WILL BE A TIME AFTER.
I SPEAK ONLY WHAT IS EVIDENT,
BUT AS LONG AS THERE REMAINS
ANY MAN WHO CAN READ THESE
WORDS, NONE WILL BELIEVE THEM,
AND AFTER, NO ONE WILL KNOW
WHETHER TO BELIEVE THEM OR NOT.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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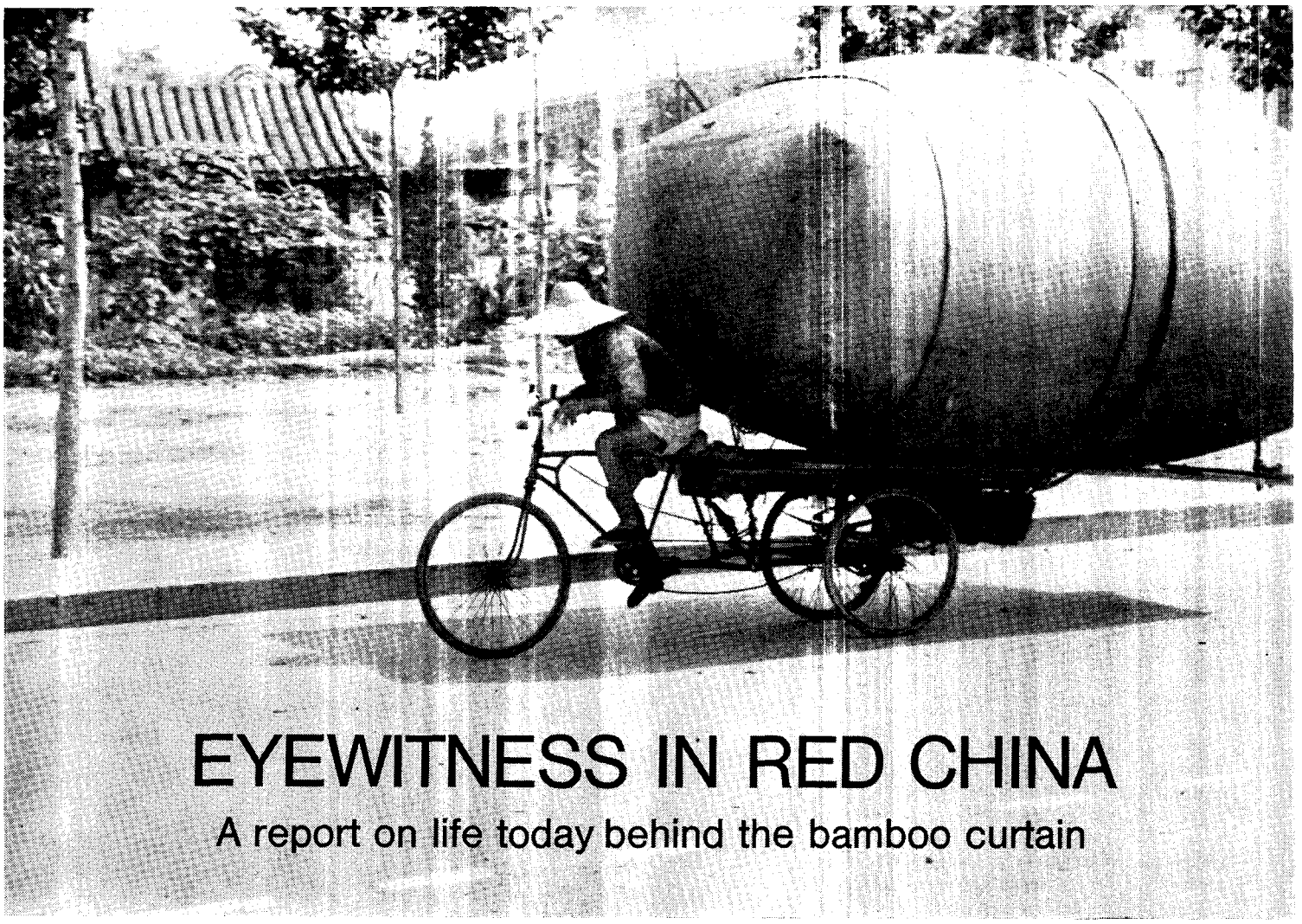

EYEWITNESS IN RED CHINA

A report on life today behind the bamboo curtain

—Fernand Gigon (Pix).

Worker transporting plastic container of natural gas across Peking by pedicar. Few Chinese as yet can afford to own motor vehicles.

By HUGO PORTISCH

I. Entering China: Free and Easy

UNTIL RECENTLY, China was considered to be one of the most tightly closed-off countries in the East Communist bloc. Not only was an entry permit difficult or impossible to obtain, it was not even easy to get to China by modern means of transportation. Today, the way into China is free and easy. British border control, conducted by Hong Kong Chinese, runs as smoothly and routinely as at almost any West European frontier. Baggage is not opened and the passport examination is cursory.

Shepherding of the China-bound traveler by the Red Chinese begins at Kowloon Station in Hong Kong. The porters here, employees of the Communist railroad company, refuse to accept tips; instead, I was asked to pay a lump sum for porter services, and my luggage was tagged with a strip of colored cloth which alerted all subsequent Chinese porters to place their services at my disposal. The train's operating personnel had not yet put on their railroad caps with the Red star, yet they were fussing diligently over the Chinese travelers. Young men with American cigarettes, chewing gum, chocolate bars, and the latest issues of *Time* and *Life* passed back and forth constantly, making it quite clear that this would be my last opportunity to buy such things.

The closer we got to the border, the more passengers left the train; when, after a trip of about an hour, the locomotive came to a halt in the Lo Wu border station, emitting a long-drawn whistle blast, only a few passengers were left. All of these intended to cross the border.

The border consists of a narrow railroad bridge framed by two high steel girders. Passenger trains do not go across this bridge. The traveler must cross on foot, carrying his own bags. In the middle of the bridge are more Hong Kong officials in British uniform: khaki shorts and blue police caps. A few paces behind them stand the first sentries of the Chinese People's Republic. These are military sentries, clad in the sand-colored uniform of the People's Army; enlisted men and officers alike wear shapeless cotton jackets and trousers.

At the end of the bridge, on a platform, I was met by my interpreter. Every foreign visitor is assigned an interpreter who knows the name of his "charge," where he comes from, and where he is to be guided. Later I discovered that these interpreters know a great deal more. They are informed about the traveler's occupation, his family life and circumstances, his political past, and his current affairs. The information disclosed during interviews and in the questionnaires, application forms, and *curriculum vitae,* which must be submitted to any Chinese embassy in Europe as a prerequisite for an entry permit, is known to these interpreters and to almost all

Hugo Portisch, one of Europe's most respected journalists, is editor-in-chief of Vienna's largest newspaper, *Kurier,* and a former deputy director of the Austrian Information Service. This report, based on two months' travel in China, is adapted from his book *Red China Today,* a best-seller in Germany and Austria, soon to be published in this country by Quadrangle Books, Inc.

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the other functionaries with whom it is necessary to deal in China.

In no other country have I needed so many official papers as I did in China. They included an entry permit, an interior travel permit, a sojourn permit for each city, a permit to continue the trip, and an exit permit. In addition I received an identification as a journalist, to be shown if I ran into any difficulties. None of these documents was issued with any generosity. The dates for entry and expiration were specific, and not even a one-day delay would have been permitted unless I had requested a change beforehand.

For example, I could not have left Peking a day earlier or later than I did, and I had to take the plane or train for which my travel permit was valid. Likewise, it would have been impossible for me to make a change in my itinerary without prior authorization, or even to return to a city I had just left.

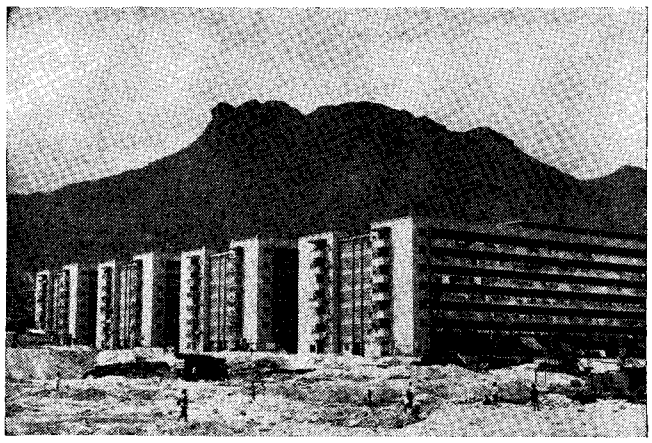
I have no doubt that the interpreter provided to a foreigner in China supplies the authorities with a running commentary on his remarks and behavior. In my case it was quite obvious. A series of remarks I had made in "private" talks with the interpreter were picked up a few days later by other Chinese officials, although without any indication of their source. So the interpreters make reports. But there are hours when you are alone. You can go for walks unaccompanied and generally do as you please so long as you don't break any laws.

II. The Country: Life Is Different

WE BOARDED the train. Hardly had we sat down when a female attendant appeared and offered to pour tea. Like almost all girls in China, she wore her hair in two braids, and she had on the summer uniform of the railroad personnel: blue cotton trousers and a white blouse with a red badge, on which her exact duties and service number were given in Chinese characters.

And then something began that I shall remember for a long time in connection with my travels through China: the loudspeakers. Mounted in all coaches, these operate by remote control and cannot be turned off. Announcement follows announcement, interspersed with marches, revolutionary songs, soldier choirs, but also arias from famous Peking operas, whose tone sequences sound discordant to unaccustomed ears.

If one understood Chinese, one might find the announcements quite interesting. Passengers are told when the train departs, how long it will take to reach the next station, the length of the stop there, and whether there will be time to buy anything on the platform. Scenic spots on both sides of the track are called to one's attention. Announcements are made regarding the number of inhabitants in the next city, and its industry and commerce, including its achievements in production.



—*Tor Eigeland (Pix).*

New tenements being built for Chinese refugees in Hong Kong.

Trains are not only equipped with receivers and an internal loudspeaker system, they also have sending facilities. Each train can get in touch with any other train, or communicate with stations ahead or behind.

I soon noticed that ticket collectors came through the coach from time to time to draw the curtains across the windows. Whether this was done just in my car, where I was the only foreigner, or also in the coaches for the Chinese passengers, I did not discover. As no one had asked me to keep the curtains closed, I opened them whenever I wanted.

The train stopped in each of the larger stations for about ten to twenty minutes. During these stops, the train attendants would jump off, armed with mops, pails, and rags, to wash down the coaches from roof to rails with honest zeal. Most of the passengers also got off, to the accompaniment of rhythmic music issuing from the loudspeakers inside the train and others mounted on the platform. With the music came vocal instructions for gymnastics. Many of the passengers lined up along the platform and did the setting-up exercises as directed. Like every other place where the new Chinese state can reach a large number of people, the railroad has become a large drill ground.

The platforms were painstakingly clean; whole columns of broom-wielding women worked to keep them so. Small vendors' carts were wheeled through the train for the passengers to buy ice cream, Chinese bread (a sort of puff pastry containing meat), chocolate bars, bonbons, cigarettes, wines, and spirits.

Apparently foreigners were not expected to mix with the natives, or to make their own purchases. When I approached one of these carts in a station, I found the attendant of my pullman at my elbow, giving me to understand that I should not buy a box of matches there. He guided me out of the crowd on the platform into a small park where, he indicated, I could stroll among the blooming jasmine and the fountains.

Incidentally, no foreigner may choose his hotel in Peking or anywhere else in China. A reservation is made for him by the China Travel Service. Furthermore, he has no say in the selection of a rental car or of the interpreter assigned to him. He can gauge the category in which he has been placed by the hotel at which he is booked, the quality and size of car supplied to him (at his own expense), and the proficiency of the interpreter detailed to him.

The largest and newest hotel in the capital, the Peking, is reserved for guests of the Chinese government. Others may not even eat there. They will be shown out, politely but firmly.

WE APPROACHED Wuhan, the industrial center on the Yangtze (Chang). The ground here was neither green nor gray but black as coal, and the sky was obscured by low-hanging smoke plumes from countless smokestacks. Along the track, an unending procession of coal heaps passed my window. On each of these heaps, dozens, hundreds of people were busy shoveling coal and coal dust into small carrying baskets. Baskets balanced on poles across their shoulders, they raced down the slope, emptied each basket into a cart, and scurried back up the slope. The full carts were pulled by people, mostly women and girls, hitched to them by ropes. The sight of so many toiling, hurrying human beings must have given rise to the appellation "ants," used by former travelers in China to describe the great unresting masses of Chinese workers.

But such an impression of industrial backwardness may be deceiving. Nowhere else in China was I so impressed as when our train pulled into Wuhan. Quite suddenly, the thousands of small suburban huts and houses fell away to make room for a broad silvery ribbon. This was the Yangtze, China's largest river and one of the greatest in the world. Even ten years ago the Yangtze was thought to be unconquerable; attempts to bridge the lower reaches of this mighty stream had never been successful. But in the late 1950s Russian

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—*Chang Pin (Eastfoto).*

Part of the aging Communist Chinese leadership with visiting dignitaries at rally in Peking. President Liu Shao-chi, who is sixty-eight, is fourth from left.

and Chinese engineers succeeded in throwing this first bridge across the Yangtze. Even in comparison with similar structures in Europe and the United States it is one of the greatest construction feats of its kind, a truly brilliant technical achievement. It stood there in startling contrast to those thousands of coolies, whom just a moment ago I had seen running past my window with sweat-drenched, naked torsos, carrying their loads on poles.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE MY WINDOW was the old city wall of Peking, about forty to sixty-five feet high, and the magnificent old city gate, the Tchong Wen Men. It bears no resemblance to the medieval gates of a European town, for it is crowned by a splendid old edifice, something like a Chinese temple, with a sweeping green-tiled roof. Each of the four cornices is adorned by fabled creatures of all sorts: unicorns, dragons, lion dogs, and others.

Below, in front of the gate, lies one of the city's most crowded squares. Several main arteries converge here, funneling traffic through the narrow gate. I could have spent hours just looking down on the hustle and bustle; the telephoto lens of my camera gave me a closeup view.

What humanity passed there! Thousands of cyclists, beginning about six o'clock in the morning, on the way to work; hand-drawn carts loaded with vegetables, carrying the produce of the people's communes for delivery in the city; two-wheeled carts, the axles of some rising almost seven feet above street level, the loads covered by reed mats; all sorts of rickshas. Then there were soldiers and policemen who marched past in single file to take up their posts in front of embassy buildings in the nearby diplomatic quarter. And in between, on and on, came the "transport columns," the tricycles piled high with cartons, boxes, barrels, tables, chairs. Sometimes I had to laugh heartily, when, for instance, ten of these transport-rickshas rolled past loaded with pyramids of spittoons. Or when a ricksha man came by, delicately maneuvering through traffic a light but precious load—a single television set with minuscule screen—and constantly looking back at it to make sure of its safety.

IN THE CITIES the day begins between five and six in the morning, with morning exercises. It's odd. In large groups, men and women are lined up in rows. Each is directed by a leader using a megaphone. He announces the exercise and then—"One, two, three!" In the large squares, loudspeakers are turned on and the exercises are done to music. These morning gymnastics don't last just fifteen or twenty minutes; they usually go on for an hour and sometimes longer. Traffic comes to a standstill except on the main streets. I also saw columns of young men in gym suits running along the sidewalks; their morning exercises looked like a cross-country run.

Mao Tse-tung urges people to perform gymnastics not only in the morning but at intervals during the workday and in the evening. Ordinarily a recommendation from Mao is as good as a command. But participation in the morning exercises, like so much else that the party demands of the people, is voluntary. A few students told me that they did not participate; they even repeated the excuses they resorted to when teachers and friends asked where they had been during the morning exercise period. Nevertheless, I got the feeling that for the most part the people enjoy taking part in these exercises.

The Communist government places great emphasis on the development of public health. Every commune is required to build its own hospital, since Chinese villages had previously been almost totally without medical facilities. Many new hospitals have been built in the towns and cities, and in Peking I was told that more and more were being equipped for specialization.

MY INTERPRETER BRIEFED ME on the condition of laborers in China. Rather, he told me what he knew about their condition before the "liberation" in 1949, when the Communists came to power. He drew a horrible picture. No one had had fewer rights and less protection than a Chinese laborer. Foreign interests had exploited him, since native Chinese industries had been almost nonexistent. No one had cared whether the worker had a roof over his head, whether he would be able to share it with his family, whether his wages would be enough for the bare essentials. Most of these laborers had been the sons of landless peasants, had left their wives and children behind on the land, and had tried, by the scores, to find a place to stay in overcrowded dormitories. Those who got sick had been tossed into the streets. Medical care and clinics had been beyond their means.

TWICE A DAY Radio Peking puts a great bracket around all the people of China. At noon and again in the evening it addresses the entire nation, starting with the national anthem. The attention of the entire nation is focused on important events of the day, both at home and abroad. In all trains, in all the people's communes, in all the many places of work, these two important news broadcasts are listened to en masse. All the radio stations of this enormous country are linked at those times. Peking signs off with a vocal rendition of the *Internationale*: "Arise ye prisoners of starvation!" Twelve hours later it signs on again with the national anthem.

I VISITED SEVERAL KINDERGARTENS in China, as well as primary and secondary schools and colleges. No doubt I was usually shown the best among them. But there is also no doubt that present-day China expends a great deal of time, money, and effort on the education of its young people.

The curriculum has two goals: to give the children as much factual information as possible and to direct them ideologically. A great deal of emphasis is placed on personal and

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household hygiene. And there is no pretense; the wall charts that show the children how to brush their teeth and wash their hands and feet show actual Chinese living conditions, with water being fetched from a well and used in basin and bucket. The children do not wear uniforms but are dressed colorfully and – as everywhere in China – better than the grownups, reflecting a wealth of parental love.

The main ideological trend, already noticeable in kindergarten, is intensified in the elementary schools. School-entering age is seven. From seven to thirteen, attendance at elementary school is compulsory.

I often asked, "Are there really enough schoolhouses and teachers for the millions of Chinese children?" The answer came reluctantly. "In the city all children do have an opportunity to go to school—at least, to primary school. It's not always possible in the country. But even in the country they attend when they are eight or nine. It can be said that for the first time in our history all children learn reading, writing, and arithmetic."

Since 1963 vocational training has been required. Beginning in secondary school, children are called on to do practical work. They must spend some time in the people's communes, helping with the sowing and harvesting. In the factories they perform simple assembly-line operations. The schools also offer courses in carpentry and mechanics. At elementary school age they may join the Young Pioneers, the children's branch of the Communist party. All the children I saw in the classrooms were wearing the red kerchief that marked them as members of the Pioneers.

The universities operate on the principle that students must become familiar with productive labor during their student years. They are taken to factories and people's communes to help with the work. Liberal arts students must spend twenty-five weeks at productive labor during the five-year course, and science students, twenty-two weeks. Students have an additional task to perform in the people's communes. They are supposed to work with the peasants, live, eat, and sleep with them, and write down their family histories.

Chinese university training is among the most intensive in the world. At the Peking Teachers College there were no less than fifty-eight professors and 929 instructors as well as 226 proctors for a student body of 5,134. That works out to one faculty member for every four students.

I VISITED SEVERAL DEPARTMENT STORES and shops in each city I came to, at the urging of my Chinese companions. These department stores are the pride of China. All guided tours included a trip through some department store. This is apparently an effort to counter unfavorable reports by foreign travelers and also, as I was told, certain "pronouncements of leading Soviet politicians" about economic conditions in China.

New department store buldings have risen in all the cities. All of these are multi-storied and are laid out like those in the West. On the street-level floor can be found all those consumer products that are in constant demand: foodstuffs, preserves, soap, washing powder, paper items, writing supplies, etc. Prices for these basic articles correspond exactly to those in the West. The prices for linen, suits, dresses, shoes, and even furniture and radios are about the same as they are in Europe, although the merchandise is of inferior quality.

Despite all this, there is a great disparity between the standard of living in China and Europe. This can be ascribed to the much lower income level in China. For instance, the price of a shirt (12 yuan) is about a fourth of a month's wages; a pair of shoes (24 yuan) is half a month's wages; a suit of bad quality (80 yuan) is more than an entire month's wages. And these comparisons apply only to wages earned by factory workers. The agricultural workers have a much lower disposable income.

This creates a condition in China that is unusual even for a

—*Liu Hsin-ming.*

Members of commune threshing rice in Chianghan Plain in Central China.

"people's democracy." With the exception of refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, and other high-priced appliances, everything is available at the department stores. Their shelves are fully stocked, but there are few customers. Even during the principal shopping hours, there is no crush in the aisles, and service is prompt.

In almost all Chinese department stores special departments exist for "our friends from foreign countries." In these, articles of better quality and even imported products are for sale. I assume that high government and party functionaries are permitted to make their purchases there.

WHEN OUR CAR TURNED OFF Peking's main street, we drove past a series of public playgrounds on which football and basketball games were being played before hundreds of wildly cheering spectators. I learned later that these are popular forms of recreation.

In general, sports are popular in China. The Chinese are famous for their first-class table tennis players, and I saw many large and small halls in which ping-pong was played on a dozen or two dozen tables. Baskets are mounted at almost

Anti-American propaganda slogans in cultural park, Canton.

—Karmiol (Pix).

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every street corner, and there are small basketball courts in many backyards. Soccer is also favored, and I saw many soccer fields, but it is a poor second to basketball. Chinese spectators go wild at matches, cheering for their teams and celebrating their victories with enthusiasm.

Those who do not care for sports have other ways of amusing themselves in the evenings. The Chinese are passionately devoted to films, theater, and especially the opera. Acrobatic performances are extremely popular and China is famous for its acrobats.

But the greatest innovation Communism has brought to the workers' leisure is the culture palace, built and run by the unions. The terrace of the "culture palace" I visited had an enormous area. "Here we have three theaters, an ice-skating and roller-skating rink, a basketball court, three exhibition rooms, sixty recreation rooms, a laboratory, and a teahouse," my guide explained.

There are said to be twenty-one such culture palaces in Shanghai alone, all about the same in size and facilities.

I MADE USE OF RICKSHAS on several occasions. Most of the older drivers still know a few English phrases, and the younger ones speak Russian. They were obviously pleased to be able to talk with a stranger in his own language, but even more pleased when they could show a foreigner old, untouched Peking which nowadays not everyone who comes to the city is eager to explore, including even the Chinese. The ricksha drivers are forbidden, as are all service personnel, to accept tips. Gratuities, the party says, are a symbol of debasement, of subjugation. But for the old-timer among the ricksha men, the thirst for tips is still in the blood. He will not mind if you leave the ricksha quickly at your destination without waiting for your change (whereas a waiter in a restaurant, for instance, will chase you across the street to give you your change).

III. The Small Leap Backward

WESTERN OBSERVERS with whom I talked in Hong Kong upon my return from China declared unanimously that in 1961 they had expected the Chinese economy to collapse within a few months. That was how hard China was hit by the disastrous policy of the "Great Leap Forward," by the withdrawal of Soviet experts, by the cessation of deliveries from the Soviets, and by natural catastrophes. It was then that the border gates at Hong Kong were raised on the Chinese side, so that anyone who wanted to leave China could do so. Hundreds of thousands fled to the British colony to escape the rigors of life in their own country.

—Fernand Gigon (Pix).

Bicycles in parking area in Tientsin.

China has recovered slowly, very slowly, from this economic setback.

Government and party, so improvident in 1959 with the "Great Leap Forward," remembered their former tactics—tactics that had led to victory after victory for twenty-five years: listen to the people, recognize their misery, and act accordingly, whether or not the action coincides with the ideological line of the moment. The weak must make concessions, must evade the forces of the enemy, must lick their wounds, as Mao had taught. And this is what happened. In the people's communes, which had been turned overnight into virtual labor camps for peasants, most of the directives were rescinded. The central administration of the communes was relaxed, and the means of production were turned over to the smallest work units, the production groups. The peasants were put to work on their original fields.

Despite intense ideological disputes with the Soviet Union, in which China vehemently attacked the Soviet *kolkhozes* because they permit peasants to keep a piece of ground for themselves, the Chinese peasants were now allowed to have their own plots. Taxes were considerably reduced. A commune need not pay a higher tax if it brought in a bumper crop, so that the peasants could increase their income through greater exertion. Although the Chinese politicians had rejected this type of incentive in their differences with Moscow, they now actually approved it. Directives were issued to build up light industries. The necessary machines could be built by the Chinese themselves, so there was no need to depend on Soviet deliveries or Soviet experts.

Today one sees in Chinese cities something that is missing in the Soviet Union—huge posters advertising fountain pens and ball-points, sewing machines, bicycles, radios in every size, shoes, stockings, paints and inks, kitchen utensils, and all sorts of implements. In the movies, just as in the West, advertisements are shown before the newsreel.

Heavy industry must be developed slowly. Its first task is to raise quality and provide a larger selection. But the lifeblood of the nation runs between agriculture and light industry. As a result, there is a wider variety of consumer goods in Chinese department stores than in most of the Communist states in Europe. In terms of purchasing power, prices are high, and by our standards quality is poor, but even so, these goods provide a material incentive. Peasants and workers try to earn money because there are things to buy. We might almost say that the Chinese leaders have taken refuge in the economic principles of capitalism, at least for the present, to lead the country back to stability. These principles are working, too. Agricultural production in 1964 was again large enough to feed 700,000,000 people.

Other measures were adopted, in addition to those in the economic sphere. Like the peasants and workers—indeed, the entire nation—the party cadres were granted a respite. In the last two years there has not been one campaign to push the people to greater efforts. On the contrary, the "creative pause" has been given a big propaganda play and is attributed to Mao Tse-tung. No one is supposed to overexert himself; everyone is to have enough rest so he may do his best during working hours.

When I went through the people's communes, accompa-

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nied by the chairman and party secretary, I didn't notice any increased work tempo or any show of special respect when these dignitaries appeared. The leisurely work pace was unchanged. I got the same impression in the factories. Invariably a number of machines were standing idle, waiting to be repaired, but even the workers at the other machines didn't seem particularly industrious.

Family life, which had been seriously disrupted by the "Great Leap Forward," seemed to have been re-established everywhere. The giant park in Peking's Summer Palace was thronged with people on Sundays, tens of thousands of parents and children. The children were dressed with great care, the girls with their hair curled, the boys in clean shirts. A few amateur painters were at work in quiet corners of the park; people were singing alone and in groups; pictures were being taken. A few people even carried portable radios. Thousands were enjoying the bathing beach, the girls in pretty, modern suits (no bikinis). Under the trees at the edge of the lake, parents were playing with their children.

Another reason why the government has re-established family life and family solidarity is that the state can provide old age benefits and care for the sick only to a limited degree. Children still have to care for their aged parents. But that works only when the children respect the parents, when the natural love between them has not been destroyed. And so today respect and love for one's parents are urged in the schools and in the Communist Youth Association.

Naturally, the class struggle must go on. Not only that—efforts are being made to intensify it. But since China wants no popular unrest now, the fight has gradually been shifted to the ideological plane. Obviously, a purely ideological effort isn't too effective, so it is grossly exaggerated in order to get results.

And so China presents the picture of a great nation catching its breath. The creative pause has lasted four years now, which troubles some foreign observers. The government is suspected of preparing another great blow, a second "Great Leap Forward" or something of that sort. I saw no indication of any such thing. But the situation can change overnight.

What, then, has the Chinese Communist Government accomplished in the fifteen years of its existence?

Unlike all the governments that preceded it, it has fed its people. Even in the years of terrible natural catastrophes, the people had enough food to survive. They might have been hungry, but not many starved to death. But the costs of survival were great. Even if Chinese economists emphasize that the wheat imports were relatively small compared with domestic production, they still cost China a third, if not half, of its foreign currency reserves. To prime the pump of agriculture, the government spent another third of its foreign exchange reserves on artificial fertilizer from abroad. This has severely limited the purchasing power of China's industrial sector.

Heavy machinery is no longer delivered to China by the Soviet Union, either as foreign aid or against Soviet purchases of pork, wheat, or soybeans. The major installations China needs must be bought in Japan and West Europe and paid for in cash. As the foreign exchange reserves have been depleted, China's industrial imports have become only about as large as Switzerland's.

Despite all this, China is a desirable trading partner in the eyes of many Western industrialists. They are banking on the future. This gigantic country, with a population of 700,000,000, will need a lot of merchandise some day. The first to establish themselves as business partners will reap the benefits. That is one consideration. Another, more immediate, is that when China buys, it buys complete industrial installations—whole factories down to the last nut and bolt. Whoever gets that purchase order is doing big business.

While I was in Peking, industrialists from the German Federal Republic closed a deal with the Chinese government

—Tang Yun-jem (China Photo Service).

Medical worker lectures students in sanitation center of commune near Shanghai.

for a complete plant to produce polypropylene and another to produce nylon thread. In both cases the transactions involved millions of dollars. The French, English, Italians, Belgians, and Danes were also engaged in such negotiations. The Chinese pay in letters of credit, which are payable on sight in England or Switzerland. China is one of the few countries in the world to be almost free of foreign debts. Even her debt to the Soviet Union is said to be almost paid up. The Chinese also fulfil their trade agreements punctually, according to experts.

IV. The Government: How Secure?

DYNASTIES AND REGIMES have come and gone in China. Many have been terrible. But the generations that followed never measured a dynasty by the amount of sacrifice it demanded, only by its achievements. Above all, governments are judged by China's ability to "save face" in its relations with the rest of the world. Beyond a doubt, China's strong position today impresses the Chinese living abroad, or at least a good many of them.

This posture also impresses the mainland Chinese. At the beginning of the Communist regime many intellectuals, bourgeois democrats, and industrialists made their services available to the new government. In their eyes, this new government had rid the country of the colonial enclaves set up in China by foreign powers, had established Chinese sovereignty and carried out the essential land reforms promised so many times by other regimes.

Later they were to be bitterly disappointed—when the terror, the compulsion, and persecution started, when the land reform was nullified by collectivization and the peasant

—Ni Hai (Eastfoto).

Employees of glass factory in rifle drill during work break.

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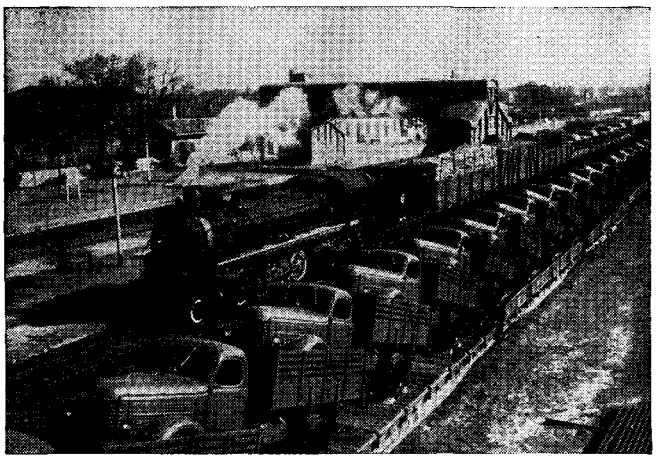
became a forced laborer. Many are still disillusioned. The government has tried, through its recent relaxed policies, to win back their sympathies and ameliorate their discontent. And it is, despite Communism, a *Chinese* government.

There are exiled Chinese who, sharply condemning the cruelty and severity of the regime, still add, "Perhaps it had to be done." The Communist government has done only what democratic governments in Europe and the United States have achieved without cruelty and harshness: it has taught its people to read, write, and count. It has condemned self-interest and laid upon its people the responsibility for the common welfare. It has done away with unemployment. It has made one of the world's cleanest countries out of one of the world's dirtiest. It has guaranteed a minimum existence for its people and has laid the foundations for industrialization. All this could have been—and, indeed, would have been—done by a democratic government. But none has ever existed in China.

The question is whether Communism is the only feasible social form for China, how it will develop, and whether current Communist practices will remain as they are. Communism in China is not solidly entrenched and does not feel secure.

Western observers have used this fact to back the opinion



—Liu En-tai (Eastfoto).

Trucks being shipped from plant in northeast China.

that an overthrow of the system is still possible. I do not think it is. The continued existence of Chinese Communism depends on the power held by the state, and that is indisputably great. Neither do I believe that the Chinese Communists meet with decisive resistance. What they have to fear is not opposition, or sabotage, or counter-revolution—not bloody strife, but a slipping back into the old way of life. That is why the Chinese Communists must keep busy, beat the drums, spread terror when this seems advisable.

China's leaders are all old men. Mao Tse-tung is seventy-three. Liu Shao-chi, the present president of the People's Republic, is sixty-eight. Prime Minister Chou En-lai is seventy. Mao's oldest companion in arms, the real third power in the state, Marshal Chou Teh, is seventy-five. Vice-President and Foreign Minister Chen Yi is over sixty.

The handful of men at the top of the Communist party of China, and thus at the head of the nation, have only a few more years to enjoy their offices and honors. They are different from the Soviet leaders during Stalin's regime and after his death. The purges brought about an unintentional rejuvenation of the Soviet leadership. At the time of Stalin's death very few old revolutionaries—those who had stood with Lenin on the barricades in the old days—were left. It is far different in China. The Chinese party leadership has known almost no revision since the time of the Long March; that is, since 1934. With only two exceptions since, all the leaders have held top positions within the party and the government, without interruption.

That has a deep meaning: among other things, that these leaders, on the Long March or soon afterward, apparently entered into a firm alliance that has endured until the present. On the other hand, this has kept younger politicians from growing into positions of real responsibility. There has been and still is a definite break in the continuity between the "old-timers" and the next generation. Have the younger ones been mistrusted, or was there simply no room at the top? However that may be, the present leaders are aware that there is no one to take over the banners of the revolution without an inevitable break in the leadership of China. That is a worry to the Chinese Communist party.

If one reads the current appeals to youth, one cannot escape the impression that the old leadership simply does not believe in the ability of younger cadre members. Again and again I read the plea: they must be "made to take over the banner." So they are not considered ready as yet.

A new aspect of the "Great Leap Forward" becomes apparent. Was this exertion also a mighty attempt to consolidate the Communist system, to round out and to conclude the life-work of Mao Tse-tung while he and his colleagues were still alive?

It did not succeed. Today it is openly said in Peking that to consolidate the socialist order another 100, 150 or 200 years will be needed. As for attaining the Communist order which Khrushchev declared had been reached in the Soviet Union, nothing can be predicted. And apparently the leaders of the Chinese Communist party are not quite certain what methods to use in order to achieve and consolidate their goals.

There is a tendency to suggest that the young should undertake a Long March even in peacetime, to undergo hardship and deprivation, to renounce possessions, to give up the search for material possessions and continue the class struggle in the spirit of sacrifice manifested by the original Long March.

I have seen a half dozen Chinese movies devoted to this subject: the renunciation of comfort and material possessions by young workers and peasants. They are exhorted to live like monks, penniless and dispossessed, serving only the idea. And yet the attempt is repeatedly made to offer youth material rewards and to hold before them the hope for a better life and a higher standard of living.

Viewed objectively, it must be admitted that the standard of living in China is still one of the lowest in the world. However, I began to notice after some time that the phrase "Today our life is assured" came up every time I got into conversation with Chinese, no matter where I met them.

V. The Bomb: Springboard to Power

AT SOME TIME in the past, the Soviets delivered two, if not three, atomic reactors to the Chinese. They were meant for peaceful purposes, but the Chinese have presumably managed to convert them for other uses. It is rumored that the famous Italian nuclear physicist, Pontecorvo, who defected to Russia, worked in China as a Soviet expert.

The Western nuclear physicists who revealed atomic secrets to the East and who were prepared to develop atomic weapons for the East bloc were for the most part idealists. Hence it is not inconceivable that a man like Pontecorvo would divulge more information to the Chinese than the Soviet leaders wanted him to. Some of those physicists de-

"The bomb may have been developed by a new process."

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cided to make military atomic secrets available to nations that might become targets of the existing atomic powers at some future date. Putting these vulnerable countries in possession of atomic weapons, they reasoned, might lessen the possibility of attack and thus increase the possibility of world peace. So China's first atomic bomb may well have been constructed according to Pontecorvo's specific directions.

The world's nuclear experts have several theories about the Chinese atom bomb. Since 1956 the world has known that China is working on the development of atomic weapons. A thorough examination of available Chinese publications and reports of political speeches shows that China has the technical as well as the human resources necessary to produce atomic weapons. There are enough trained physicists and engineers, both uranium and thorium are present in Sinkiang Province, and a program for increasing the nation's hydroelectric installations, which would enable them to use atomic reactors, was begun.

The logical place for the nation's atomic armament industry is in Sinkiang, where materials are available and the Soviets are rumored to have built the largest atomic reactor in China. Nevertheless American reconnaissance planes have for a long time not been able to locate China's nuclear plants. This lack of proof that large installations exist has given rise to the theory that China—despite its atomic explosions—does not in fact have an extensive atomic industry.

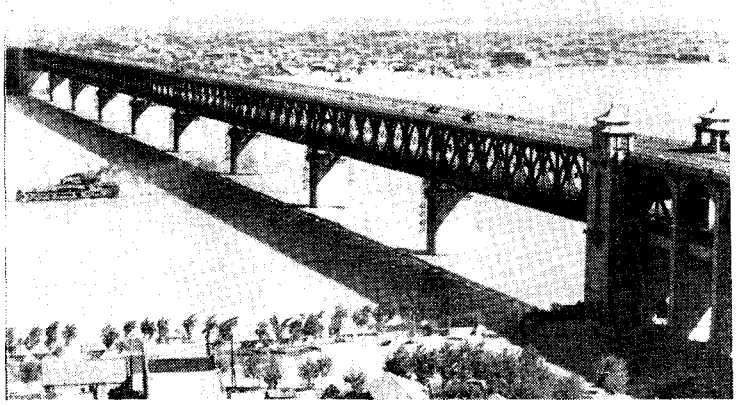
At first there was a simple explanation: the Soviets could have released to China, for peaceful purposes, small quantities of enriched uranium that would have been adequate for an atomic bomb. In that case we need not assume the existence of a Chinese atomic armament complex, nor need we expect another explosion for a long time, since the Chinese cannot produce further atomic weapons. This theory sounded reasonable, but it was not quite logical because the Soviet Union, like the United States, had always guarded against the possibility that someone might misuse its fissionable material. The United States has never delivered more than about thirteen pounds of enriched uranium to friendly nations, and at least fifty-five pounds are required to produce one atom bomb. In the West it is believed that the Soviet Union has been even more cautious about deliveries of uranium to other socialist countries.

There remained the barely credible possibility that the Chinese have an uncontrollable source of enriched uranium—a black market, as it were. But no black market could supply more than the minutest amount of this material.

When the radioactive cloud from the first Chinese bomb explosion began to spread in the stratosphere, American scientists brought down samples of the radioactive dust and analyzed them. They concluded that the Chinese had made their bomb from uranium isotope U-235. Both the United States and the Soviet Union had hoped that it would prove to be a plutonium bomb, one of the so-called "dirty bombs" that produce a great deal of fallout and hence cannot be used as a tactical weapon. Although plutonium bombs belong to the so-called "advanced" group developed after the U-235 type, they can be made without the help of large power plants or production facilities. The first French atomic bombs were of this type. Production of a U-235 bomb, on the other hand, is proof of a very large industrial and armament capacity.

The theory has been advanced by some physicists that China has developed an entirely new process for making atomic bombs. In theory, there are several possible ways of splitting the atom which would require less electrical energy and smaller installations than those now utilized by the United States and the Soviet Union. However, Western physicists have not been able to put these theories into practice.

Could the Chinese have developed a simpler process for making this type of atomic weapon? All through their history they have proved that they can produce their own inventions



Yu Chung-chien (China Photo Service)

Yangtze River Bridge, the pride of Red Chinese engineers.

and perfect their own processes. True, it seems unlikely that they should have developed a new nuclear process where a vast army of Western scientists, with unlimited resources at their disposal, has failed. But the slight possibility that they might have developed their own separation process has given rise to a certain unease among informed circles in the Western world. We still do not know how large China's atomic resources are.

Certainly one of China's greatest problems is to overcome its technological backwardness. The foreign experts who built industrial plants and technical installations in China were astonished to find that even intelligent Chinese were often hostile toward technology. Although the political leaders recognized the importance of industrial development, and realized that every great nation must have a progressive technology, the people themselves had great difficulty in coming to terms with this concept. The Chinese have been inspired again and again by individual human achievements and by group accomplishments, but the mechanical achievements praised in the official newspapers and magazines still seem to them somehow artificial.

Just as gunpowder and rockets were invented by the Chinese and then not developed, it would be consistent with Chinese national character to build atomic bombs only to abolish them. But the Chinese Government has no such intention. On the contrary, a good share of the national product—that is, economic reserve—is going into atomic armaments and will continue to do so. Those who govern China know very well the degree to which their international status, both military and political, depends upon atomic armaments. That status needs to be improved—regrettably, because China is still a poor and backward country and ought to be making every effort to improve the living standards of her people. But China is not alone in allowing power politics to take precedence over the needs of the people.

At that, the military value of the Chinese atomic bomb is still questionable. Possession of a few experimental bombs

(*Continued on page* 54)

Radio shop in Shanghai. TV still is relatively rare.

—Hsia Tao-ling (China Photo Service).

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MACAULAY AND HIS CRITICS

A historian's value lies not in scholarly approbation alone, but in the gates he opens for generations of students

By JACK VALENTI

ABOUT MACAULAY'S *History of England* the *Oxford Companion to English Literature* says, ". . . the work, written from a Whig and Protestant point of view, is criticized as showing partiality. Nevertheless, it was, and remains, extremely popular. . . ." Thus the *Oxford Companion* demonstrates the same kind of cool certitude that Lord Melbourne and other critics found so vexing in Macaulay. (Lord Melbourne is alleged to have said: "I wish I were as sure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything.") Too many people have a faint aroma of deprecation when they look at a man like Macaulay. They pat him on the head, nod patronizingly at his inventiveness of phrase, and even mildly approve of his eloquence. And then they put him in the attic with old Japanese screens, a Franklin stove, and some volumes of James Branch Cabell.

The dismemberment of Macaulay begins with recalling him as a readable historian and ends with the dismissal of him as a credible one. The axes that fall on Macaulay are veiled behind a curtain of respect. William Henry Chamberlin describes his style as "fluent, vivid, and colorful." And he quietly slits the jugular with this sharp edge: "He was a magnificent middlebrow, opening up . . . vistas of history . . . without making undue demands" on the reader.

Even Woodrow Wilson, whose stern Calvinism might have found larger rapport with Macaulay, took him on. Mainly to reveal Walter Bagehot as the complete and accurate stylist, Wilson reproved Macaulay for his lucidity of expression, and testified that reading Macaulay excited the mind and spirit but afterward there was such a letdown.

The critics insist that Francis Bacon's cautionary judgment is sound: "Let there not be a too affectionate study of eloquence, so that men hunt after words more than matter . . ." and more after the choiceness of the phrase, and the sweet falling of the clauses. . . ."

BACON demeaned his own admonition by creating the kind of "round and clean composition" he warned against, much admired in his time and later. For a man who once wrote his uncle, Lord Burghley, that he had taken all knowledge as his province, Bacon's kettle cannot truly call Macaulay's pot black.

But the critics, of all kinds, miss the point. Macaulay's value is not in the assessment put on him by the professional historian. It is the gates he opened to a world of history for uncounted young and old. There are those who seek to learn and long to know, and who need someone to illuminate an ill-lighted part of the world drama for them.

Macaulay—Is he underrated?

How many people know more about English history than they might if they had not read Macaulay is and will remain unmeasured. Reading the tormented prose of a dully competent historian, lauded by his colleagues, may be an exercise in discipline. It is not, however, calculated to leave the reader gasping—unless it be for air. There is nothing in the Gospels or canon law or civil statute that compels one to read a book. It was E. M. Forster who said: "Books have to be read (worse luck, for it takes a long time). It is the only way of discovering what they contain. A few savage tribes eat them, but reading is the only method of assimilation revealed to the West."

Therein lies the point. In order to find out about history, to begin to love it, and enjoy it, and want to know about it, one must read history. That is the first, indispensable step. Thus it is that Macaulay, and others like him—Durant, Catton, Prescott, Churchill, Bagehot, Edith Hamilton, Gibbon, yes, and Schlesinger—make the reading of history sheer fun.

For uncounted millions of the untaught who awaken at the stirrings of sound and melody, who rise, enlivened, at the unfolding of the human drama, there needs to be a Macaulay who touches them and makes them eager and frequent visitors into the world of books.

No one has excelled him in the onward rush and sweep of vowels given voice. Hear this indictment of James Ferguson, Scot and scoundrel: "Violent, malignant, regardless of truth, insensible to shame, insatiable of notoriety, delighting in intrigue, in tumult, in mischief for its own sake, he toiled during many years in the darkest mines of fiction."

John Wildman, an anti-monarchist and former soldier now turned to incursions against the government, was etched unforgettably in two short sen-

—*Wide World.*

Valenti

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR* continues the discussion of Thomas Babington Macaulay, British historian and statesman (1800-1859), begun by William Henry Chamberlin in these pages (Oct. 9, 1965), with this article by Jack Valenti, special assistant to President Lyndon B. Johnson. Before coming to the White House, Jack Valenti won recognition as an advertising executive in Texas (he was chosen Houston's Outstanding Young Man of the Year, 1956). Valenti is also a gifted descriptive writer and bookman who has a special interest in history and political science.

Valenti is a graduate of the University of Houston and the Harvard Graduate School of Business, and the author of the book *Ten Heroes and Two Heroines*, an anthology of columns written for *The Houston Post*. A World War II veteran, he flew fifty-one missions for the Army Air Corps and, among other decorations, received the Distinguished Flying Cross. As one editor who knows Valenti remarked, "If being a bookworm is any credential for being a White House assistant, then Jack Valenti eminently qualifies."

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tences: "But with Wildman's fanaticism was joined a tender care for his own safety. He had a wonderful skill in grazing the edge of treason."

Macaulay had a gift, too, for the brief and the terse, in which all that needed to be said was said: "Many were kept steady to their old creed by conscience, and many by shame."

He spread on an open board an ample view of England's Charles II: "He was so far humane that it was highly disagreeable to him to see [his subjects'] sufferings or to hear their complaints. This however is a sort of humanity which, though amiable and laudable in a private man whose power to help or hurt is bounded by a narrow circle, has in princes often been rather a vice than a virtue. No man is fit to govern great societies who hesitates about disobliging the few who have access to him for the sake of the many whom he will never see."

HE set forth in implacable terms the Whig view of government: "While the chief magistrate governs according to law, he ought to be obeyed and reverenced; that when he violates the law, he ought to be withstood; and that, when he violates the law grossly, systematically and pertinaciously, he ought to be deposed."

And he had the magic taste for the targeted anecdote. James II's son-in-law was one of the dullest royal princelings ever to be revealed to any court anywhere in Western civilization. Charles II's estimate of him was recorded by Macaulay: "I have tried Prince George sober, and I have tried him drunk; and drunk or sober, there is nothing in him."

Nineteen nobles and prelates called on James II in the dying hours of his reign, before his flight, and urged the stubborn monarch to call a free Parliament. The king scorned them, and this dialogue took place:

> "You would be better employed in teaching them how to obey than in teaching me how to govern," said the King. He was much incensed against his nephew Grafton, whose signature stood next to that of Sancroft, and said to the young man with great asperity, "You know nothing about religion; you care nothing about it; and yet, forsooth, you pretend to have a conscience."
>
> "It is true, sir," answered Grafton, with impudent frankness, "that I have very little conscience, but I belong to a party which has a great deal."

This is the case to be made for Macaulay. His history is heavy with words, but the words are never heavy. It makes little difference that Macaulay was adrift with some predictions. Aristotle has long been proved wrong on many of his conclusions but that does not lessen today's taste for what he wrote. It is of small moment that Macaulay was helplessly Protestant in his views or hopelessly Whig in his politics. That, too, misses the point.

What is important, and of more than substantial moment, is that young people grow up with some sense of history, and some zest for the reading of it. When one has been introduced to a cadence and roll, a sublime instinct for the marriage of ideas and language that has all the properties of a great suspenseful drama, he may well choose to venture further, where he'll meet others whose lines may drop deeper and whose insights may or may not be more perceptive. He will be ready then to be slightly bored, and equipped to bear it, for at least he has the zest of history in his veins.

The one problem about reading Macaulay may be described as being akin to smoking pot. The carpentry of the sentences—the way the words fit together, no uneven edges, all of a piece—gives the reader a kind of floating assurance that he can do it, too.

Alas, he can't.

Perhaps this is one reason why those who cannot duplicate him deprecate him. Moreover, it is fashionable to scorn and square to praise. The ages accept the clout and dismiss the joy. Few critics who glory in a talent ever reside in an anthology, and few epigrams that summarize a eulogy ever find lodging in Bartlett's.

At times one almost believes that a closed society exists among those who place literary values on what we read. There is abundant cause to further believe that the more tangled the prose, the higher the quality of its assessment. In the search for new ways to say old things, some authors, both in fiction and fact, create some paragraphing that is at best puzzling and at worst has all the root origins of Sanskrit harelip. What comes out of the critic's horn is a verdict that declares some unlikely book to be "must reading," "a masterwork," creation of genius." It is perfectly understandable that many of us are hesitant to interrupt a song of praise about something we think others are more qualified to judge. The result: on coffee tables and book shelves are gleamingly clad volumes which, by oracular pronouncement, are accounted to be quality literature, and which, by common desire, are rarely read—mostly because the books are unreadable. Macaulay never wrote a sentence that wasn't immensely readable.

WE often forget that Macaulay was not merely an observer. He was in the political pit, a member of Parliament for fourteen years. On April 15, 1830, he delivered his maiden speech in support of a bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities. Then, on March 2, 1831, at the age of thirty-one, Macaulay rose in the Commons, and flung himself into the bitter struggle over the Reform Bill. His speech that evening was a remarkable testament of fluency and logic. He ended it in a fiery outbreak that caused, as they say in the records, "some agitation."

> Renew the youth of state. Save property, divided against itself. Save the multitude, endangered by its own ungovernable passions. Save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power. Save the greatest, and fairest, and most highly civilized community that ever existed from calamities which may in a few days sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing remorse amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order.

When he sat down, we are told by his nephew, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, "The Speaker sent for him and told him that in all his prolonged experience he had never seen the House in such a state of excitement."

Which, in a way, is amply descriptive of the state of being of one who reads Macaulay's *History* and *Essays*.

Macaulay on History: History, at least in its state of ideal perfection, is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents. But, if fact, the two hostile elements of which it consists have never been known to form a perfect amalgamation, and at length, in our own time, they have been completely and professedly separated. . . . To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners and garb. . . . These parts of the duty which properly belongs to the historian have been appropriated by the historical novelist.

—*From the Essays.*

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The New and Future Clergy

THE ENTRANCE of American clergymen into direct social action has, not surprisingly, produced strong counter-action in some quarters. Galvanized first on the civil rights issue by President Kennedy in 1963 and at Selma in 1965, clergymen of all faiths—and nuns as well—have left their pulpits and parish houses to involve themselves in such issues as civil rights, poverty, and peace. They have in growing numbers been found in picket lines, in protest marches, in the organization of boycotts, and even in jail. Many have expressed a concern over Vietnam that goes far beyond traditional religious pacifism. Others have encouraged strikes by the underpaid and demonstrations by the underprivileged. They have stirred division and dissension in their own churches and communities, embarrassed established business and political interests, related themselves to issues not traditionally or directly related (by most people) to the Gospels, and subjected themselves to indignity and humiliation.

Thus it is not surprising that some of them—not all, not even most, but some of them—have been silenced without explanation, or driven from their pulpits, or forced to cancel speaking engagements, or opposed as outsiders by local clerics, or denied the funds they needed to carry on their churches and church schools. From Albany to Sacramento, from Milwaukee to Mississippi, assorted bishops, businessmen, theologians, and fellow clergymen have told the activists that preachers should stick to preaching.

This issue is not confined to the Catholic Church, as often assumed. The issue may be newer to most Catholics. Their traditional concepts may be more sharply exposed. But clergymen of other faiths have also been warned or forced to cease and desist their social action activities by their superiors, by their financial supporters, by their trustees or by their congregations. "In the past," said Robert McAfee Brown, a leading Protestant observer, "controversial ministers were burned. Now they just get fired." Clergymen of all faiths in Mississippi and Alabama have denounced what they called the "outside intervention" of their Northern colleagues. Protestant ministers in California have bitterly assailed those taking part in a local agricultural strike. And one of the most famous Protestant preachers has chided his fellow pastors for "going too far beyond the Ten Commandments."

I LEAVE to theologians the question of a clergyman's obligations to his superiors. I am interested in his obligations to his country. As one who has been particularly wary of clergymen's mixing improperly in politics and public affairs, I am nevertheless concerned by the excessively narrow limits placed on their participation by some religious authorities.

The United States is not so rich in intellectual and inspirational leadership, or so certain of its course in the world, or so perfect in the treatment of its citizens, that it can afford the suppression of any thoughtful view or voice—and that includes the views and voices of preachers as well as teachers, editors, authors, and others. We cannot afford to listen merely to spokesmen for the state and the status quo, for the comfortable and the conformed. We have enough timidity and stupidity in our midst without telling those clergymen who are willing to stand up and be counted to sit down.

It is not that any of these movements—civil rights, peace, antipoverty, and others—would wholly collapse if clergymen were not allowed to take part. But they have a special contribution to make. Unlike political and business leaders, unlike the often competitive civil rights and other organizational leaders, churchmen are in an ideal position to remain above all suspicion of self-interest. By living up to their tradition and training in casting out fear and hate, they can prevent extremists from taking over these movements. While tragic exceptions are obvious, their very presence can discourage violence.

Some more tolerant observers have declared that social action by a clergyman is perfectly permissible so long as he makes it clear that he is acting as a private citizen, not as a churchman. But I am not certain that a clergyman, like a President, is ever a private citizen, wherever he may be and whatever collar he may be wearing. I am not certain that the public could or would distinguish between the clergyman's role as prophet and his role as private citizen. Nor am I even certain that the clergyman could make that distinction. For his very vocation is to protest evil and injustice, to live as he lectures, to give active as well as verbal witness to the Gospel's meaning for modern problems—not merely with an empty, ill-heeded string of "Thou shalt nots" from the Sabbath pulpit, but with daily deeds that back up his doctrine.

Acting as a churchman instead of a private citizen, he may often find himself in conflict with the views of those to whom he reports. I have no credentials or desire to argue church structure. But I question whether the minister of any church is simply a hired hand, wholly the creature of his superiors or parishioners, wholly bound to accept their dictates and doctrines on matters unrelated to dogma, wholly unable to act in accordance with his own conscience and sense of justice.

To be sure, he should not purport to speak for them. He should not deliberately pressure or embarrass them. But surely there is a 2,000-year-old precedent for a preacher's going beyond good words to good deeds, and then going beyond those good deeds to a direct challenge of both religious and secular authorities, and then going beyond even that direct challenge to enduring imprisonment and violence in order to alter man's ways.

Most men of the cloth, one critic has recently charged, are not competent to deal with such issues. But who among us

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is competent to solve the problems of Vietnam or Watts? The stakes are too great to leave war to the generals, or civil rights to the professionals, or poverty to the social workers. And why should moral battles to right old wrongs, in scriptural fashion, be left to the laymen of the church? Clergymen, like all the rest of us, must learn by doing, by involving themselves in the practical problems of men. The Civil Rights Bill of 1964, according to Senator Russell of Georgia, passed because "those damned preachers had got the idea it was a moral issue." Indeed they had—and indeed it was.

Many communities and their clergymen have denounced visiting pastors as "outsiders." But injustice is never local. Compassion cannot be geographic. And ours would be a poorer world if Christ had never left Nazareth, or Paul Tarsus, or Pope Paul the Vatican, or Martin Luther King Atlanta, or the late James Reeb Boston.

There will always, of course, be churches and churchmen who shun the problems of the world, who preach and prefer a religion of pomp and ceremony unrelated to public affairs, who measure their success wholly by the number of "decisions for Christ" that look to another life and another world. Clergymen involved in the California grape-growers' strike were accused by the local ministerial association of not staying within "the spiritual area." Questions of race, said certain other clerics, have nothing to do with questions of religion. And, while it was interesting in Selma a year ago to note which famous clergymen were there, it was equally interesting to note which were not. "There is more danger," Monsignor George Casey of Lexington, Massachusetts, has observed, "of the Church becoming irrelevant than radical."

But these reverend leaders of irrelevance, I am convinced, are not the leaders of the new and future church. More and more clergymen recognize that their ministry belongs most with those who need it most—not with the white middle-class and upper-class establishments, but with the poor, Christ's favorite people, with the peacemakers, with the oppressed. The spirit of renewal in the Catholic Church – and indeed in all churches—has been advanced not merely as a matter of new vestments and new liturgy but of atoning for the church's own guilt on such basic issues as race and poverty and peace.

A clergyman's right to participate in direct social action activities is not only a basic right but a basic responsibility. It should be exercised responsibly, not indiscriminately, imprudently, or impetuously. Rash, unprepared action can undo gains carefully achieved. Positive, constructive actions have a higher value than protests that primarily seek publicity. Clergymen should not let themselves be used as mere symbols or shields. Every possible cause need not be tackled with a burst of defiance and disorder. Public opinion must be won, not alienated.

ABOVE all, the mote in one's own eye should not be ignored. Clergymen should not travel to Selma or Jackson or Birmingham in order to forget about Chicago or New York or Boston. As this issue moves more rapidly from South to North, the pressures on Northern churches will increase – pressures from parishioners who want no Negroes in the neighborhood – pressures from important contributors, and important church leaders, and important politicians.

One other limitation is important. While the church must resist improper state pressures on these matters, so must it refrain from improperly pressuring the state. Any weakening of church-state separation, even for a good cause, would be a mistake. No church or churchman should dictate to, or be dictated by, any government—or be singled out for any special privilege or punishment—or become the tool of any party or administration. Clergymen newly active in what are necessarily political issues must nevertheless refrain from endorsing political candidates or political parties.

But church-state separation does not mean disregarding the moral issues involved in public controversies. Church independence from state control does not mean independence only to support the state's views. Nor can I understand, frankly, why some high clerical authorities who have had no compunctions whatsoever about interfering with other public policy decisions – on education, for example, or birth control—now refuse to let their subordinates work on Vietnam or civil rights.

I hope that they will, upon reconsideration, let these clergymen work. I hope that they will let them speak out—not only for the good of the church, which I do not judge, but for the good of the country. —THEODORE C. SORENSEN.

A House Named Sylvia

By Arnold Lazarus

WALLFLOWER by a mossy wall
in the shadow of maple and oak
she had stood too long neglected by swain.
We were going to do her over
– or so we thought.
We lifted her face and furnace
washed out her coal-smoked soul
painted sun to her clapboards
and after a fashion becoming to ladies
dusted her shingles blue-white.

But she spat diamonds to the winds
stuck to her zinc hatpin
winked at clouds
made pacts with tornadoes.

To inform our maudlin sunshine
her brown stain bled
and soot drifted from her pores.

Darkly from her chimney she sent signals;
her messages came from the hearth.
Conversant in more than one tongue
though resisting polyglot
she rehearsed us in substitution drills.

At night she ran labs and seminars
leading us mim-mem into restoring
her original weather-warped front tooth.
We learned from her the language of welcoming.

With a clock in each mouth
she smiled at forests.
For Sylvia we went into woods
we never came out of.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Venice Biennale

WITH REGARD TO Katharine Kuh's article, "Enter Government, Exit Art," on the subject of the American exhibition at the Venice Biennale [*SR*, Apr. 2] the more I hear about the whole delicate business of government and the arts, the more convinced I am that bureaucracy is the thing to fear the most. It becomes all too painfully difficult to find someone who can make an enlightened and conclusive decision, and then stick to it. I suspect that at the federal level this is even more of a problem than it is at the state level.

JOHN B. HIGHTOWER,
Executive Director, New York State Council on the Arts.

New York, N.Y.

BRAVO, KATHARINE KUH, for bringing to light the ugly facts with clarity, forthrightness and, above all, courage!

SHIRLEY HARDIN and
SALLY FAIRWEATHER,
Fairweather-Hardin Gallery.

Chicago, Ill.

THE ARTICLE on the Venice Biennale came as no surprise to those of us who have followed American and world art for some time. Certainly I agree that a full list of contributors should be published.

As far as the United States Government sponsorship is concerned, the United States could sponsor a fantastic exhibit for about the same price as a twenty-one gun salute —which we so gleefully shoot off for almost anyone passing by these days. It occurs to me that a well selected group of works by accomplished American artists would create both a better and a more lasting impression in Venice, or elsewhere, than the roar of a cannon.

RUFUS FOSHEE.

New York, N.Y.

Agee: To Be Savored

T. S. MATTHEWS' perceptive article on James Agee [*SR*, April 16] is further evidence of Agee's dedication to and respect for the craft of writing.

I never see an advertisement for a speed-reading course without thinking of Agee and one sentence of his in particular. It is from *A Death in the Family*: "Through the deep, clear veil her gray eyes watched her gray eyes watch her through the deep, clear veil."

Who else would have thought of describing the act of looking in a mirror with a sentence that was, in effect, a mirror-image of itself? Such thoughtful and inventive writing is not meant to be gulped down . . .

F. PHIL LINK.

Reidsville, N.C.

"Each With All"

THANK YOU for N.C.'s editorial, "The Delegation of the Survival Instinct" [*SR*, Apr. 9]. His lucid analysis of this sobering problem caused me to reread a lecture by Edward Howard Griggs of Stanford University, which was very popular in the early part of this century. His subject was "The New Social Ideal," and it seems, on rereading it, to forecast the New Deal, New Frontier, and the Great Society. He called the twentieth century the time we would be forced to turn to social action, and he called this period the Age of Humanity. I quote:

"To carry every man and woman, not as dependents, but through free and cooperative society of each with all, on toward all the ends of life that are worth seeking, is inconceivably and appallingly difficult."

JOE L. MCMILLIN.

Memphis, Tenn.

"If it's all right with you, I'd like to be on the winning side in the war against poverty."

Puritanism and Romanticism

AS ONE who regards himself as a passionate anti-Marxist, I must make a Marxist criticism of Rollo May's views on sex and love in his article, "Antidotes for the New Puritanism," [*SR*, Mar. 26]. By and large his value prescriptions are dominated by middle-class romantic ideals, which are not related to the actual concerns of most human relationships in our mass society. The only one who could even strive for May's sex ideals is a suburban housewife with a framed M.A. hanging in her study, and a $15,000 a year husband on the side.

The same general criticism made of Freud, *i.e.*, his mistaking a specialized class neurosis for a neurosis of all groups and all societies, could be made of May. For most humans the love and sex aims envisioned by May lie in the metaphysical.

ROBERT PRIMACK,
Assistant Professor,
Newark State College.

Union, N.J

Movies and Morality

DAVID S. HUDSON'S letter in this column on March 19 in which he questioned the action of the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures in casting itself as a judge of "artistic merit" in films was a masterpiece of illogic. He apparently feels that persons may not have authoritative knowledge in any field except that in which they make their living. This would seem to indicate that since he is a public relations coordinator he could not possibly know what the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, or churchmen, should do.

(The Rev.) R. D. SAUNDERS,
Chicago Lawn Presbyterian Church.

Chicago, Ill.

Finance Lesson

I DON'T LIKE TO SNITCH on a fellow traveler, but if your Mr. Knight really found the exchange rate on Argentina's peso to be twenty to the U.S. dollar—see next-to-last line of his "Geography Lesson" [*SR*, April 2], in which he speaks of an Argentine outlay "of more than 3,000,000 pesos ($150,000)" —he is guilty of 1) having been had by sharp local traders, 2) newer-than-new math, or 3) dishonoring the most cherished honor system of our craft.

The official rate is around 190 to the dollar, and the current free rate somewhere near 250. In other words, the festival's promoters spent either the equivalent of about $15,000, or roughly 30,000,000 pesos, depending on which, if either, of Mr. Knight's figures is correct.

J. RICHARD ELLIOTT, JR.

New York, N.Y.

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34 "Down Where the Moon Is Small," by Richard Llewellyn; "I Have Friends in Heaven," by Max Catto; "The Sign of the Praying Tiger," by Ben Lucien Burman; "The Sum and Total of Now," by Don Robertson
37 "You Don't Say," by Benjamin De Mott
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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Plot Against the Post Office

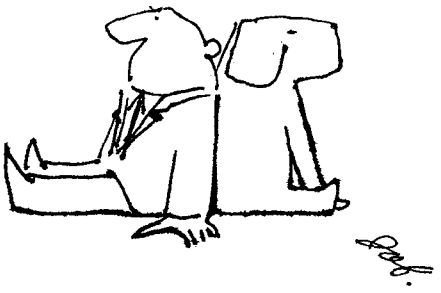
THREE years ago Thomas Pynchon published a long novel called *V.*, which, after a slow start, aroused considerable talk, some people regarding it as a stupid joke and others as a comic masterpiece. Much of the action took place in New York City in 1956, but there were scenes in South Africa, Alexandria, Paris, Florence, and Malta in such assorted years as 1942, 1899, 1913, 1922, and 1919. So far as the novel has a center, it is the effort of a man named Stencil to ascertain the truth about V., a woman of his father's generation about whose life many legends, some completely fantastic, have grown up. Whether this is a sufficient unifying force can be argued, but at any rate the various scenes are full of vitality: the parties of the Whole Sick Crew in New York, Benny Profane's shooting of alligators in the city's sewers, the siege of Malta in 1942, Mondaugen's adventures in South Africa in 1922, and Godolphin's visions of the strange land of Vheissu. And I believe that in its own way the book does hold together: Pynchon is trying to represent the chaotic complexity of life; if there is a pattern, he seems to be saying, it is likely to be something as absurd as Stencil's pursuit of V.

Pynchon's second novel, *The Crying of Lot 49* (Lippincott, $3.95), is no more than a tenth as long as *V.*, is considerably easier to follow, and is just as funny. The central idea is possibly more preposterous than the central idea of the earlier book, and the reader is amazed that anyone, even Thomas Pynchon, could have dreamt it up. Once more the reader is led to question the rationality of human existence.

The book begins: "One summer afternoon Mrs. Oedipa Maas came home from a Tupperware party whose hostess had put perhaps too much kirsch in the fondue to find that she, Oedipa, had been named executor, or she supposed executrix, of the estate of one Pierce Inverarity, a California real estate mogul who had once lost two million dollars in his spare time but still had assets numerous and tangled enough to make the job of sorting it all out more than honorary." This should suffice to catch the admirer of *V.*: the ridiculous, presumably meaningful, puzzling names; a bizarre detail such as the kirsch in the fondue; the suggestion of something remarkable to come.

Oedipa departs from her husband, a disk jockey with problems, to meet her co-executor in San Narciso—named for a saint not, I hope, in the calendar. She has adventures with a group of youthful singers called the Paranoids, with a can of hair spray that runs amok, and with the co-executor. But her real adventure begins when she encounters "a frail young man in a drip-dry suit," Mike Fallopian, who is proselytizing for the Peter Pinguid Society, named for the commanding officer of a Confederate man-of-war that exchanged shots in 1863 with a Russian vessel. Members of the society are opposed to the United States Post Office, not on the ground that it does a wretched job, which would be understandable, but on principle because it is a government monopoly and therefore socialistic.

From now on Oedipa finds clues everywhere—at an experimental production of an Elizabethan play, at a stockholders' meeting of a mammoth corporation, in an old-timer's story of an Indian massacre, in the reflections of a member of Inamorati Anonymous, in the street games of children. All evidence points to the existence of an ancient and widespread conspiracy to oppose and



evade the distribution of mail by the government. So impressive is the evidence that the reader must either accept the reality of the conspiracy or assume that Oedipa is suffering from hallucinations, or decide that, like the poor young man in John Fowles's *The Magus*, she is the victim of a ridiculously elaborate hoax. I shall not reveal the nature of Pynchon's ingenious conclusion.

As in *V.*, much of the charm of the book lies in the ingenuity with which Pynchon elaborates even minor points. Oedipa's husband, for example, before he became a disk jockey, was a salesman of used cars, a form of employment that, we are told, bore heavily on his conscience: "The sight of sawdust, even pencil shavings, made him wince, his own kind being known to use it for hushing sick transmissions, and though he dieted he could still not as Oedipa did use honey to sweeten his coffee for like all things viscous it distressed him, recalling too poignantly what is often

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mixed with motor oil to ooze dishonest into gaps between piston and cylinder wall. He walked out of a party one night because somebody used the word 'cream-puff,' it seemed maliciously, in his hearing. The man was a refugee Hungarian pastry cook talking shop, but there was your Mucho: thin-skinned."

When Oedipa is completely bewildered, she goes to see her "shrink," only to find him barricaded against an imaginary force of vengeful Israelis. She tells him that she hopes he can talk her out of a fantasy. "Cherish it!" he cries. "What else do any of you have? Hold it tightly by its little tentacle, don't let the Freudians coax it away or the pharmacists poison it out of you." In Pynchon's world the line between fantasy and reality is never sharply drawn.

The Crying of Lot 49 is the fourth novel I have reviewed in less than two months that is in some sense nonrealistic. John Hersey's *Too Far to Walk*, besides being inspired by the Faust legend, is most effective in scenes that represent drug-inspired dreams. Reynolds Price's *A Generous Man* begins as realism but

becomes a romantic tale, unhampered by worries about plausibility. Alan Harrington's *The Secret Swinger* and the Pynchon book are examples of the novel of absurdity.

The nonrealistic novel is by no means new. One of the oldest forms of fiction, it has been flourishing in the past half century under the influence of Freud, Joyce, and Kafka. But if it is not new, it is persistent, and more and more writers apparently feel that they cannot say all they want to say through the medium of realism. Realistic fiction, they imply, is not true to today's reality. Isn't this, Pynchon asks, the kind of world in which a person such as V. might have existed, or in which a conspiracy such as Oedipa believes she has uncovered could be in operation? He makes his point, and makes it with a light-heartedness and a kind of elegance that are peculiarly his. Whereas Joseph Heller, after the brilliant beginning of *Catch-22*, becomes heavy-footed and tiresome, Pynchon is always on his toes, like a ballet dancer, even in so long a book as *V.* In *The Crying of Lot 49* his gyrations are wonderful to watch. —Granville Hicks.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Whose Moral Spectacles?

In his letter [*SR*, Apr. 2] concerning the review of the Keitel memoirs [*SR*, Mar. 5], Robert Kempner writes: "Keitel was sentenced to death in Nuremberg because he was responsible for the murder of innumerable innocent civilians and prisoners of war . . . not because he lost a war—as some nationalistic circles and neo-Nazis are claiming now."

In a war unparalleled for the brutal destruction of noncombatants, not the least horrible examples of mass murder of innocent civilians were the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, with the horrors emphasized by the prolonged agonies of many victims before they died and of many who survived with dreadful burns. These acts have been justified many times by those responsible as having been a necessary part of our final war stategy. . . .

Since the outcome of this bitter international conflict determined through whose moral and judicial spectacles even a so "common penal law" as "you should not kill" would be viewed, it follows that Wilhelm Keitel and his colleagues *were* sentenced to death because they had lost a war.

Fred W. Messman.

Whitesboro, N.Y.

Slaughter

Truman Capote [*SR*, Jan. 22] spent five years proving that a writer is a man with the infinite capacity for wearing out shoe leather as well as the seat of his pants, and came up with *In Cold Blood*, a clinical report on the wanton murder of a family of four, and the subsequent dispatching of the two killers by the State of Kansas, making six bodies in all at a time when bodies by the hundreds are being found every day in the rice paddies of Vietnam—and was rewarded with a million dollars of free publicity and two million dollars in cold cash. What kind of a society is it with such a distorted sense of values?

J. L. Bernstein.

Paterson, N.J.

No White-wash

Professor von Klemperer's criticism [*SR*, Mar. 5] of Franz Schoenberner's review of Ernst Nolte's *Three Faces of Fascism* [*SR*, Feb. 5] is absolutely correct. Nolte's book is a highly sophisticated—and in some places a brilliant—effort to analyze the practical and theoretical similarities and dissimilarities in the French, German, and Italian manifestations of Fascism. The work is by no stretch of the imagination an effort to white-wash or apologize for the Nazi régime. . . .

When Nolte remarks (on page 400) that Hitler's "extermination of the Jews . . . was not a case of criminals committing criminal deeds, but of a uniquely monstrous action in which principles ran riot in a frenzy of self-destruction," he must be understood in the light of his psychological analysis of Hitler, whose "dominant trait" in personality "was infantilism" (see page 289).

One can disagree with Nolte's methodology, but to infer that his impressive work is an apologia for Nazism is palpably absurd.

Mr. Gapsat's criticism [*SR*, Apr. 16] of Professor von Klemperer clearly indicates that Gapsat has neither read Nolte's book nor familiarized himself with Klemperer's distinguished work in German history.

Edward H. Glas.

Madison, N.J

Honor? Responsibility?

I object strenuously to the last paragraph of William J. Thorbecke's review of *Vietnam: Between Two Truces*, by Jean Lacouture [*SR*, Apr. 9]. . . .

America's institutions? Our honor, our responsibility, our interests? Rubbish! Shibboleths!

American boys are dying and Vietnamese men, women, and children are losing their lives as the result of a United States policy which, in essence, the book under review shows to be invalid and which, to get even more emotional, is abhorrent.

The events of the last few days in Vietnam show very well where our policy of interference in the lives of the Vietnamese has led.

Beryl Domoff.

Flushing, N.Y

After de Gaulle, the Count

I have read with much interest Alexander Werth's masterful review of *The Three Lives of General de Gaulle*, by David Schoenbrun, and *De Gaulle*, by François Mauriac [*SR*, Feb. 19]. . . . Mr. Werth manages to put General de Gaulle in perspective better than anyone I have read. . . .

The one thing which could certainly continue the wise and beneficent policies of General de Gaulle and insure the continued glory of France would be the restoration of the monarchy. . . . The greatest disasters in France have occurred under republican regimes.

His Royal Highness, the Count of Paris, is the ideal successor to General de Gaulle. He is a descendant of Saint Louis and Louis XIII and has undisputed claim to the throne of France. By education and temperament he is suited to the role of a twentieth-century ruler. He is a true Frenchman, devoted, soul and body, to France. The best wish that the friends of France can offer her is that His Royal Highness, the Count of Paris, be restored to the throne of his fathers.

Vive le roi!

Wade H. Coleman, Jr.

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

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Father of Serbian Literature

Njegos—phenomenon in a craggy land.

Njegos: Poet, Prince, Bishop, *by Milovan Djilas, translated from the Serbo-Croat by Michael B. Petrovich (Harcourt, Brace & World. 498 pp. $10), describes the life and assesses the literary works of Montenegro's ruler in the first half of the nineteenth century. Albert B. Lord, author of "The Singer of Tales," is professor of Slavic and of comparative literature at Harvard University.*

By ALBERT B. LORD

THIS is indeed an extraordinary book, as the translator has noted in the introduction: extraordinary in its subject, Petar II Petrovic Njegoš, Prince-Bishop of Montenegro (born 1813, died 1851); extraordinary in its author, Milovan Djilas, Communist rebel still in prison in Yugoslavia.

This is also an important book, because it is, I believe, the first critical treatise on a major Yugoslav author to be published in the United States for a popular audience. The late Professor George R. Noyes's splendid study of Dositej Obradovic, including a translation of the latter's *Life and Adventures,* was issued in 1953 in a learned series by the University of California Press at Berkeley, but it is now out of print. Djilas's work on Njegoš introduces the poet to a public whose interest in Yugoslav literature has already been aroused by the English translations of the Nobel laureate Ivo Andric.

Ironically enough, there is no entry for Milovan Djilas in the *Enciklopedija Jugoslavije* published in 1958, when the present manuscript was being written, although he was a member of the Central Committee and of the Politburo and already a well-known author. Djilas's name, because of his place in recent Yugoslav history, will bring attention to this book and to the life and poetry of Njegoš. Yet, what is perhaps more significant is that Djilas is a Montenegrin and a Serb, as was Njegoš. Moreover, both the publisher, William Jovanovich, and the translator, Professor Michael B. Petrovich, are second-generation Americans of Serbian ancestry. The work is, then, from first to last, an act of devotion by three men dedicated to Montenegro and to Serbdom as represented by Njegoš.

Njegoš is the great poet of the Montenegrins and Serbs. While he did write in the manner of the folk epic, he also produced, together with a number of shorter poems, three major works of narrative poetry. *The Ray of the Microcosm,* published in 1845, is a philosophical, mystical poem about man's soul or essence, about the struggle with evil. An English translation of it by the late Anica Savic-Rebac of Belgrade was published in the *Harvard Slavic Studies,* Vol. III, 1957. *The Mountain Wreath* (1847), in form a strangely anomalous work—partly drama and partly epic—it concerns a massacre of the Moslem Montenegrins by their Christian brothers at the end of the eighteenth century. Although the historicity of the event has been questioned, seemingly extraneous elements of local color in *The Mountain Wreath* are of interest. The third major work of Njegoš, *The False Emperor, Stephen the Small,* appeared shortly before the poet's death from tuberculosis. More closely knit as a drama than *The Mountain Wreath,* it too has as its subject an incident in eighteenth-century Montenegrin history, the fantastic rule of an unknown figure who came to Montenegro claiming to be the murdered Russian Czar Peter III. *Stephen the Small* has not been translated into English, but *The Mountain Wreath* was translated by James W. Wiles (London, 1930).

As a background to his narration of Njegoš's life, Djilas first pictures Montenegro, emphasizing the system of the tribes and clans, the heroic atmosphere of the mountain wilderness, the ever-present struggle with the Turks. Essentially self-taught, the poet actually had very little, if any, formal education. To the dashing Sima Milutinovic Sarajlija, for his completely unorthodox teaching of the young Njegoš, and to his uncle, Bishop Petar Petrovic I, from whom Njegoš learned much about Montenegro, Djilas gives full credit, although he minimizes the roles of the Cetinje monastery and of the Tropovic school in the Bay of Kotor. The story of how Njegoš at seventeen succeeded Bishop Petar and of the early years of his bishopric is vividly and sensitively narrated.

Djilas's chapters on the life and rule of Njegoš are superb, better even than the discussion of his poetry; one sees Njegoš fully and distinctly sharing the frustrations of the poet-ruler. The vignettes of historical and other figures of Njegoš's time, such as that of Husein Kapetan, are small masterpieces. Little seems to be omitted from the account. At their best Djilas's comments are penetrating, even inspired. He has captured with great success, and with no small amount of poignancy, not only the essence but also the telling details of a period and a region and has made them dramatically alive.

We see Njegoš's literary works in relation to the poet as person and ruler. Djilas underplays, but does not neglect, the role of the folk epic in the development of Njegoš's poetry. In this he is refreshingly honest. He shows the poet breaking away from the traditional epic in the *Ode to Liberty,* and points out the appearance in *Hermit of Cetinje* (1834), and subsequent works, of poems anticipating *The Ray of the Microcosm* and *The Mountain Wreath.* Njegoš's eminence and importance in the history of Serbian literature lay in his ability to create a written literature. With him a new tradition for Montenegro came to first bloom. Djilas has grasped the import of this phenomenon for his craggy homeland.

One long chapter is devoted to comments on Njegoš's three major works. It is encouraging to find attention being paid to *The Ray of the Microcosm* and to *Stephen the Small* as well as to the more famous *The Mountain Wreath.* Djilas makes use of the work of such literary scholars as Kolendic and Sekulic, Banaševic and Latkovic, along with many others whom he mentions and at times quotes. It seems to me that his study of these three works is somewhat marred by his attempt to link them in an unconscious system in which *The Ray* represents the general, *The Mountain Wreath,* the national, and *Stephen the Small,* the immediate. Otherwise his analyses are pertinent and reveal not only Njegoš's artistic and philosophical creed but also Djilas's own.

One is so grateful to have this remarkable treatise on Njegoš available that it may seem ungracious to mention any of

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its faults. Djilas's mind is teeming with ideas and he puts them down as they come forth; on the printed page one can "see" him thinking, trying out thoughts to test their validity. The torrent of his discourse flows on, sometimes brilliantly, sometimes romantically, but always with deep emotion and sincerity. This undoubtedly accounts for the fact that on page 15, for example, we read, "History does not choose the easy way," one of Djilas's many aphorisms; on page 21, however, "History favors the bold and the wise. It also seeks the line of least resistance." Again, we read on page 290-291: "In regarding evil and the struggle against it as absolutes, as long, at least, as men are men, Njegoš departed from the Church." On page 293: "Njegoš's evil is not absolute, neither cosmic nor earthly evil." But such lapses are really unimportant in this powerful book.

Professor Petrovich is to be congratulated on his very readable translation. Moreover, his introduction is extremely helpful for the reader who may know little or nothing about Montenegro, Njegoš, or Djilas. His comparison of the two writers is illuminating. Especially is Professor Petrovich to be complimented on the bibliography that he has gathered of works that Djilas must at some time have used. It was a formidable task requiring both learning and judgment, and Professor Petrovich has acquitted himself admirably.

In sum, this book is an event for those in the English-speaking world who believe that Yugoslav literature and literary figures should be better known.

Biographer's Borrowed Personality

James Boswell: The Earlier Years, 1740-1769, *by Frederick A. Pottle (McGraw-Hill. 606 pp. $12.50), draws on unpublished material to provide new insight into the paradoxical character of Johnson's friend. Books by the Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer Leon Edel include "Literary Biography" and "Henry James."*

By LEON EDEL

THE FIRST volume of Frederick A. Pottle's long-awaited life of James Boswell takes us from his birth in 1740 to his marriage twenty-nine years later. As might be expected from the chief editor of Yale's massive Boswell archive, Professor Pottle's work is substantial and authoritative; he tells his story with ease and lucidity, the fruit of a long saturation in the copious yield of Fettercairn and Malahide. By now the details of Boswell's compulsive haunting of brothels and his pursuit of the great are well known; and Mr. Pottle has addressed himself, as a biographer should, to the character and the personality. We thus gain insight into the riddle propounded long ago by Macaulay: How was it possible for this eighteenth-century rake and buffoon to make a progress to the high places of literature? How could Boswell the busybody have written the *Life of Samuel Johnson*?

If this view was Victorian, and was cogently answered by Carlyle, it is still a good psychological question. Mr. Pottle enables us to look at the paradox freshly, and with many refinements of detail. He begins his book with a hitherto unpublished autobiographical sketch by Boswell written for Rousseau—a confession by the young, boisterous Scot to the master-confessor of the century. In it Boswell, aged twenty-four, describes how as a boy he suffered from the wrathful God of Calvinism and the effects of a mother "extremely kind but too anxious." He blames her for frightening him too early with "the eternity of punishment." But what he omits is his fear of his stern father, the Laird of Auchinleck. Indeed, Boswell speaks of his father as "worthy" and as "one of the ablest and worthiest men in the world"; he thereby withholds from Rousseau the truth of his chronic quarrels with his parent. "You will see in me," he adds, "an extraordinary example of the effects of a bad education."

—Culver.

Boswell—"precursor of press-agentry."

The bad education was largely in the realm of the emotions. His father sat in judgment at home as he did on the bench; and, between religious and paternal wrath, the spirited boy had little choice. He found it politic to be constantly ill. As he matured, a benign tutor and two college friends (oddly enough, one was named Johnston and the other's middle name was Johnson) gave him the confidence to substitute rebellion for illness. At first it took forms of flight: he wished to go to America; he sought to join the Guards; and above all he committed the religio-political sin of flirting with Catholicism. The dissolute Lord Eglinton resolved these issues. Pottle tells us that he "rescued Boswell from religious error by making him a libertine."

The accepted modern opinion has been that Boswell was engaged in a lifelong "search for a father," and that Johnson's mixture of curmudgeonry and affection supplied the want. But Boswell's relation to authority was in reality complex. We can discern his cycles of rebellion, his ever-present feeling of guilt, and his sense, from earliest childhood, of his worthlessness. This led to a great deal of self-surveillance with constant relapses into self-indulgence, and various modes of self-punishment. Mr. Pottle argues that Boswell's recklessly acquired venereal infections may have been one way of imposing suffering for his fleshly sins. They also provided for long periods of abstinence and a feeling of virtue. Another way may have been Boswell's constant attendance at executions. If these gave him terrible nightmares, they ministered to the cruelty in his nature and his guilt. He always imagined himself the condemned man.

He found relief from these deep-seated emotional troubles in the writing of diaries and journals. He could lecture himself as if he were his father; he could vent his spleen; he could confess—to himself as well as to the world. His condensed notations would be banal enough save that suddenly there is the flash of insight, the shock of personal recognition. "Desperate. This day, *Easter*, rouse. Be Johnson." Then he consoles himself: "You've done no harm. Be *retenu*." And suddenly: "What am I?" What indeed? This last might have been spoken by a character in Kafka. When he forced himself on Rousseau or Voltaire or Paoli, or when he knelt for Johnson's blessing, he seems to have been piecing together a personality for himself out of the lives of the illustrious. The biography of Johnson in the end would be also the biography of Boswell.

Parallel with his excesses in theaters, the streets and the foul alleys of London, we have Boswell's earnest—but in reality

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half-hearted—quest for a wife. The celebrated courtship of the bluestocking Belle de Zuylen is told here in scattered detail and invites comparison with Geoffrey Scott's delicate irony and fine economy in his celebrated *Portrait of Zélide*. Boswell always adeptly sabotaged his own wooings. No "lover" could have been clumsier and more unfeeling—doubtless because his gallantries masked a contempt for women. He was nearly always ready to buy the cheapest kind of love, even when he had kindly, maternal mistresses. When he finally married, it was in haste and to a first cousin. He unbachelored himself, it seems, more in anger than in love, and as if to match his father's remarriage.

The Boswell of this first volume is certainly not the hero Mr. Pottle wishes to make of him. At twenty-nine he has won a show of fame with his book on Corsica; but he has written appalling verse (on which too many pages are wasted) and emerges more as a precursor of press-agentry and public relations than of biographical literature. In a long aside Mr. Pottle argues that Boswell is the peer in "imaginative power" of Scott and Dickens, and that "imaginative biography is not a lower thing than fiction, but is actually *better*." He thereby sets up an unnecessary competition between two distinct and honorable forms of literary art.

I think what readers may question, or be confused by, are Mr. Pottle's excessive intrusions into the story he is telling. Thus when he informs us he has "no evidence at all" on a given point, he nevertheless must fill the gap with an "I shall choose to believe," etc. Biographers would be a happy lot indeed if such choices were really open to them. Also his comments are often subjective: he "winces" at Boswell's showing his bad verses to Voltaire and "sighs" when he sees Boswell "slipping into bed again with Mrs. Dodds."

The narrative strategy of the volume accordingly suffers. Mr. Pottle at one stage tells us that he has "misrepresented the swirling incongruous existential variety of Boswell's consciousness by isolating one narrative pattern and carrying it forward without reference to other events." In effect, he seems to be apologizing for making his story coherent instead of discursive. There is a distinct contradiction between this and his admirable account of Boswell's method, that is, the way in which the journal-keeper "experimented and discarded until his infallible sense of tune picked up the precise unifying notes." It is always by the unifying notes that a biography becomes a work of art.

But with all this, it is a great pleasure to have this fine book, and by the man who knows more about Boswell than anyone else in the world.

In Love with Louis XIV

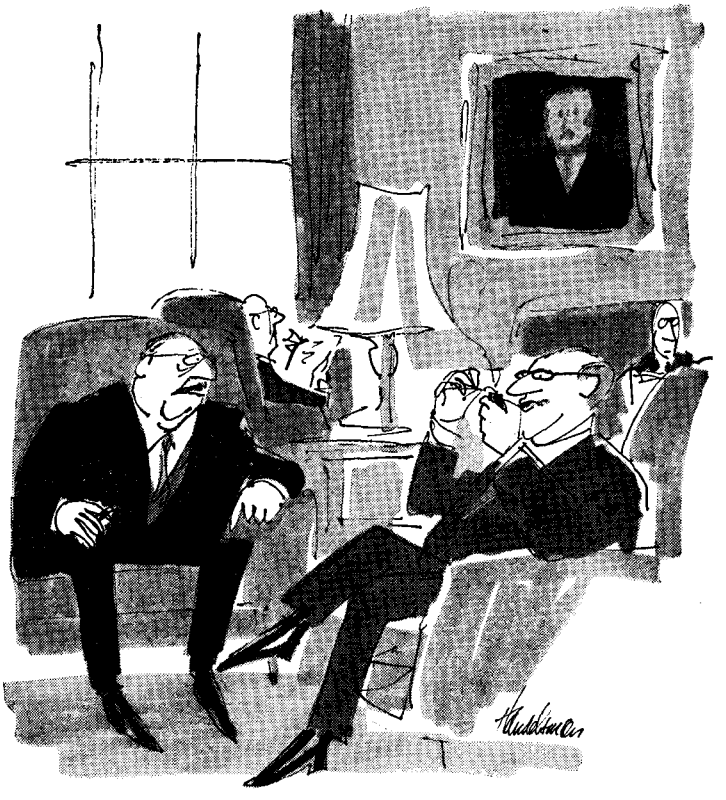
***The Uncompromising Heart,** by Françoise Mallet-Joris, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 274 pp. $5.50), recounts the life of Marie Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin and, briefly, mistress of Louis XIV. J. H. Plumb of Christ's College, Cambridge, wrote "Italian Renaissance" and "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

THE WORLD of fiction seems to be in strange torment and indecision: certainly in no branch of literature are the contrasts now so vivid. Truman Capote's nonfiction novel, in which the novelist becomes contemporary historian, is perhaps one of the most remarkable *tours de force* of our time. And now we have a distinguished French novelist also deserting, or seeming to, the trade of fiction to become historian. But the difference between *In Cold Blood* and *The Uncompromising Heart* is far greater than that between Milton and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Truth should be a novelist's pursuit as much as the historian's; but if a novelist becomes a historian, then he or she must use the established methods and techniques by which historians measure truth. I have no idea what qualities mark Françoise Mallet-Joris's fiction, but her history is mawkish, rhetorical, and false. She gives next to no references (four or five in the entire book), no sources apart from the *Memoirs* of Marie Mancini, the subject of this *soi-disant* biography.

Marie Mancini, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, was one of the many pawns on that wily statesman's diplomatic chessboard. She briefly attracted Louis XIV's attention, possibly swept him a little way towards romantic love (at least she liked to believe so), but was finally dispatched from the Court. Later she married the Constable Colonna, loved him, bore two sons, quarreled tempestuously with him, and went her own high-handed way, only to land in further trouble. She was one of those high-spirited, imperious creatures who could have made excellent female bandits. But she haunts Mme. Mallet-Joris's imagination as some Hollywood film star



"But what happens if we take a licking in the marketplace of ideas?"

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might a housemaid's. The result is sentimental slush that would have made Elinor Glyn wince. However, *The Uncompromising Heart* beggars description. Only quotation can do justice to its high-flown inanity:

> Both of them thought, "One day we shall be together when we make an entry into a city."
>
> Yes, both of them thought it. But was this royal rank that Louis was mentally offering Marie the same as the deep, grave engagement that is undertaken before the altar or was it the splendid but frivolous mythological royalty with which the painters were to decorate Versailles? So they were separated for the entry into Auxerre. Had this free and triumphal day the same weight, the same meaning for each of them? That was what Marie was to ask herself her whole life long; and the whole of her life was to suffer from the unanswered question.

Again:

> What she [Madame de Venel] longed to get from Marie was certainty—a confession: if one day Marie were to blush before her, she would be overjoyed. "I knew it." Her pleasure—the turbid pleasure of a frigid woman—lay there, in the shame at the heart of the opening fruit.

But wait.

> May not this panic at the thought of action, even the action of existing, when it seems pointless, be perhaps the fleeting passage of freedom, of grace? And just as when one is following the tracks of an animal, a fleeing animal, the clearest marks are the places where it has stopped, laid down, or drunk, so in any given life (since here it is Marie's life that is given), its clearest, most sharply seen hours are those in which it pauses, anxious, lost, in some clearing of solitude, silence or choice.
>
> It is these particular tracks that interest me so deeply: it is from these I learn. It is in these I see the still-fresh marks of anguished sweat, the hesitating line of a hunted deer that cannot tell which way to run, the sudden impulse of fear that makes it rush back into the dark wood again, the great Wagnerian forests of instinct, of fatality through the lacerating thorns, along the paths that lead to nowhere, but preferring suffering and destruction to the terrible liberation of the light, the open plain, the faith. Marie was always to go through these agonies; the astrologer had not lied. It is in this that she is so close to us, and so dear.

One can only hope that, having panted through 274 pages of diarrhetic drivel, Mme. Mallet-Joris will return to fiction; at least then I will not have to read her. But please, Madame, refrain from what you think to be history.

A Murderer in the Family

***Shadow of My Brother,** by Davis Grubb (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 317 pp. $5.95), traces through flashbacks the evolution of a Louisiana lynching. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is associate editor of the Greensboro (North Carolina) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, Jr.

THIS is an ambitious novel based on a race murder reminiscent of the Till Case. A Negro boy "leers" at a white woman in a grocery store and, that night, is done in by her husband and police accomplices. By chance, the murderer's daughter, trysting with her boy friend nearby, observes.

That is the situation. Then the stages begin revolving in a Faulknerian fury of flashbacks. We learn that the murderer, Loy Wilson, is a man of good family—a "Virginian," indeed—gone to seed in the hill country of the Deep South. Years earlier his father, Isaiah, had disowned him after he joined with Klansmen in despoiling the grave of a mulatto boy whom Isaiah had "adopted" during a mysterious ramble in the Far West. It comes out, as well, that this cold cad has long been obsessed with the sexual activities of white women.

Evidently Davis Grubb has tippled heavily at Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha purple-prose pub. His rhetoric is intense. *Shadow of My Brother* is the sort of story in which no one can bite his lip without drawing blood. The night of the murder, when "there were those . . . who swore that a single bolt of lightning slashed the cloudless, starlit sky," is not the only evening marked by atmospheric portents. Finally, there is the same juxtaposition of time and viewpoint that one finds in many Faulkner novels. Mr. Grubb even introduces, in Grandfather Isaiah, a sort of patriarchal keeper of the family conscience with an Old Testament name and a long beard.

The author's family, we are told, has lived in the Ohio Valley for some 200 years. Perhaps feeling rather out of his regular fictional habitat, Mr. Grubb saturated himself in Faulkner by way of gaining a feeling for the Gulf locale. It is risky business; for while the surface of Yoknapatawpha can be reproduced by an alien hand, one misses the bizarre sense of comedy, as well as the shrewd observations of manner and speech, that reinforce William Faulkner's own grim parables of race, guilt, and redemption.

Unlike one advance reader quoted on the dust jacket, I did not find *Shadow of My Brother* "insufferable" in truth and poignancy. It is quite sufferable, except in such runaway passages as: "The white bulb . . . hung above the men's heads like the slashed . . . and dying testicle of a lynched municipal conscience." And such characters as are faultily contrived have a redeeming touch of comedy, albeit unwitting. There are scenes in which a younger Loy denounces President Woodrow Wilson in terms strangely anachronistic: "Socialism, free love, atheism!" he rages to his sister. "You name it, Nelly! And then . . . I saw it was all part of a . . . lie cooked up by people like Papa and Grandpa and . . . that old Doc Wilson—that fool, granny college teacher in the White House! Nigger lovers and—" One wonders whether Louisiana racists talked that way forty-five years ago. Perhaps so. But in any event Wilson, as President, never defied the then-orthodox view of Negroes.

My favorite character, however, is a "stuck-up" Englishman named Jarvy Partridge, who, in a racial incident once witnessed by Loy Wilson, beat up a wog with his riding crop, which he just happened to have with him at the theater.

But the development of Loy's mentality is subtler than one might expect in a novel of such derivative technique. With all its Gothicisms and lapses of taste, it comes off rather well.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1186

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1186 will be found in the next issue.

NBH ETB HYW FEHLBZ XYT

IWBEVMHL FYTIBI, PGW WFEW

FYTIBI NEJ HYW PB IWYVBH.

—VYTZ FEVMXES

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1185

Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts.
—HENRY ADAMS.

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The Search for a Saving Grace

Rites of Passage, *by Jean Rikhoff (Viking. 309 pp. $5.75), the last in the author's trilogy tracing the history of a Middle-Western family, concentrates on its characters' search for love as an affirmation. C. E. Eisinger, professor of English at Purdue University, is author of "Fiction of the Forties."*

By C. E. EISINGER

JEAN RIKHOFF brings her ambitious family trilogy to a close with the publication of *Rites of Passage,* a book aimed at the center of the contemporary novelistic stream. For Miss Rikhoff is here deeply engaged with the theme of dislocation and fragmentation in modern life, and grimly searching for a viable response to destructive forces. The disintegration of the family, which yet binds the individual members by the ties of blood, is one aspect of this theme. The failure of religion as a sustaining and genuine force in the lives of men is another. And the quest for love and identity in the nihilistic wilderness is the saving response.

All these concerns give the novel, in its intention, claim to this central position: the view that life can be brutal, frustrating, disastrous, overwhelming, but that despite this one must make and continue to make an affirmative gesture. It is the position of Saul Bellow, and has been since he published *Augie March.* It is the position of Bernard Malamud, most clearly seen a *A New Life.* But in Miss Rikhoff's book the promise—the intention and the claim—is not brought to fulfillment.

The Timbles are a Middle-Western Catholic family whose history Miss Rikhoff began to trace in *Dear Ones All* with Lydia, the mother of five daughters. *Voyage In, Voyage Out,* the second novel in the trilogy, deals mainly with the children of those daughters, as does the present book. The paradoxical significance of the family in this last novel is that it does not sustain its members; their salvation lies in liberating themselves from it.

The texture of family life is rendered mostly in the animosities that divide it and in the characterizations of some of its women, particularly Frances, an outrageously vulgar, direct, but witty egomaniac, and Esther, the wealthy miser. Vital if not altogether original, these characters are far more fully realized than any of the men in the novel, for the latter are so shadowy that I confess to a difficulty in distinguishing among them. And I never come to see Neal clearly at all, even though he serves a double function with respect to the family. He is the agent by which Lois, the protagonist, finally frees herself from the family, and he is at the same time a symbol of the dissolution of family unity, a Jew who destroys its Catholic uniformity.

The religious life of the novel is peripheral. Catholicism is seen only as imposing the burden of too many children. None of the characters has a genuine religious experience. Theirs are shattered, unfulfilled lives. The novel does not suggest that pious dedication to the Church would have made them better; on the contrary, it seems that the characters are in good part responsible for their own fate. And unhappy fates they are. One is a drinker and adultress. Another is trapped in poverty with six children. A third, a failure in business and marriage, is seeking the courage to run off to Alaska with another woman. The sodden despair that pervades the novel just manages to escape the bathos of soap opera.

Yet these are only the conditions, Miss Rikhoff would contend, of the great enterprise to which we must all dedicate ourselves if we are to survive: the pursuit of love as an essential affirmation. The characters devote a good deal of time to discovering the meaning of love. Only Lois succeeds, or believes that she has, by the desire to have a child, since the essence of love is rooted in life. And this is why the novel moves, predictably but organically, from the death of an aunt to the promise of new life.

It is not an affirmation cheaply won, and to the degree that Miss Rikhoff convinces us of its cost in human terms she again escapes the bathetic. *Rites of Passage* is, then, a serious novel, conceived out of a sophisticated vision of man's condition in our time. But its conception exceeds its achievement. It does nothing with its Middle-Western setting; it does far too little with the quest-for-identity theme, which demands extensive and subtle exploration; on the other hand, it often belabors the theme of love without illuminating the subject. It is a good novel, but not a first-rate one. In its display of talent, it gives promise of finer things to come.

"You had better take that up with my colleague, Norman. He's the expert on air pollution."

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From Cymru to Patagonia: With *Down Where the Moon Is Small* (Doubleday, $5.95) Richard Llewellyn concludes the trilogy that opened with *How Green Was My Valley* and was continued in *Up Into the Singing Mountain*. Perhaps the new book will not disappoint Llewellyn's admirers. It contains the familiar ingredients, narrated in the author's quaint, slightly overprecious Welsh idiom.

Huw Morgan is again the narrator. The story revolves in a dizzy wheel of flashbacks from the collieries of Wales to the pampas and the Andes. Applying an impressionistic technique, Llewellyn tries to impose a lyric quality upon an episodic narrative which in many other respects is not unlike the traditional novel of pioneer settlers in a faraway land.

The main trouble with *Down Where the Moon Is Small* is that it cannot stand as a separate, complete novel. To be sure, it is long enough and sufficiently involved; nonetheless, it is structurally incapable of sustaining its weight. Any reader unfamiliar with the characters in the earlier volumes will be hopelessly handicapped; here they are presented without introduction or description. The damage is compounded by a confused litter of scenes disjointed in time and space. One can almost see the author, *Ulysses* at one elbow, shuffling through a file of isolated incidents, stacking them together arbitrarily, and then vainly trying to find a connecting thread.

The narrative rushes about with the abandon of a butterfly. Themes are forced into episodes where they fit badly if at all. At intervals the reader is taken aside and lectured on rustic virtues.

Even the stubbornly attentive reader can hardly fail to be dazed by the spectacular seesaw of Llewellyn's time structure and his lapses into semimysticism. *Down Where the Moon Is Small* puts on magnificent airs. Had it only tried to be a straightforward romantic potboiler, it might have proved a more honest book. Certainly it would have been more readable. —Brian Garfield.

Heir to Julius Caesar: Max Catto's thirteenth novel, *I Have Friends in Heaven* (Little, Brown, $4.95), does not stir in me a keen desire to read the first dozen.

The hero, a twelve-year-old Italian ragamuffin named Caesar, is given to making Polonius-like pronouncements about everyone, most of all himself, whom he regards as the spiritual heir of Julius Caesar. After an earthquake which kills practically everyone in his village, Caesar takes charge of a caravan of survivors—two nuns, a little girl, and various circus animals—and sets out for Rome, where, he informs his charges, his destiny lies.

The nuns bring with them a plaster statue of Virgin and Child. Caesar carries his own god, a marble head of the great Julius. He communes frequently with both statue and head, but trusts only himself. In the end, he tosses Julius into the river, deposits the Christchild in a Roman church, and departs in search of further adventures, saying, "Well, God . . . this is where I leave you."

Long before that point, my interest in Caesar and his entourage had grown less than cursory. It is hard to feel curious about a child who says things like this all the time: "I am twelve. I have nobody. I shall not survive without a little occasional violence."

When he is not arguing with God or contending with the elements, Caesar finds time to "declare war on the whole Italian army," particularly the fat Major-General Brazzolo, whom he harries whenever their paths cross. In spite of this, when the major-general looks at Caesar, he suddenly remembers that he has no sons and "something creaked in him." It is the same with the nuns, especially Mother Beatrice, whose "heart creaked slightly as she looked at this boy."

At journey's end, the major-general tries to make his peace with Caesar. "For the third—and last—time his heart creaked in his chest." And I resolved to skip Mr. Catto's fourteenth novel.

—Dorrie Pagones.

Hillbilly in Menang: It's a long way from Muleshoe, Kentucky, to Malaysia, where most of the action of *The Sign of the Praying Tiger* (New American Library, $4.95) takes place. The hero is appropriately named Oral; although he "ain't been to school much, coming from way back in the Kentucky hills," he is quick- and slick-talking, and has read "just about every comic book there is"—to say nothing of a "big dictionary" his coal-mining father "give him" when he was twelve. Thus armed and after a stint in the army, Ben Lucien Burman's amiable *picaro* sets off to "see the world. And maybe . . . help them poor people plenty the same time. Maybe teach 'em things they ought to know, or go out in the jungles and cure 'em when they're sick, and then they kind of make you a king, the way you see in the movies."

This twentieth-century innocent and his sidekick, G.B., finally settle down on the island of Menang, some 200 miles south of Singapore. Here they buy a onetime floating teahouse, "The Praying Tiger," and set up shop selling juke boxes, before opening a "success and personality" school to help the "backward" peoples of Menang. Complications accumulate in comic-book fashion: the Harmonious Daggers (a local terrorist gang) and the Malay, Chinese, and Hindu power structure of Menang are outraged at the Americans' innovations. G.B. flees the island. Oral carries on. The government is overthrown. Oral is poisoned by his enemies, sponsors a beauty contest, and falls in love with a beautiful Chinese girl.

Implicit in the threadbare story is frequent commentary on East vs. West, tradition vs. change, American attitudes vs. Oriental. However, since Mr. Burman is as effective a newsman as he ever was, it is not surprising that the most notable sections of his novel depict various aspects of local customs or beliefs.

The book is illustrated by the author's wife, Alice Caddy.

—William Peden.

Yorking at the World: "You'll find yourself chuckling and choking up on page after page," *SR* wrote of Don Robertson's previous novel, *The Greatest Thing Since Sliced Bread*. Well, reading its sequel, *The Sum and Total of Now* (Putnam, $4.95), we too chuckled and choked up page after page—although not quite in the sense implied by the earlier reviewer. Ours, perhaps, was all in all a richer experience, for those chuckles and chokes were frequently interspersed with yawns, sighs, and snorts of disbelief.

Most of these reactions centered around the book's main character, a boy named Morris Bird III, who was also the hero of *Sliced Bread*. Morris Bird III is now (in 1948) thirteen, thin, dark, small, and pimply. His father is a disk jockey with resonant tones and not much else; his mother is all elbows and dry skin, and she buys day-old bread. They live in what must be one of the drearier sections of Cleveland. Perhaps in compensation, Morris Bird III runs a harem in his head. Most aspects of life make him want to york (as he describes it), and the only person in the world he truly loves is his grandmother, who is dying of cancer.

Nothing much happens. Morris Bird III recalls dead schoolmates, calls on a girl he admires, attends a baseball game for seventeen extremely long pages, and finally figures out a way of expressing his love for his grandmother while simultaneously wrecking the hopes of his detestable parents, uncles, and aunts.

Left to himself, Morris Bird III and his growing pains might not be too bad. But in combination with those utterly uninteresting relatives, the detailed plots of old movies, and the gray boredom of lower-middle-class Cleveland, he can't get to first base, even with this boy-admiring reviewer.

—Margaret Parton.

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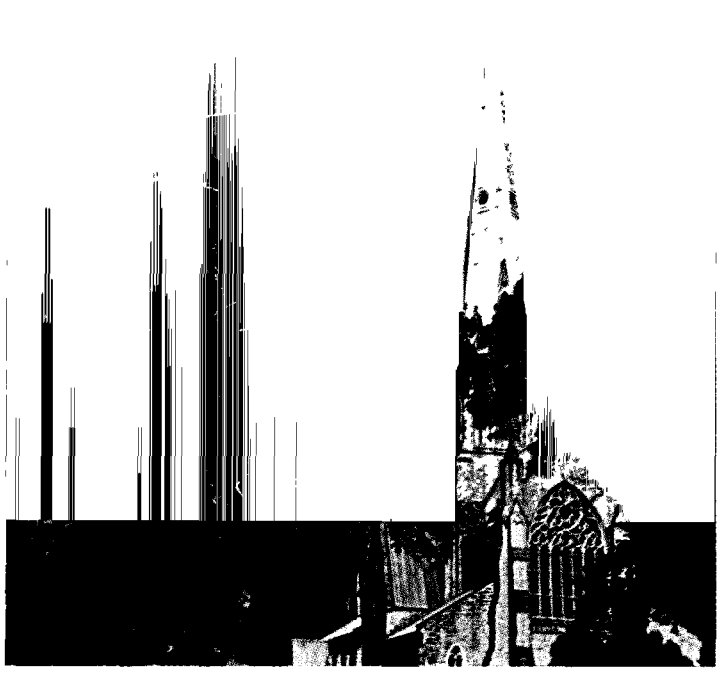
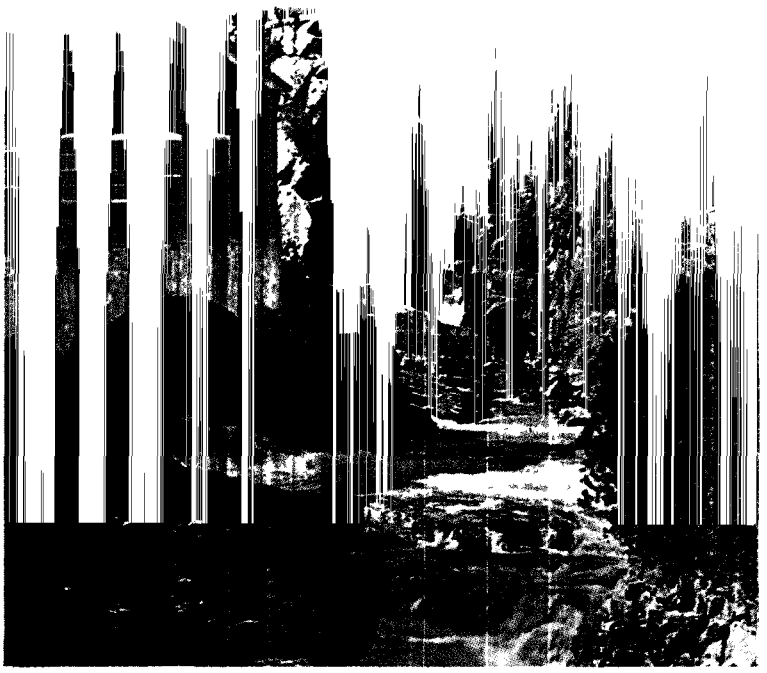
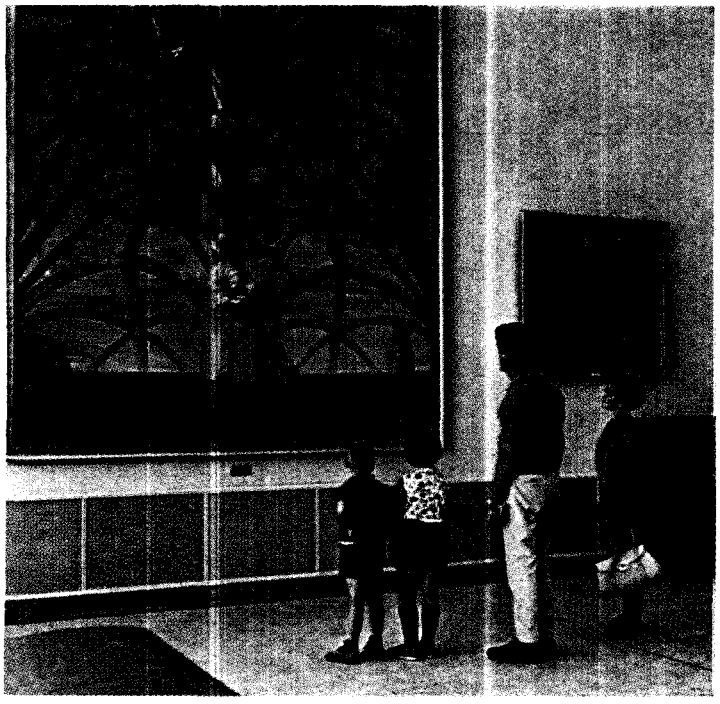




beauty in New Brunswick is more



than sea and scenery

Oh yes, New Brunswick is the Picture Province by the Sea and we're proud of it. But there's much more to New Brunswick than that. There are places to visit rich in memories of Canada's past, historic sites like Fort Beauséjour—built by the French two centuries ago to protect against the British, the Martello Tower recalling the War of 1812, the New Brunswick Museum at Saint John, beautiful Christ Church Cathedral in Fredericton. And in Fredericton, too, the Beaverbrook Art Gallery has famous canvases by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable, Canada's famous Kreighoff, and other greats of the past, plus moderns like Graham Sutherland, Salvador Dali and Canadians Alex Colville, Lawren Harris Sr. and Jr. and many others. Smooth, well-maintained, highways will lead you smoothly inland. You'll find charming covered bridges, 160 in all, as pleasant reminders of the horse and buggy days, including the Hartland covered bridge stretching 1,282 feet over the St. John River.

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Politics, Parachutes and Playboys

***You Don't Say,** by Benjamin De Mott (Harcourt, Brace & World. 240 pp. $4.50), contains essays that question a variety of contemporary attitudes. Emile Capouya frequently comments on the U.S. scene.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THIS collection has a subtitle, "Studies of Modern American Inhibitions." That was the point of departure for a pop-art book jacket—red, white, and blue, showing a comic-strip balloon containing not articulate speech but white space. Effective? You bet. Only, Benjamin De Mott's essays deserved something better than that cheap eloquence.

Not all of these interesting pieces live up to the announced theme—unless the moral of the essay on Portugal is that Americans are inhibited about peasants who kneel by the roadside when the President drives by. Or if we are to understand that the essay on the anti-Americanism of certain British intellectuals is significant chiefly for the light it casts on American reluctance to be hated. No, the point of the piece on Portugal is that the Middle Ages come high in terms of human dignity, except, of course, for those persons who are always prepared to be edified by the spectacle of one person abasing himself before another. And the very telling point of the piece on British anti-Americanism is that castigating or patronizing the vulgar Yanks is one way of conferring a patent of spiritual nobility on oneself. "A king can mak a belted earl," but any clerk can make something better if he simply takes the trouble to despise us.

These essays have another, more useful kind of coherence than formal unity of theme, and that is the strong and attractive literary personality that informs them, compounded of wit, intelligence that grasps the practical bearing of an abstract notion, and willingness to entertain a generous ideal. In these pages, at least, mention of democracy is not the occasion for refined sniggering; Mr. De Mott assumes that we are all grown up now, and can utter boldly the word that brings the blush to the cheek of the young person. Once, I think, his charity fails him, and that is in his brief sketch of the man accused of murdering President Kennedy, murdered himself before he could be tried. We know about him everything that journalism and the Warren Report can tell us, and that is not much—not enough, certainly, to justify the freedom with which Mr. De Mott treats him. He was a man, not a literary creation over which the author enjoys every right. No man should be handled so familiarly.

Mr. De Mott's essays are often topical, dealing with a political convention, a parachute-meet, the *Playboy* nonsense. More accurately, these are public essays, concerned to explore, discuss, and persuade. His style is both spirited and sensible—with an occasional puzzling phrase that defies translation, and must be the author's tribute to his Dark Gods. But ordinarily they don't get much change out of him, not stylistically, and not in the way of unexamined assumptions. Indeed, Mr. De Mott is dangerously persuasive in the role of Devil's Advocate. The trouble with the habit of weighing evidence on both sides of a question is the amount of labor it takes to reach a conclusion by that method. Mr. De Mott undertakes the labor, and the reader is grateful, even when scrupulousness impairs his literary dash.

Where his judgments are less satisfying—and here we need not a De Mott but a Daniel—is at the point where his democratic ideals confront a poverty of means; ideals and no enabling ideology are indeed the whole story of this generation. In an essay entitled "Pure Politics," dealing with Hannah Arendt, Robert Heilbroner, and other writers, Mr. De Mott observes that they have a common aim, the reduction of politics to technique—or at least the freeing of politics from its moral and religious freight, whether in the form of nationalism or of the Social Gospel. Mr. De Mott understands very well why these humane writers have come to distrust the rhetoric and ideology of reform. Nevertheless, he suspects that any ideology is simply the articulation of a practical program, and that "pure politics" is the ideology of the engineer's calculus, unsoftened by social conscience.

How to reinfuse the calculus of efficiency with some concern for humane goals? Mr. De Mott does not know. And small wonder, for neither does anyone else. Nevertheless, it is of the first importance to press that question always. Mr. De Mott is a little too tender with the men of good will who have been burnt by the politics of the century, and whose obsession is fear of fire. He takes their burden upon himself, and looks for a change in "the literary situation of politics." That is overgenerous; the needed change can begin anywhere, and we ought to castigate our political thinkers so long as they set their faces against that possibility.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

PEDAGOGICAL

All the characters in Column One are teachers created by Dickens and other Victorian writers. Teacher Edna L. Furness of Kearney, Nebraska, says you should raise your hand if you can correctly locate each teacher in one of the books in Column Two. Check your grade on page 74.

Bradley Headstone ( )	1. *Dombey and Son*
Mr. Creakle ( )	2. *Sartor Resartus*
Diogenes Teufelsdröckh ( )	3. *Hard Times*
Dr. Blimber ( )	4. *The Way of All Flesh*
Wackford Squeers ( )	5. *David Copperfield*
Rev. Walter Stelling ( )	6. *Jane Eyre*
Charles Darnay ( )	7. *Our Mutual Friend*
Mr. Gradgrind ( )	8. *The Mill on the Floss*
Richard Phillotson ( )	9. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*
Miss Twinkleton ( )	10. *Nicholas Nickleby*
Dr. Skinner ( )	11. *Jude the Obscure*
Mr. Brocklehurst ( )	12. *A Tale of Two Cities*

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Success and Failure in Fiction

John W. Aldridge—"idea-ridden."

Time to Murder and Create: The Contemporary Novel in Crisis, *by John W. Aldridge (McKay. 264 pp. $5.50), scores the tedium in today's fiction as contrasted with the revelation in that of the Twenties and Thirties. Martin Green, a Briton, wrote "Re-appraisals," comprising second thoughts on American literature.*

By MARTIN GREEN

A FAIRLY random collection of criticism written over several years, this new book by John W. Aldridge contains some speculations on the novel in general, as a form and in relation to modern culture, and eighteen essays on particular modern novelists. These essays vary widely in length and style; a long and orthodox interpretation of *The Great Gatsby* lies next to a short note on Sinclair Lewis's nonfiction. Unifying all this material are certain preoccupations, one of which is acknowledged in the book's title. This is the time to murder the old fictional formulas and create new ones.

Perhaps Mr. Aldridge would describe as parts of that preoccupation two recurrent theses to which I'm inclined to give separate but equal status: the tedium of contemporary fiction, and the very opposite qualities of American novels in the Twenties and early Thirties, the shock of recognition they afforded. Mr. Aldridge seems convinced that all readers and writers today are struck with a fatal boredom in the very act of picking up the new novel or the pen with which to write it. And he obviously feels that everyone, when they first read *The Great Gatsby* and *A Farewell to Arms,* finds that a blinding light is turned on life for them.

I call these preoccupations not only because Mr. Aldridge recurs to them so often, but also because they are so clearly emotional rather than rational phenomena. I count myself a great admirer of both Hemingway and Fitzgerald, but the understanding of life, the wisdom, each displays strikes me as one of the writer's handicaps rather than his advantages. And I count myself a rather irritable reader of modern fiction, but I've never found myself bored before I began a novel.

However, the preoccupation that most vividly characterizes all these essays is with the conditions of success in the literary life today, the different kinds of success and failure, the rewards and punishments of each, how to please the public, how to cow the critics, how to get away with murder. Mr. Aldridge says in his preface that when criticism has a general thesis it tends to get between the critic and the particular book he is writing about. He hopes this book, being random, will escape that fate, but I at least felt that most of the writing was barren of detail, hasty of logic, strident of tone, in just the ways that mark the idea-ridden man. And the key idea, the central obsession, is with the smell of success today.

Much the most interesting essay is on Norman Mailer, and deals largely with *Advertisements for Myself.* Here Mr. Aldridge's attention has for once been entirely gripped by, entirely focused on, the book he is discussing, presumably because it deals with the subject that really interests him. He is sympathetic to Mailer's extremism, too, perhaps because the preoccupation with success and publicity, in both men, makes that hysterical disgust with the world and the self seem the only ultimate honesty. Time and again, Mr. Aldridge reproaches other writers for not going far enough. He complains of Mary McCarthy: "But so few of her phrases are really devastating. There are so few moments when one feels that she has really pinned her victim kicking and screaming to the wall or eviscerated a subject so thoroughly that nothing ever again need be said or done about it except to erect a small white marker at the scene of the catastrophe." With this appetite for catastrophe, he understandably finds Mailer the only modern writer with "a coherent metaphysics of the human condition as it now exists," the only one with enough "intellectual force" to be able to "shift us out of our old comfortable modes of seeing and feeling." If discomfort and catastrophe are what you want, Mailer is your man, and catastrophe probably is what you want if you think about literature from the point of view of the conditions of success.

One striking feature of this book is that Mr. Aldridge attacks other people furiously for doing something that he proceeds to do himself. He is angry with *Esquire's* chart of the literary establishment and of the criteria of success. He is scornful of people who write about "the novel." Just as he quite nastily caricatured writers of academic novels in the course of his own academic novel, *The Party at Cranton.* All this surely derives from something a little more interesting than mere inconsistency. Mr. Aldridge tries to outdo the people who do the things he hates, to turn their own weapons upon them, to be more cynical, in the cause of justice, than the cynics he so resents. But to do so he must of course use their weapons. This is a common tactic among young writers, but most soon realize that they are spreading the evil they want to fight.

Mr. Aldridge refuses to see that many features of the literary scene now (and at any time) are not worth taking seriously. More exactly, they are worth not taking seriously. Turn your back on them, turn your hopes and fears away from them, and they really will become less important, to yourself and to other writers. Treat them all as apocalyptic signs, and you make them *more* important to other writers and yourself. Today, as always, the conditions of immediate literary success don't matter. That may seem like a half-truth, but it is a very whole and wholesome truth to serious writers, for by it they must live.

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A Woman's Eye on New York

***Talk Stories,** by Lillian Ross (Simon & Schuster. 301 pp. $5.95), collects a spectrum of the author's Talk of the Town "casuals" for The New Yorker. Murrah Gattis, an engineering manager, writes free-lance articles, reviews, and short stories.*

By MURRAH GATTIS

TO SOFTEN the harsh truth of "It's a man's world," that proliferating old bore Hackneyed Phrase begat the feministic "Anything a man can do, a woman can do better," which is one of the many adages Lillian Ross, in her first *New Yorker* profile, reported that the American matador, Sidney Franklin, the son of a Flatbush policeman, claims he originated. The profile appeared in 1947, when Miss Ross was twenty-one. Since then she has handled, better than most men, feature assignments in the tradition of cool, detached reporting perfected by Thurber, White, Maloney, Hellman, Behrman, McKelway, *et al.* Seven of her profiles—some of the magazine's finest—were collected in *Reporting.*

Now, in *Talk Stories,* her seventh book, Miss Ross offers sixty of her anonymous Talk of the Town "casuals." They range from an interview with the late Governor Stevenson, about whom she has published a separate, affectionate portrait, to a talk with Lassie, her favorite television star. Lacking the breadth though not the depth of her profiles, these casuals remind the reader of the champagne and caviar in her celebrated profile of Ernest Hemingway, her idol. They are the hors d'oeuvres—the tempting appetizers that leave you wanting more: "the harder ones" that Papa told her she would someday have to write. Neatly compressed gems, they are noteworthy for their comprehensibility, a quality the late Harold Ross, the magazine's founder, demanded.

At once humorous and serious, *Talk Stories* includes such diverse topics as cycling, discothèque, television commercials, public-school folk dancing, Telestar, Salk vaccine, Aqueduct, and Petrocelli clothes. Twice Miss Ross visits Mr. Kenneth, the hair stylist—in the guise of "the wild-haired secretary Miss Rogers, who sits across the hall from our man Stanley," whose identity she also assumes on several assignments. There are features in the book about such notables as Nelson Rockefeller, Soviet Ambassador Fedorenko, Dag Hammarskjöld, and the late President Kennedy. The author, however, achieves her best, which is incomparable, when she sketches people in the entertainment world: Edward Albee, Noël Coward, Joan Plowright, Eddie Condon, Dame Edith Evans, among others.

Miss Ross, who must have the theater in her blood, accepts artists, writers, actors, producers, and playwrights as human beings; instead of ogling the famous with glowing idiocy, she treats them in her stories with objectivity, warmth, and respect.

Her style is always modest, elliptical, precise, for she knows well Twain's allusion to the difference between lightning and the lightning bug. Her eye and ear are perfect:

"Miss Rutherford had on black strap shoes with sensible heels, a blue-green cotton frock, a man's wrist watch on a leather strap, a necklace of Chinese stones, and four rings, two on each hand.

"'We've been to your Jones Beach and we did get colored up a bit, but we loved it,' Miss Rutherford told us."

Miss Ross's irony is free of acid and poison.

WISELY, she omitted the delicious parody she wrote of Tom Wolfe's jet prose during the heat of the dirty little war he started with *New Yorker* editor Ted Shawn last spring.

Talk Stories is a solid, polished work that every student of journalism should first read and then study, for it is, as Hemingway said of her portrait of him, "funny and good."

Pop Poems

By Nancy Sullivan

1. *soup*

LET it be minestrone
Slithery with spaghetti,
Uncondensed,
Progresso perhaps.
What isn't in it?
The can is a garden;
Do not dilute it.

2. *beans*

Let the insides show,
All the little brown beans
Oozy in molasses.
On top, a knob of streaky hog.
How humble it tastes.

3. *butter*

Let it be soft after it's hard.
Pats, blocks, quarters
Yellow in the middle, the edges too.
All golden, unctuous blond,
Filling me up, filling me out.
Land o' Lakes, sweetly churned.

4. *sandwich*

Let it be pastrami on rye,
Lox on a bagel,
Bacon, tomato, and lettuce
In between toast.
It's one thing on top of another
Thing on top of another thing
With a top on.

5. *soap*

Let it be green or blue or white.
This one is white, a pure block of *Ivory.*
It floats, white raft in the tub.
Smaller and smaller it goes.

6. *Brillo*

Let these prickly pads,
Some dry, some pink with soap,
Shine up the scene. Polish
Pot, pan, and griddle.
They work,
But at the very end crumble all up,
Into ironic little failures.

7. *toothpaste*

Let the tube be like skin;
To bruise it, press hard.
Now watch the paste spurt
Icing the brush with fat
green chemistry.
Foaming at the mouth, she spat.

8. *martini*

In a clear glass, its surface
Smooth as a trampoline.
Just a hint of gold shivers around.
Down, down there the olive
Rests lumpily, lustfully hoarding
Gin and vermouth in its meaty cave.

9. *beer*

For those who drink deep.
The silky can
Fills the whole hand.
Its top pops
And out it bubbles, a
Stream of amber and white.
Schlitz, Bud, Piels—
Like the merriest Christmas.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art, Archeology

HENRY MOORE: The Life and Work of a Great Sculptor. By Donald Hall. Harper & Row. $7.50.

MICHELANGELO DRAWINGS. Edited by Ludwig Goldscheider. New York Graphic Society. $12.50.

NIMRUD AND ITS REMAINS. By M. E. L. Mallowan. Dodd, Mead. Two volumes. $60.

THE RESTLESS ART: A History of Painters and Painting, 1760-1960. By Alan Gowans. Lippincott. $9.95.

Crime, Suspense

A CANDLE FOR THE DEAD. By Hugh Marlowe. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

THE PEDESTAL. By George Lanning. Harper & Row. $4.50.

THE SECRET SOLDIER. By John Quigley. New American Library. $4.95.

SHOOTING SCRIPT. By Gavin Lyall. Scribners. $4.95.

THIRTEEN WAYS TO DISPOSE OF A BODY: An Anthology. Edited by Basil Davenport. Dodd, Mead. $4.

THE TOFF IN WAX. By John Creasey. Walker. $3.50.

WILD NIGHT. By Rae Foley. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

YOU WANT TO DIE, JOHNNY? By Gavin Black. Harper & Row. $4.50.

Current Affairs

COLUMBIA ESSAYS IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. By Andrew W. Cordier. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.95.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS IN THE NEW AFRICA. By I. William Zartman. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.45.

THE MARTYRS: Sixteen Who Gave Their Lives for Racial Justice. By Jack Mendelsohn. Harper & Row. $5.

MARXISM IN MODERN FRANCE. By George Lichtheim. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.75.

NATIONALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LATIN AMERICA. By Arthur P. Whitaker and David C. Jordan. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF POWER: American Diplomacy in the Search for Peace. By Harlan Cleveland. Harper & Row. $4.50.

SOUTHERNER. By Charles Longstreet Weltner. Lippincott. $3.95.

SPACESHIP EARTH. By Barbara Ward. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.95.

STRATEGIC POWER AND SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY. By Arnold L. Horelick and Myron Rush. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.95.

THREE WORLDS IN DEVELOPMENT: The Theory and Practice of International Stratification. By Irving Louis Horowitz. Oxford Univ. Press. $8.50.

THE TROUBLED CAMPUS. By the editors of *The Atlantic*. Atlantic-Little, Brown. Paperback, $1.95.

THE WAR AGAINST GOD IN LITHUANIA. By Dr. J. Savasis. Manyland Books. $3.

WAR WITHOUT GUNS: American Civilians in Rural Vietnam. By George K. Tanham. Praeger. $4.95.

Essays

HOME: Social Essays. By LeRoi Jones. Morrow. $4.

THE INSECURITY OF FREEDOM: Essays on Human Existence. By Abraham J. Heschel. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

Fiction

AREN'T YOU EVEN GONNA KISS ME GOOD-BY? By William Richert. McKay. $4.50.

BEAUTIFUL LOSERS. By Leonard Cohen. Viking. $5.75.

BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE UP TO ME. By Richard Farina. Random House. $5.95.

THE BEST IS YET TO BE. By Bentz Plagemann. Morrow. $4.50.

THE CALL OF THE SEA: Including *The Lost Sea, The Distant Shore, A Sailor's Life*. By Jan de Hartog. Atheneum. $6.95.

A CIRCLE OF SAND. By Richard Karlan. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

DEATH IN MIDSUMMER AND OTHER STORIES. By Yukio Mishima. New Directions. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $2.25.

THE DIARY OF A RAPIST. By Evan S. Connell, Jr. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE DOCTOR IS SICK. By Anthony Burgess. Norton. $4.50.

THE FLUTE ACROSS THE POND. By Frederic Wakeman. World. $4.95.

GENTLEMEN IN THEIR SEASON. By Gabriel Fielding. Morrow. $5.95.

THE JANUS LOVERS. By Miggs Pomeroy. Norton. $4.95.

LOVE LETTER IN THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE. By Nora Johnson. Delacorte. $4.95.

THE MONEY HUNTERS. By Cothburn O'Neal. Crown. $4.50.

PROMISE MORNING. By Charles Mercer. Putnam. $4.95.

PUBLIC FACES IN PRIVATE PLACES. By Joseph Rosner. Delacorte. $4.95.

REBECCA'S DAUGHTERS. By Dylan Thomas. Little, Brown. $4.50.

RETREAT AND RECALL. By Joseph G. E. Hopkins. Scribners. $4.50.

A SQUARE CALLED SILENCE. By Desmond Meiring. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

A SUNDAY WORLD. By Camilla R. Bittle. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MRS. ARTHUR. By Flora Armitage. Dodd, Mead. $3.75.

History

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By Ralph L. Ketcham. Washington Square Press. $3.95.

THE DAY OF THE AMERICANS. By Nerin E. Gun. Fleet. $6.95.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER I. By E. M. Almedingen. Vanguard. $4.95.

THE EUROPEAN POWERS 1900-1945. By Martin Gilbert. New American Library. $5.95.

JOHN C. CALHOUN. By Richard N. Current. Washington Square Press. $3.95.

NAT TURNER'S SLAVE REBELLION. By Herbert Aptheker. Humanities Press. $4.

PANAMA: 400 Years of Dreams and Cruelty. By David Howarth. McGraw-Hill. $6.50.

THE PROBLEM OF BOSTON: Some Readings in Cultural History. By Martin Green. Norton. $6.

THE SILK ROAD. By Luce Boulnois. Dutton. $5.95.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Stuart Gerry Brown. Washington Square Press. $3.95.

THE VIKING EXPLORERS. By Frederick J. Pohl. Crowell. $5.95.

THE WOMEN INCENDIARIES. By Edith Thomas. Braziller. $7.95.

Literary Criticism, History

THE COLLOQUIAL STYLE IN AMERICA. By Richard Bridgman. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.50.

MILTON'S BRIEF EPIC: The Genre, Meaning and Art of *Paradise Lost*. By Barbara Kiefer Lewalski. Brown Univ. Press. $6.50.

REFRACTIONS: Essays in Comparative Literature. By Harry Levin. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE SATIRIC ART OF EVELYN WAUGH. By James F. Carens. Univ. of Washington Press. $5.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS: Hawthorne's Psychological Themes. By Frederick C. Crews. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.75.

VOICES OF DESPAIR: Four Motifs in American Literature. By Edward Stone. Ohio State Univ. Press. $5.

Miscellany

THE CHALLENGE TO WOMEN. Edited by Seymour M. Farber and Roger H. L. Wilson. Basic Books. $4.95.

CHILDREN OF THE UPROOTED. Edited by Oscar Handlin. Braziller. $8.50.

THE FASTEST MEN ON EARTH. By Paul Clifton. John Day. $5.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT. By W. Eugene Hollon. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

THE HAPHAZARD GOURMET. By Richard Gehman. Scribners. $6.95.

THE HIDDEN ASSASSINS. By Booth Mooney. Follett. $4.95.

HOME BOOK OF ANIMAL CARE. By Esther L. Guthrie. Harper & Row. $5.95.

500 MILES TO GO: The History of the Indianapolis Speedway. By Al Bloemker. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

POLITICAL HANDBOOK AND ATLAS OF THE WORLD 1966. Edited by Walter H. Mallory. Harper & Row. $8.50.

RELIGION IN WOOD: A Book of Shaker Furniture. By Edward Deming Andrews and Faith Andrews. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.95.

THE RESEARCH HANDBOOK: A Guide to Reference Sources. By Adrian A. Paradis. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

SLEEP. By Gay Gaer Luce and Julius Segal. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

THE SPANISH COOKBOOK. By Barbara Norman. Atheneum. $5.95.

Personal History

CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN. By Sven Stolpe. Macmillan. $6.95.

DE GAULLE: Implacable Ally. Edited by Roy C. Macridis. Harper & Row. $6.

HESKETH PEARSON. By Himself. Harper & Row. $6.95.

IN SEARCH OF PARADISE: The Nordhoff-Hall Story. By Paul L. Briand, Jr. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.95.

MOTHER OF THE QUEEN: The Life Story of Her Majesty the Queen Mother Elizabeth. By David Duff. Hawthorn. $5.95.

PLEASANT RIVER. By Dale Rex Coman. Norton. $4.95.

SHORT DRIVE, SWEET CHARIOT. By William Saroyan. Trident. $4.95.

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SMALL MAN OF NANATAKI. By Liam Nolan. Dutton. $3.95.

SOMERSET AND ALL THE MAUGHAMS. By Robin Maugham. New American Library. $5.95.

Psychology

THE FAITH OF THE COUNSELLORS: A Study in the Theory and Practice of Social Case Work and Psychotherapy. By Paul Halmos. Schocken. $6.

LIFE STYLES OF EDUCATED WOMEN. By Eli Ginzberg. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.95.

POWERS THAT BE. By Beverley Nichols. St. Martin's. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

ANGEL IN THE FOREST. By Marguerite Young. Scribners. $6.95.

AUTHORITY IN THE CHURCH. By John L. McKenzie, S.J. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

CONVERSION TO JUDAISM: A History and Analysis. Edited by David Max Eichhorn. Ktav. $5.95.

EARLY CHRISTIAN THOUGHT AND THE CLASSICAL TRADITION. By Henry Chadwick. Oxford Univ. Press. $4.

FRESH EVERY MORNING. By Gerald Kennedy. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE HISTORIAN AND THE BELIEVER: The Morality of Historical Knowledge and Christian Belief. By Van Austin Harvey. Macmillan. $6.95.

HONOUR AND SHAME: The Values of Mediterranean Society. Edited by J. G. Peristiany. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.

ITALIAN HUMANISM: Philosophy and Civic Life in the Renaissance. By Eugenio Garin. Harper & Row. $6.50.

JOHN PENRY AND THE MARPRELATE CONTROVERSY. By Donald J. McGinn. Rutgers Univ. Press. $9.

LORD OF THE FOUR QUARTERS: Myths of the Royal Father. By John Weir Perry. Braziller. $6.95.

THE MEANING OF PASTORAL CARE. By Carroll A. Wise. Harper & Row. $3.50.

PREACHERS IN PURGATORY. By Lester Mondale. Beacon. $4.95.

RADICAL THEOLOGY AND THE DEATH OF GOD. By J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton. Bobbs-Merrill. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.85.

THEOLOGICAL ETHICS. By James Sellers. Macmillan. $5.95.

THOSE WHOM GOD CHOOSES. By Barbara and Grey Villet. Viking. $6.95.

TO CONQUER LONELINESS. By Harold B. Walker. Harper & Row. $3.95.

WAYWARD PURITANS. By Kai T. Erikson. Wiley. $5.50.

THE WORLD OF DAVID AND SOLOMON. By Eugene H. Maly. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE WORLD OF THE JUDGES. By John L. McKenzie, S.J. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

Sociology

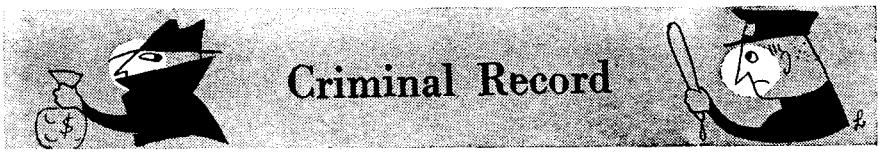
THE EROTIC MINORITIES. By Lars Ullerstam, M.D. Grove. $6.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY AMONG NEGROES. By Jessie Bernard. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK. By James Mills. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

SELF AND SOCIETY. By Nevitt Sanford. Atherton. $8.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.



The World's Worst Murderers. *By Charles Franklin. Taplinger.* $4.95. The twenty cases here summarized are British and Continental plus two American: Borden and Loeb-Leopold; most will be familiar to devotees of true-crime writing. Good refresher course.

Report from No. 24. *By Gunnar Sonsteby. Lyle Stuart.* $4.95. Chief of operations in Norwegian resistance movement here gives rugged account of activities of his group following Nazi invasion of 1940. U.S. Maj. Gen. William H. (Wild Bill) Donovan appends glowing tribute to author's competence.

Murder Makes the Wheels Go Round. *By Emma Lathen. Macmillan.* $3.95. Top echelon of Detroit motor management goes all goggle-eyed when bullet punctures ace exec; local and state cops take over, but it's John Putnam Thatcher of New York's Sloan Guaranty Trust who gets the answer. Purrs on all eight.

Odds Against. *By Dick Francis. Harper & Row.* $4.95. English ex-jockey turned peeper gets tip on dirty work at a racetrack and finds himself on real hot spot. Author brings in third winner in a row.

Coffin Corner. *By Dell Shannon. Morrow.* $3.95. Tenants of seedy (and how!) L.A. hotel give nice Lt. Mendoza and his homicide squad a spot of trouble; two unrelated deaths turn affairs into a three-ring circus. Takes a bit of sorting-out, but it's well worth it.

The Hard Sell. *By William Haggard. Washburn.* $3.75. Cool, pleasant Col. Charles Russell, British Security executive, wings to Italy to tackle critical industrial sabotage problem; the party gets rough. Smooth and finished performance.

His Own Appointed Day. *By D. M. Devine. Walker.* $3.50. Disappearance of bright school lad from home in provincial Scotland sets up chain reaction involving multitudinous constabulary; there are dead. Carries through nicely, with agreeable love interest.

The Secret Soldier. *By John Quigley. New American Library.* $4.95. Scottish salesman of phony Scotch falls for easy-money ploy; wishes he hadn't; tours of Hong Kong and Quemoy thrown in. Fine travelogue, with his comedy content.

The Naked Runner. *By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. English war vet (Intelligence), now modest industrial tycoon, flies to Leipzig to aid old pal; his teen-age son tags along; hero runs into mounting series of crises. Top-flight cliff-hanger.

The Search for Bruno Heidler. *By Stephen Marlowe. Macmillan.* $4.95. Hunt for top surviving Nazi war criminal takes U.S. civilian employe from La Rochelle to Paris to French Alps, all of which areas are authentically depicted. Sprawls a bit in spots, but speeds up to reach roaring climax.

Spylight. *By James Leasor. Lippincott.* $4.95. Dr. Jason Love, G.P. (he was hero of author's much admired *Passport to Oblivion*) takes on another chancy chore that carries him to the Himalayas. Good show!

The Holm Oaks. *By P. M. Hubbard. Atheneum.* $3.95. Unneighborly neighborliness brings complications to two households on English coast; *Nycticorax nycticorax* flies again; there are dead. House-of-Usherish aura pervades.

A Kind of Treason. *By Robert E. Elegant. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Yank correspondent in Vietnam who undertakes a spot of spying on the side has himself a real wild time. Good pace, and good picture of tormented not-so-little country.

Echo of Treason. *By Jonathan Burke. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Fleet Street overlords lock horns when wartime traitor, sprung from prison, starts writing his memoirs; tumultuous Parliamentary session precedes payoff. Unusual type of homicide practiced here.

The Spymaster. *By Philip Freund. Washburn.* $3.95. Of the four independent tales that make up this one-author show, only the lead story deals with espionage (Berlin West and East), but that one proves that the cloak-dagger yarn does not require full-length treatment to get over.

Masters of Mayhem: The 1965 Mystery Writers of America Anthology. *Edited by Edward D. Radin. Morrow.* $3.95. This annual assemblage here reaches its twentieth milestone; three of the twenty-four stories appear in print for the first time; the rest have been previously serialized (1947-1964). Usual workmanlike job.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

SR's Annual Preview of Writers' Summer Conferences

By GORHAM MUNSON, *assistant professor of English at Fairleigh Dickinson University, author of "The Written Word" and "The Writer's Workshop Companion," and editor of "Best Advice on How to Write."*

FOR THE past year or so the United States Information Agency has been telling other countries about that American innovation in education pioneered four decades ago by Middlebury College, the writers' conference. Though manifestly here to stay, the idea has not been exported; foreigners, therefore, are curious about the genesis, development, and nature of what seems to them an indigenous phenomenon.

Historically, the writers' conference, seemingly a limited experiment, has played a part in two broad educational movements: the growth of adult education and the far-reaching revolution in the teaching of writing. The premise of adult education, as everyone now knows, is that people go on learning for most of their lives, so that no age limit can be set to the capacity to learn. The New School for Social Research in New York, under the guidance of that remarkable educator Alvin Johnson, led the way in this enterprise, and was soon widely imitated. It is significant that writing instruction was a prominent feature of the school's catalogue as early as 1931, and has continued to flourish. In fact, the class in professional writing which I was privileged to conduct there achieved the highest attendance of any such course given in New York City, registering 200 students in its peak year, 1946, when the GIs were flocking to school.

The writers' conference may well have triggered the revolution in the teaching of writing. Before 1926, writing courses were mostly entrusted to college professors – good scholars, but often deficient in the writer's professional skills. After that date, when the first Bread Loaf Writers' Conference was held, working writers and editors began to be invited to campuses to conduct classes; the writer-in-residence became a star on the faculty. The problems of the craft were approached from an insider's viewpoint, and students quickly acquired professional attitudes.

This approach was used at the earliest writers' conferences. Directors and staff were recruited from novelists like Hervey Allen, poets like Robert Frost, playwrights like Paul Green, editors like John Farrar, and literary agents like Alan Collins. The practicing writer turned his attention to workshop instruction, and the instruction was practical discussion of literary work. As John Ciardi has pointed out, "the special quality of the talk at Bread Loaf is that it is from *inside* the writing."

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference was in effect a pilot model for the other one- to three-week conferences that the reader will find listed in the directory below. A recent brochure from the Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains aptly describes the standard conclave. The second oldest, it was, says the folder, established "on the premise that professional training in creative writing should be supplied by a recognized educational institution through the leadership of experienced writers." The pamphlet notes that "the policy of presenting as workshop leaders writers of outstanding reputation has attracted many students who now have impressive records of publication." Conference "alumni" have included Theodore Roethke and A. B. Guthrie, Jr. "The leaders have never presumed that writing could be taught, but students with talent and the desire to learn have benefited immeasurably from their professional criticism and direction."

Especially effective in making the conference idea work is the informal atmosphere; as the Rocky Mountains brochure points out, "students and staff meet outside the workshops, in the dining room, and during social and recreational activities. Students find the informal exchange of ideas with other writers – faculty and students – a most valuable and enjoyable experience."

The ideal goal of a writers' conference, as stated by John Ciardi, is "to bring together good writers and to give them a chance to talk as honestly as they can about the craft and the human commitment of being a writer." This provides criteria for those who are seeking a workshop this summer: does it offer really good writers to lead the workshops? Does it provide a friendly, informal environment for the conferees?

The following directory is inclusive rather than selective. Excluded are academic summer-school courses, one-man seminars advertising for students, and other nonconferences that attempt instruction in writing. Two conferences took place too early for listing: the Southern Literary Festival, which met at the University of Alabama April 21-23, and the Boston College Writers' Conference, which convened on April 30.

One- to Three-Week Conferences

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of California State College at Los Angeles, will meet Aug. 1-18, Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. nights, at California State College at Los Angeles. Founded 1953. Director: Leon Surmelian. Staff: Budd Schulberg, Christopher Isherwood, Ray Bradbury, Niven Busch, David Chand-

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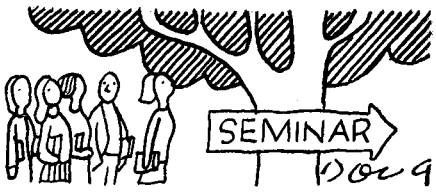
ler, Robert Kirsch, Frederick Shroyer, Ann Stanford, Luther Nichols, Albert J. Guerard. Workshops in fiction, drama, poetry, juveniles, film and TV. Professional evaluation of manuscripts and individual consultations. Tuition: $69. Three units credit, graduate and undergraduate. No rooming facilities on campus. Last year's enrollment: 205. For brochure: Leon Surmelian, Pacific Coast Writers Conference, California State College at Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Calif. 90032.

FOURTH ANNUAL WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of San Diego State College, will meet Aug. 8-19 at San Diego State College. Founded 1963. Director: Noel M. Loomis. Staff: Betty Baker, Roy Brandes, Tom Carroll, Paul Monash (executive producer of *Peyton Place*), Thomas Uzzell. College credit offered, one unit per week. Tuition: $17 per week. Room and board: dormitory room, $12 a week; cafeteria meals, $15-$20 per week. For brochure; Noel M. Loomis, English Department, San Diego State College, San Diego, Calif. 92115.

WRITERS' ROUNDTABLE, under auspices of California Western University, will meet June 27-July 15 on the campus of California Western University, San Diego. Founded 1958. Director: George Waldo Weyant. Staff: Catharine Rose (poet-in-residence), Edward Borgers (television writing), Frank Bonham (juvenile fiction), Beatrice La Force (playwriting), Hal Evarts (historical novel), Belle Coates (textbook readers), Marion Williams (technical articles). Visiting lecturers: Scott O'Dell, Glendon Swarthout, Richard Chase, Dale Clark, Neil Morgan. Tuition: $100 for three weeks. Room and board: $30 per week. Five quarter units of university credit available. Last year's enrollment: 25. For information: Dr. George Weyant, California Western University, San Diego 6, Calif.

THIRTY-THIRD WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, under auspices of University of Colorado, will meet July 24-Aug. 6 at Libby Hall, University of Colorado, Boulder. Founded 1930. Director: Margaret Robb. Staff: Rolfe Humphries (poetry), Mildred Walker (novel), Edwin L. Peterson (short story), Edward Weeks (article writing), Ellen Wilson (juvenile writing), William E. Wilson (nonfiction), Stanton Peckham (book reviewing). Harcourt, Brace & World Fellowships in Creative Writing, Charles E. Tuttle Co. Fellowship in Nonfiction, University of Colorado Scholarships. Tuition: $65-$100. Room and board: single room for two weeks with board, $96; double room, $76. For brochure: Margaret Robb, Writers' Conference, Hellems 122W, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP IN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, under auspices of Colorado Woman's College, will meet Aug. 1-12 on the campus of Colorado Woman's College, Denver. Founded 1965. Director: Terry Clay Eakin. Staff: Elizabeth George Speare (*writer-in-residence*), Lee Wyndham, Curtis Casewit, Lenora Weber, Marian Talmadge, Iris Gilmore, Don Malmgren. Visiting lecturer: David Raffelock. Tuition and half-tuition scholarships. Workshop will be divided into small seminar groups centered around different age levels (beginning to read, junior age, teen-age). Lectures on children's drama, poetry, and magazine writing. Publishers-marketing seminar and librarians' seminar. Tuition: $100. Room and board: $7.25 per day. Last year's enrollment: 34. For brochure: Terry Clay Eakin, Writers' Workshop, Colorado Woman's College, Denver, Colo.



NINTH ANNUAL INSTITUTE IN TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COMMUNICATIONS, under auspices of Colorado State University and National Center of Communication Arts and Sciences, will meet July 5-July 9 at Colorado State University, Fort Collins. Founded 1958. Director: Dr. Blaine K. McKee. Staff: Dr. Bergen Evans, Dr. David Merrill, Dr. Israel Light, Dr. Roy Davison, Donald Culbertson, William Farragher, William A. Phair, Dr. Donald Dedmon, Dr. J. E. Batchelder, Arnold E. Keller, Leonard A. Paris, Dean Roy C. Nelson, Arthur Gaeth, Dean Courtlyn Hotchkiss, Edward Safford. Problem clinics. Institute is designated JT-165 and carries two quarter-credits graduate or undergraduate for those requesting credit and passing examination. Institute is designed for administrators, editors, educators, practitioners, people who have a need for a better implementation of communication techniques. Provides an opportunity for personal discussion with a panel of experts, an exchange of ideas, and learning. Tuition: $75. Room and board: Accommodations and meals in residence hall, $30 per person in double room; $37.50 per person in single room. For brochure: Director, Institute in Technical and Industrial Communications, Room 322, Liberal Arts, Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo.

ASPEN WRITERS WORKSHOP, an independent nonprofit organization, will meet June 27-Aug. 28 at Aspen, Colorado. Founded 1962. Director: Robert Vas Dias. Staff: Edward Pomerantz (fiction), Paul Blackburn and Toby Olson (poetry), Robert Murray (playwriting), George Guidall (playwriting—resident director), Morris Smith (graphics). Writers-in-Residence: Donald Barthelme (fiction), Robert Creeley (poetry), playwright to be announced. Applicants accepted for half-sessions of 4½ weeks each, breaking on July 21. Aspen Writers' Theatre produces original dramas by professional playwrights as well as by Workshop participants. Graphic Arts program includes printing, design, and graphics techniques. Coward-McCann Novel Fellowship ($450); Alexander Scholarship ($200); two Aspen Writers' Workshop Scholarships ($200 each). Tuition: full session, $200; half-session, $125. Room: single, full session, $225; single, half-session, $125; couple, full session, $350; half-session, $225. Enrollment limited to 65. Last year's enrollment: 45. For information: Robert Vas Dias, Aspen Writers Workshop, 855 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10025 (after June 1. Box 686, Aspen, Colo. 81611).

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE, under auspices of Suffield Academy, will meet June 26-July 2 at Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn. Founded 1954. Director: Paul G. Sanderson. Staff: William Jay Smith and Padraic Colum (poetry), Willard Wallace (fiction), Jacques Cartier (drama). Visiting lecturer: Louis Untermeyer. A limited number of scholarships for writers, students, and teachers available. One Connecticut State Federation of Women's Clubs scholarship for a woman seriously interested in writing. Tuition: $110. Room and board: $110. Last year's enrollment: 75. For brochure: Paul G. Sanderson, Suffield Writer-Reader Conference, Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Summer School, Georgetown University, will meet Aug. 1-12 at Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Riley Hughes. Staff: Patricia McGerr (novel and spy fiction), Milton Lomask (biography), Holly Lund (TV documentaries), Marjorie Holmes (magazine articles), Hazel Wilson (juvenile and teen-age fiction), Donn B. Murphy (one-act play), Will Barker (nonfiction book), Joseph T. Durkin (history), Esther Douty (juvenile nonfiction), Whit Burnett (short story), poetry leader to be announced. Visiting speakers: Jean Stafford, Constance McLaughlin Green, Robert Cantwell, Michael Janeway. Twelve full tuition scholarships. Tuition: $40 for six days, $75 for twelve days. Room: $20 a week (double occupancy), air-conditioned. Last year's enrollment: 109. For information: Miss Mary Jane Dunlap, Summer School, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20007.

MCKENDREE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of McKendree Writers' Association, will meet June 27-July 2 at McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. (in greater St. Louis). Sessions held in air-conditioned Student Center. Founded 1955. Director: David M. Packard. Staff: Lionel Wiggam (poetry), Stanley Elkin (fiction), Pierre Long (articles), Charles Paul May (photojournalism). Also workshop for high-school students. Visiting lecturer: Harry Mark Petrakis. Twenty full tuition scholarships for high school students. Tuition: $22. Room and board: $26.50. Motel nearby if desired. For brochure: Director, McKendree Writers' Conference, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. 62254.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Indiana University,

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will meet July 4-9 at Bloomington, Ind. Founded 1940. Director: Robert W. Mitchner. Staff: Arthur Hailey (novel), William Peden (short story), Bruce and Naomi Bliven (nonfiction), Gwendolyn Brooks (poetry), Madeleine L'Engle (juveniles), Robert C. Meredith (fiction techniques), Lillian Pompian (feature articles). Visiting lecturers: David Wagoner, Roy Newquist. Seminars: The Functions of a Literary Agent, James Oliver Brown; The Pleasures and Pains of Research, Robert Cromie; Writing for Broadway and Hollywood, Joseph Hayes; Writing and Marketing the Short Short Story, Kirk Polking; others. Consultants: Margaret Weymouth Jackson, Gertrude Hecker Winders, and others. $1,000 grant from Indiana University Foundation to cover Ralph L. Collins Memorial All-Expense Fellowship, ten regular tuition scholarships, five young-talent scholarships, a $100 grant-in-aid, five cash prizes for superior writing, $50 Indiana Woman's Press Club fellowship in Feature Articles, $50 Founder's Award, $100 Bobbs-Merrill Fellowship in Juveniles, $100 Bobbs-Merrill Grant-in-Aid for Juveniles. Tuition: $5 registration fee; $25 for one regular workshop, $45 for two (no student may be a manuscript-submitting member of more than two workshops but may audit others at $15 for the first and $10 for each additional one); a few teachers will also be accepted as auditors, paying a minimum of $30 (sponsors of young talent winners receive auditing scholarships). All seminars, evening programs, consultations free to Conference members. Room and board: $3 to $4 per person per night for dormitory rooms; $5 to $7.50 per person per night for air-conditioned rooms with private baths in Memorial Union. Meals at student rates in the Union's various dining facilities. Last year's enrollment: 134. For brochure: Robert W. Mitchner, Indiana University Writers' Conference, 448 Ballantine Hall, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.

APPALACHIAN ARTS AND WRITERS WORKSHOP, under sponsorship of Alice Loyd College, will meet July 3-29 on the campus of Alice Lloyd College, Pippa Passes, Ky. Founded 1965. Director: Albert Stewart. Staff: Jack Gilbert, Jesse Stuart, Billy C. Clark, John Herrmann, David Madden, and others. Workshops in poetry, short story, novel, nonfiction, playwriting, folk arts. Four undergraduate hours' credit. Tuition: $20 per week. Room and board: about $22 per week. Last year's enrollment: 45. For information: Albert Stewart, Appalachian Arts and Writers Workshop, Box 132, Pippa Passes, Ky. 41844.

CREATIVE WRITING CONFERENCE, under auspices of Eastern Kentucky University, will meet July 18-22 at Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond. Founded 1963. Director: Byno R. Rhodes. Staff: Leighton Bellew, Frederick Shroyer, Hollis Summers. Tuition: In-state undergraduate, $7.50, graduate $17; out-of-state undergraduate, $10, graduate $25. Room and board: $7 for room, student rates at cafeteria. For information, write Byno R. Rhodes, Division of Language and Literature, Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond, Ky.

CAPE COD WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Twelve O'Clock Scholars, a Cape Cod writers' group, will meet Aug. 14-19 at Craigsville Inn, Craigsville, Mass. Founded 1963. Chairman: Mrs. Charles Fauteaux. Staff: Walter Tevis (novel), Lila Chalpin (nonfiction), Jack Matthews (short story), John Stevens Wade (poetry), Catherine Woolley (juvenile writing), George F. Lowther (drama). Three workshops led by Emilie McLeod, Paul Giambarba, Thomas Lineaweaver. Visiting lecturers: Harry and Bonaro Overstreet, Gerald Kelley, David Manning White. Exhibits by book illustrators. Two scholarships. Prizes for each course awarded by instructor. Tuition: $50. Room and board: $10 per day. For brochure: Mrs. Pierre Vuilleumier, Secretary, Cape Cod Writers Conference, Craigsville Inn, Craigsville, Mass.

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of University of Montana, will meet June 20-July 20 at University of Montana, Missoula. Founded 1949. Director: John Herrmann. Staff: Richard

Hugo (poetry), Warren P. Carrier and John Herrmann (fiction). Tuition: approx. $35. Room and board: Single room, $59; meals, $63 for five days a week, $86 for seven days a week. Last year's enrollment: 25. For information: Director of Summer Schools, University of Montana, Missoula, Mont.

STAR ISLAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 6-19 at the Oceanic Hotel, Star Island, Isles of Shoals, ten miles off Portsmouth, N.H. Founded 1957. Director: Mary Chisholm Sweetser. Staff: Richard P. Reed. Visiting lecturers: Joyce Varney, Richard Booth, Dr. Wilson Brewer, Alden Wood, Patricia Nickerson, David McCord. Private consultations with Mr. Reed. Tuition: $50. Room and board: $91-$98 for conference period of thirteen days. Last year's enrollment: limited to 30. For brochure: Mary Chisholm Sweetser, Star Island Writers' Conference, 10 Kneeland Street, Malden, Mass. 02148.

FRANKLIN PIERCE COLLEGE WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Franklin Pierce College, will meet July 31-Aug. 13 at the campus of Franklin Pierce College, Rindge, N.H. Founded 1965. Director: Stanton Proper. Staff: Charles Angoff (novel), George Abbe (poetry), Margaret Coit (nonfiction), Frangcon Jones (biography and short story), Helen D. Olds (juveniles), Loring Williams and Louis Genereux (poetry and light verse), Prof. F. Alexander Magoun (human relations for writers). Visiting lecturers: Samuel Patterson, Mary Patterson, A. S. Burack. A chapbook in poetry will be published by American Weave Press. Memorial Scholarship given by Loring Williams in memory of Mrs. Williams. Tuition: $60. Room and board: $140. Last year's enrollment: 57. For brochure: Stanton Proper, Writers Conference, Franklin Pierce College, Rindge, N.H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITERS SEMINAR, sponsored by the Poetry Society of New Hampshire, will meet Aug. 14-28 at Farragut House, Rye Beach, N.H. Director: Raymond C. Swain. Staff: Alex Jackinson (marketing), Harry Edward Neal (short story), Daniel W. Smythe (poetry), Raymond C. Swain (poetry), Doris Marston (articles), Lee Wyndham (juveniles), David O. Woodbury (science fiction). Visiting lecturers: Justine Georges, editor of *New Hampshire Profiles*; A. S. Burack; Elizabeth Yates; Edmund R. Brown, editor of *Poet's Lore*. Private conferences and manuscript analysis. Tuition: $100. Room and board: $140 (50% discount from usual first-class-hotel rates). For information: Raymond C. Swain, New Hampshire Writers Seminar, RFD #1, Box 142-A, Chester, N.H. 03036.

FLORHAM PARK-MADISON WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Fairleigh Dickinson University, will meet July 11-22 on the Madison Campus of Fairleigh Dickinson University, Madison, N.J. Founded 1961. Director: W. M. Cummins. Staff: Ivan Gold (fiction), Dan Wakefield (nonfiction), Tom MacAfee (poetry). Individual conferences and manuscript evaluation. Tuition: $125. Room and board: $91-$104. Enrollment in 1964: 20 (no session in 1965). For brochure: Director, Florham Park-Madison Writers Conference, Madison, N.J. 07940.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Chautauqua Institution, will meet July 4-22 at Chautauqua, N.Y. Founded 1946. Director: Dr. Stanley Koehler. Staff: Dr. Martin Light (nonfiction), Cynthia Ozick (fiction), Stanley Koehler (poetry). Dr. Koehler, professor of English at the University of Massachusetts, returns to direct after a year's leave for study in England and Italy. Tuition: $36. Room and board: $125. Last year's enrollment: 50. For brochure: Joseph C. Clarke, Director of Education, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N.Y. 14722.

NEW YORK CITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Wagner College, will meet July 11-30 on the campus of Wagner College, Grymes Hill, Staten Island, N.Y. Founded 1956. Coordinator: J. J. Boies. Staff to be announced. Two workshop courses in fiction and playwriting. Three days of panel discussions and lectures on drama, poetry, and science fiction. Three academic credits. Tuition: $105. Room and board: *dormitory rates; cafeteria pay-as-you-go*. For brochure: Coordinator, New York City Writers Conference, Wagner College, Staten Island 1, N.Y.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Columbia University, will meet July 18-Aug. 4 at Columbia University, New York City. Founded 1951. Chairman: John R. Humphries. Fiction workshop (limited to fifteen) conducted by John R. Humphries. Lectures and panel discussions open for series subscription. Guest lecturers: James Oliver Brown, George P.

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Elliott, Charles M. Fair, J. M. Flagler, David Ignatow, Elizabeth Janeway, William Melvin Kelly, Seymour Krim, Wallace Markfield, Burroughs Mitchell, Alice Morris, Grace Paley, Robert Phelps, Gilbert Sorrentino, Thalia Selz, Roger L. Stevens, Harvey Swados, Gerald Sykes, Eugene Troobnick. Topics: Our Government and the Arts, Alienation and Creativity, Grants and Prizes, Writer in the Ivy Tower, Little Disturbances of Man, The Pornographic Story, Seriousness of the Humorist, The Editor as the Author's Friend, Writing the Nonfiction Novel, Poet's Raging Moon, Long Way from Rome. Lectures are held from 5:10 to 6:10 p.m. in Harkness Theatre. Tuition: Fiction seminar workshop, $159; lectures, $25. Room and board: room $4 per night minimum. Last year's enrollment: 46. For brochure: J. R. Humphries, Writers Conference, 608 Lewisohn Hall, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027.

TECHNICAL WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, will meet June 13-17 at Troy, N.Y. Founded 1953. Director: Jay R. Gould. Staff: Robert A. Sencer, Wentworth K. Brown, B. F. Hammet. Visiting lecturers: S. J. Goodman, Laurence W. Pathe, William A. Freedman, Dr. Lionel D. Wyld, Henry G. Weiss, E. W. Quintrell, Roland A. Labine, John R. Miller, Dr. William F. Carstens, Dr. Joseph F. Montague. Instruction in editing, technical information, manuals and proposals, extensions of technical writing, special features. Tuition: $175 including luncheon meetings. Room and board: single room, $7 per night; double, $3.50 per night. Meals, cafeteria-style. Last year's enrollment: 75. For brochure: Jay R. Gould, Technical Writers' Institute, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

ST. DAVIDS CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by St. Davids Christian Writers' Association, will meet June 19-24 at Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids (suburban Philadelphia), Pa. Founded 1957. Director: Mildred Schell. Staff: Charles Paul May (creative writing), Edward D. Fulweiler (fiction and articles), Ralph W. Seager (poetry), Richard A. Duprey (dramatic writing). Visiting lecturers: Dina Donohue, John A. Hostetler, Glenn H. Asquith. Prize contests in fiction, articles, and verse. Tuition: $20. Room and board: $30. Daily rates: $4, or $1.50 for each workshop or evening session, lunch and dinner available in cafeteria. Last year's enrollment: 100. For brochure: Mrs. Margaret S. Ward, Program Director, American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481.

VERNON COURT WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Vernon Court Junior College, will meet July 5-19 at Vernon Court Junior College in the Bellevue Avenue section of Newport, R.I. Director: Walter Hackett. Staff: David Cornel De Jong (novel and poetry), Riley Hughes (short story), Harry Bacas and Walter Hackett (nonfiction), Natalie Carlson (juvenile), Benedict Kiely (essay and criticism). Visiting lecturers: Glenway Wescott, Nelson Algren, Padraic Colum, Alan Pryce-Jones, Maurice Dolbier, Paul J. C. Friedlander, George Troy, Ted Holmberg, Victor Hill. Two scholarships for Rhode Island residents. Tuition: $90 for two weeks, $50 for one week. Room and board: $75 per week. For brochure: Walter Hackett, Vernon Court Junior College, Newport, R.I.

RHODE ISLAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Rhode Island College, will meet June 27-July 1 at Rhode Island College, Providence, R.I. Founded 1965. Director: Nancy Sullivan. Staff: Mary Lee Settle (novel and drama), Ralph Tutt (short story), James White (children's literature), Nancy Sullivan (poetry). Visiting lecturer: George Troy. Tuition: $30; auditors, $15. Last year's enrollment: 35. For brochure: James Duffy, Division of Graduate Studies, Rhode Island College, Providence, R.I.

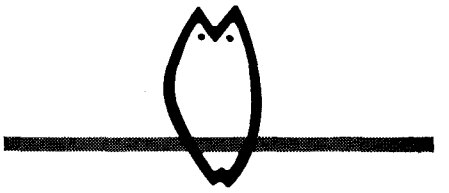
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the University of Utah, will meet June 13-24 at the University campus, Salt Lake City. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: Alec Waugh (novel), Virginia Sorenson (short story), James Dickey and William Stafford (poetry). Scholarships for talented writers in need of financial assistance. Tuition: $40 for two weeks, $30 for one week. Room and board: $5 per day per person; $6 per day with private room. For brochure: Brewster Ghiselin, Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet Aug. 17-31 at Bread Loaf, Vt. Founded 1926. Director: John Ciardi. Staff: William Sloane, Seymour Epstein, William Lederer, John Williams (fiction); John Frederick Nims, X. J. Kennedy, David Wagoner (poetry); Brock Brower, Dan Wakefield (nonfiction); Eunice Blake (juvenile literature). Visiting lecturer: William Hazlett Upson. About fifteen scholarships; competition closes May 14. Tuition: $95-$125. Board and room: Room $30-$70, board $65. Last year's enrollment: 187. A limited number of contributors can be admitted; others come as auditors. For brochure: Bread Loaf Secretary, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. 05753.

RHINELANDER CREATIVE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Wisconsin Idea Theatre, will meet July 18-29 at Rhinelander Union High School, Rhinelander, Wis. Founded 1964. Director: Dr. Robert E. Gard. Staff: August Derleth, Al P. Nelson, Edna Meudt, Florence Glasier, Ray Tetzlaff, James A. Schwalbach, Tibor Zana. Workshops in playwriting, fiction, nonfiction, poetry, marketing, photography. Cash prizes. Tuition: $25 one week; $40 two weeks. Room and board: Lake cottages, hotels, tourist homes, and private homes for rooms; meals at restaurants and hotels. For workshop and housing brochures: Robert E. Gard, Rhinelander Creative Writers Workshop, Room 205, Agricultural Hall, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. 53706.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, will meet July 2-9 at Green Lake, Wis. Founded 1947. Director: Glenn E. Asquith.

(Continued on page 56)



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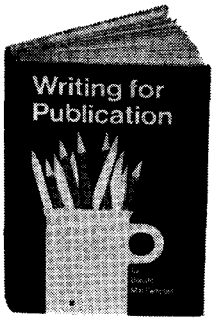

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The Night the Old Met Died

ALMOST ANYTIME a person of prominence in the annals of opera has died in these last decades—a Caruso, a Chaliapin, a Toscanini or a Bruno Walter—it has been sagely said, and with some justice, that it marked "the end of an era." What is there left to say, then, when the place in which these and hundreds more spent some of the most productive years of their lives, itself dies? Only, perhaps, that it marks the end not of an era, but of an epoch . . . which by dictionary definition, marks "a moment of time when a varying quantity had a certain given value . . . ."

For, whatever else Metropolitan Opera may be in its new home in Lincoln Center next fall, it will be different from what it has been in the old house to which an audience and a company of performers who could truly be called "gala" bade farewell with cheers, tears, regret, relief, pride and perhaps a sense of guilt in mid-April. There were as many emotions as there were spectators —not to say performers. And some of the deepest on this Saturday night belonged no doubt to those who were not present to share the moment of time and relive the second of it which belonged to them —Geraldine Farrar, Lauritz Melchior, Helen Traubel. They could not, for one reason or another, make the journey as "Honored Guests" to breathe the dusty old air for a final time and hear the echoes of the cheers they once enjoyed.

But there were some forty who did, and after a tolerable amount of confusion in getting the evening under way—the starting of the last night in the old Met was, like the first, half an hour late—they filed in, alphabetically from Anderson, Marian to Stevens, Risë, and took chairs placed about the stage-set which, for this segment of the evening, appropriately was the Wartburg (Hall of Song) scene from *Tannhäuser*. Even in the manner of their reception there was a curious kind of back-reference to the time each had spent on this stage: when Richard Crooks entered, the tenors in the chorus seated on the stadium-tier set applauded with extra vigor; when the great Boris and Hagen, Alexander Kipnis, strode in, all the bassos stood up. There was but a patter of applause for some half forgotten conductor of the past, but a tidal wave of greeting for Elisabeth Rethberg, and a roar for the still leonine Giovanni Martinelli. Patrice Munsel had her moment, looking on the verge of a debut rather than in the has-been class. And when Lotte Lehmann, proudly erect beneath her years, came forward, everyone stood up.

What followed was, true to the surroundings, like a gaudy complex of all the operas ever written, dreamed up from the choicest morsels of Verdi, Wagner, Mozart, Rossini, Puccini, even Giordano and Ponchielli. The first "act" might have been called, in the fashion of *La Gioconda*, "In bocca al lupo" ("Into the mouth of the wolf,") the Italian term of good wishes for a performer about to make a debut. In addition to singing to an audience which had paid $290,000 to be present and was determined to have its money's worth, the performers in this first "act" were singing to their peers of the past, seated all around them. Thus, Robert Merrill performed his "Eri tu" not so much to the visible audience out front as to Richard Bonelli, his youthful idol, behind him. And when Licia Albanese launched into "Un bel di" it was against the critical ear not of some contemporary journalist, but of such perfectionists in Puccini as Rethberg, Sayao, Martinelli and Crooks. For Dorothy Kirsten, the "Depuis la jour" she performed (more beautifully than anything she had sung on this stage in a twenty-year span) was not for her alone, but also for her benefactress, Grace Moore. She sang it well enough for both.

As a program, this one was overlong, unimaginative, and full of *devoirs* to company convenience—too many solos by performers of marginal importance, snippets (such as the Quintet from *Carmen* with a Carmen—Regina—Resnik, who had never sung the role in this theater) to discharge a debt of obligation, perhaps, rather than to purchase a memory, which could have been better marshaled to truly "gala" results. One may mention, by contrast, a similar occasion of the Nineties in which the Soldier's Chorus from *Faust* enlisted as participants: Melba, Calvé, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Plançon, Maurel, Campanari and a dozen others of similar repute.

What redeemed it, in spite of its lumpy contrivance, was the natural competitive impulse it aroused among those who had something to compete with. It was a kind of mammoth *Meistersinger* prize song competition to experience the portion of "Act II" which presented, in almost dazzling succession, Leontyne Price singing beautifully "D'amor sull' ali rosee" from *Il Trovatore*, Renata Tebaldi and Franco Corelli flexing vocal muscles in the second-act duet from *Manon Lescaut*, even the Prize Song itself spun into a lovely web of tone by Sándor Kónya. And, as a kind of epic summation of all that had preceded, Birgit Nilsson (wearing in pride the gold spray of bay leaves that had been presented to her great Swedish predecessor Christine Nilsson on the night in '83 when the Metropolitan was opened) performed the "Immolation Scene" from *Götterdämmerung*.

As tends to be the case with many an opera, the second act finale was also the artistic climax of this one. Unlike the excerpt from *Gioconda*, which erupted some moments before with Régine Crespin and Biserka Cvejic into what is known in some circles as deci-*bel canto* —or the strident effort of Corelli to prove that Puccini's des Grieux was really Radames in another costume—Nilsson worked solidly, steadily to a crux of artistic effort in which she held not only the stage but the attention of the audience for the fifteen minutes Wagner required to extol his hero. It was an exceptional instance of artistry in an evening in which the ordinary was intolerable, the superlative average and the exceptional available only to a very few.

It was verging on midnight when the last "act" began, and the marathon effort unfortunately reminded us that there were Metropolitan nights when even the best-dressed stage for the Triumphal Scene of *Aïda* brought forth, not Price and Corelli, but Mary Curtis-Verna and Kurt Baum, as this one did. There followed a series of "farewells" operatically derived from *Così* (Stratas, Miller, Guarrera), *Rosenkavalier* (Caballé, Raskin, Elias) and finally, the closing scene of *Faust* (Tucci, Gedda, Hines) to end the last night as the first one had. Along the way, the newest "retired" artist, Zinka Milanov, returned to reprise a part of her farewell performance of *Andrea Chénier* (it had taken place a few days before and was with Richard Tucker as this one was) and received what was generally esteemed as the most *fortissimo* of all the evening's ovations. Then, on a crowded stage of singers old and new, front of the house and backstage personnel, a mass chanting of *Auld Lang Syne*.

So passed an epoch of opera in New York—"a moment of time when a varying quantity had a certain given value. . . ." It passed though Leopold Stokowski used the opportunity afforded by his invitation to conduct the opening *Tannhäuser* march to harangue the au-

(*Continued on page* 76)

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The uncut version of a masterpiece that changed the course of Opera...

Gluck's Orfeo ed Euridice/Shirley Verrett, Anna Moffo, Judith Raskin. Renato Fasano conducts The Virtuosi di Roma and Instrumental Ensemble of the Collegium Musicum Italicum.

Before Orfeo. Before Gluck staged "Orfeo" in 1762, opera often staggered along under a weight of *da capo* arias, recitatives and florid passages. Plots were stylized, often bearing little resemblance to life. Singers sang, often leaving whatever dramatic talents they had outside the theater. The dramatic role of music—as an auditory mirror to action—had not been fully realized.

How Orfeo created a new epoch, through realism. In a single opera, and with several surgical strokes of genius, Gluck and his librettist cut away many of the superfluities of operatic tradition. Here for the first time is an opera without *recitativo secco*. They tied music more closely to action and speech, made orchestral music of greater moment and filled the recitatives with an unheard-of dramatic and psychological significance. Gluck's influence made itself felt on such composers as Mozart, Beethoven, Berlioz and others.

Myths into mortals. In "Orfeo"—the oldest plot in opera—Gluck turned myths into mortals. Gluck's Amore is no neutral phantom but a warm, pitying youth. Euridice is no longer the "ideal" spouse, so much beloved by Classicists, but a passionate and jealous one.

Shirley Verrett and Anna Moffo. Shirley Verrett triumphs in her first major starring role on records as Orfeo, the god of music. She displays the compass of her voice and dramatic talent in a role that has been called "a symbol of the singer's most exalted art." Anna Moffo portrays the pathos and excitement of Euridice with fire and vivid realism.

A rich and rewarding performance. The mourning ceremony with which "Orfeo" opens is widely considered the most impressive in opera. The second act, dramatic and terrifying, is, in particular, a masterly fusion of music and drama. This Red Seal production of "Orfeo," includes the *entire* ballet music—a rare feast indeed. Renato Fasano conducts The Virtuosi di Roma, forty of Europe's finest musicians. 3 L.P.s with libretto. Recorded in brilliant *Dynagroove* sound.

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Yaks and Yeti—Part Two

This is the second of two pieces on Nepal by Voit Gilmore. The first, about a visit to Tiger Tops, a hotel built in the trees, appeared last week.

THE PANORAMA of the incredibly high Himalayas viewed from Tiger Tops impels a closer look. Several of us took the RNA DC-3 flight from Tiger Tops to Pokhara. In thirty minutes of flying we crossed the Inner Himalayan range with its rushing headwaters of the sacred Ganges, progressing from the hurried subtropics to the temperate region of Pokhara Valley. In the foothills of the Annapurna range we were 2,900 feet above sea level, looking sharply upwards toward 26,000-foot *himals,* white with perpetual snowfields and glaciers.

Here Jimmy Roberts operates his service to trekkers called "Mountain Travel, Ltd." A veteran of Himalayan climbs, the forty-nine-year-old Britisher was a member of his country's expedition that conquered Everest. He was transport officer of the successful American Everest Expedition of 1963, and on his own he is credited with an impressive number of first ascents. Nepalese-Chinese relations are edgy these days and no major climbs are presently allowed into the highest Himalayas along the border. In fact, it wasn't long ago that Sir Edmund Hillary was poking about near his high-elevation mission project for Sherpas when the Red Chinese protested that he was "spying." So Lt. Col. Roberts these days welcomes the opportunity to supply non-expert mountaineering such as ours. It's legal, safe—and thoroughly exhilarating.

Macchapuchare ("Fish Tail") Peak towered above the grass air strip at Pokhara when we deplaned under a banyan tree and shook hands with Jimmy Roberts. Preceded by our luggage on bullock carts, we followed Roberts on a two-mile ramble through native quarters to Phewa Lake. There our base camp was deployed at water's edge, a gay picture of green, yellow and blue nylon tents. Sherpa and Gurkha manservants scurried about offering tea and biscuits, kerosene lanterns and buckets of boiled water. From a lounge chair on our overlook, one could see the peaks of Annapurna I and Dhaulagiri either by glancing sharply skyward, or by an equally clear view mirrored in the lake. Only a half-mile west at his lake chalet, King Mahendra can enjoy the same magic reflection.

For a flat $100 per person Jimmy Roberts provided round-trip RNA transportation from Katmandu, two nights of tenting with warm bedrolls, a total of five meals, and Sherpa guides for trekking. The food included tough local chicken and tinned vegetables; however a supply of U.S.-style peanut butter saved Jimmy's culinary reputation with us, as did excellent local dark bread and yak cheese. Hot tea was served all day, beginning at 6 a.m. (late sleepers had to fight off determined Sherpa tea servers). Our setting made unnecessary any explanation as to the absence of such amenities as ice, electricity and running water. During a subsequent visit to Pokhara's leading hotel, the Amar, I noted a similar lack of amenities, though residence at the Amar ($2 per day, meals included) offered the novelty of living with several pigs, sheep, chickens and a horse, all of which the manager allowed to graze in the lobby and tea garden.

—*Paul Conklin.*

Pokhara—accessible only by plane or ten-day hike.

—*Monkmeyer Press Photo.*

Nepalese porters transporting cheese near altitude of 18,000 feet in Himalayas.

Some of our group hiked along the shore of Phewa Tal, past Mahendra's chalet and on to the Barahi Temple. A brief trip kneeling in a dugout canoe was necessary to reach the temple on its tiny, private island. There, where the Annapurna Range was reflected in glacial-green water, we found an Indian movie troupe making a film. ("I snapped a picture of the leading male star," one of our group reported. "Instead of treating me with Hollywood indifference, he surprised me by rushing over to ask if I would be sure to send him a copy.")

Downtown Pokhara is as a page torn from a seventeenth-century history book. It teems with unspoiled color. Now is the time to see it, you hear it said, because the coming Katmandu-Pokhara road will end its insular ways. As I passed the Rastra Bank, a water buffalo sprawled unconcernedly at the entrance door. Two roosters ambled out of the manager's office. When the path I followed cut through a school yard my Western

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appearance in khakis and sun glasses so stirred attention that the master dismissed school for a half hour to allow his youngsters to examine me and practice enthusiastic exchanges of "Hello," "Thank you" and "America."

Near the Bhimsen Temple a blast of ceremonial horns attracted me to a wedding procession. I fell in with the party of two dozen marchers on their way to temple services across town.

The group moved leisurely through the clutter of street rubble, stray livestock and curious villagers. During frequent pauses a pair of curved, eight-foot-long horns were raised high to join the wild cacophony of sound issuing from three home-made drums and two bronze woodwinds. The result seemed the mixture of a Sousa march and a bagpiper's battle charge. The barefoot musicians wore striped pajamas. At the rear of the parade two barefoot porters in loincloths carried the thirteen-year-old bride. Swathed in white gauze netting, she jounced along, reclining in a coffin-shaped sedan chair made of wooden strips and chicken wire, her head lolling crazily from side to side as though she were drugged. At her side the dark-skinned groom strode stiffly, quite maharaja-like in his black coat and tight white trousers, an opened umbrella held high over his bare head. Possibly he was twenty-one. Two women and a man acted as attendants to the newlyweds. Each was weighted down by a headband attached to a wicker basket full of the couple's clothing, personal effects, and even a miniature shrine.

The procession was straight out of the Middle Ages. I recorded it with color photographs and gestured my willingness to send copies to the newlyweds if given their address. But it was in vain: neither the bridegroom nor anyone in the party could read or write.

Outside Pokhara, trails wind enticingly up the Annapurna slopes. This is one of the famed ascent routes of Himalayan heroes. Our group's more serious trekkers struck out for elevations between 3,000 and 7,000 feet, up where February climbing is hot enough by day to raise perspiration and cool enough for evening campfires. Two Sherpa guides and seven Tibetan porters bore the backpacks filled with sufficient provisions for six days and nights of comfortable living by five trekkers. Their heavy loads included live chickens (they were killed as needed), duffel bags, bedrolls, tents and a satisfying assortment of tinned and freeze-dried food. Eggs and fresh yak butter were available from farmers. The humorous yak becomes almost a necessity of life above 10,000 feet in Nepal.

Even at greater heights the pitching of evening camp attracted sizeable audiences of hill people. With fierce determination, these lonely Nepalese eke their living from terraced mountainside plots; fancy campers from afar always assure welcome amusement. At times their friendly curiosity sent our campers inside drawn tent flaps for the sake of privacy.

Our sweeping views of the world's rooftop, the serene majesty of this unspoiled place, revealed to us the magnetic pull of the Himalayas on men. No wonder that simple people surrounded by such awesomeness of nature would find it possible to believe the existence of mountain gods and even of Yeti, the legendary Abominable Snowman of the High Himalayas.

Back in Katmandu, strangers in from the mountains and the jungle meet at sundown to swap stories in the Yak and Yeti Bar. A dark-paneled recess of the creaky old Royal Hotel, this Himalayan crossroads is the "in" place for those who find kinship along adventure's trail. As evening falls and Buddhist bells echo across the city, conversation grows more animated around the Yak and Yeti's crackling fire. There is talk of the visitor's rugged life—unsafe water, stomach disorders (irreverently called "the Katmandu gut clutches"), unsure plumbing, unheated buildings and unmarked trails. Yet a sense of special pride in having got there tinges the talk of those present, be they hunters or globe-trotters, writers or mountaineers, AID people or Peace Corpsmen. In this Kingdom where westerners have been welcome less than ten years now, there is discovery in each part of every day. The greatest of this is nature's unrivalled blending of grandeur and peace.

—Voit Gilmore.

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French Crime Wave

THE "NEW WAVE" having long ago receded, the French film industry now appears to be occupying itself devotedly with variations on the theme of crime. There are three examples on hand this week, all destined for the art cinemas, and each in its way providing its share of interest and entertainment. *Cloportes* has to do with a bungled safe-cracking venture and its aftermath of betrayal and revenge. *Enough Rope* is a kind of cat-and-mouse affair, in which the crime is secondary to the twists involved in its solution. *The Sucker,* on the other hand, fails to take its crime and criminals seriously, but makes up for this with a blend of farce, tourism, and fine comic performing by two French favorites, Bourvil, and Louis De Funes. As can be seen, none of these are thrillers in the usual sense, nor do they deal with the solution of a mystery. But they are all a cut above average, if only because they endeavor to get out of the ordinary ruts.

The word "cloportes" in the French-English dictionary translates to wood lice, but since the screen first fills with what look suspiciously like roaches it is perfectly clear that the director, Pierre Granier-Deferre, intends us to associate his characters with those unsavory infestations. Having made his moral point, he is then free to concentrate on his criminal milieu, in which no moral distinctions exist and it is all a matter of whom you can trust and whom you can't: no one, in other words, except possibly a chap who specializes in collecting—without payment—post-impressionist paintings, and who is played with stolid believability by the rugged Lino Ventura. Alphonse is his name in the film, and his greed runs away with him when he hears about a safe-cracking venture that would bring him a considerable return if he will rent a blowtorch. When he is caught, and betrayed, he spends five years in jail mulling over with gloomy enthusiasm the revenge he will take after his release—which is when the film picks up steam.

A man now dedicated to doing away with his former associates, he finds himself, through his interest in art, a partner in a high-toned art gallery, as well as the bedmate of Irina Demick, the beautiful saleslady in the art emporium. This gives the film a chance to satirize today's art world, while bringing practically every member of the cast to some unlooked-for fate. Not exactly morally enlightening, any of this, but the acting by Mr. Ventura, by Charles Aznavour, by the wonderful Pierre Brasseur, and the charming Miss Demick, makes the picture flavorsome when those cloportes aren't crawling about.

The characters of *Enough Rope,* which is based on Patricia Highsmith's novel, *The Blunderer,* are not quite so bug-like except for Gert Frobe, who, as a second-hand bookdealer, and wife-murderer, is back to being his most unpleasant self since *Goldfinger.* The director, Claude Autant-Lara, picks his deliberate way through a series of psychological, but not always believable subtleties. Maurice Ronet, made miserable by his neurotic, suicidal wife, identifies with the book-dealer, guesses at the nature of his crime, and soon leads a nosy police inspector to similar conclusions—after Ronet's wife has thrown herself from a cliff. Gears are shifted about half way through the film, and then it becomes a story about how the inspector sets Ronet off against Frobe, and, through his nasty brain-washing methods, precipitates another crime. The point is made strongly enough, but it struck me as more tricky than valid. Robert Hossein, as the inspector, is synthetic; Maurice Ronet is better; and Gert Frobe is almost too gruesomely real.

THE Sucker, directed by Gerard Oury, is pure extravaganza, with certain elements that are not unfamiliar and others that are delightfully inventive. Bourvil, a nice, simple bourgeois fellow, is the butt of a scheme to drive the most expensive Cadillac in the world through Italy and France. The car is expensive because its bumpers are filled with solid gold, its fenders are filled with heroin, and its battery is charged with rare gems.

The mastermind of the plot is the above-mentioned Louis De Funes. Bourvil thinks he is having himself a splendid, all-expenses-paid holiday in Italy and France—quite unaware that he is being followed by De Funes and his gang, who, in turn, are being followed by a rival gang. The friendly Bourvil almost marries a Rome manicurist, picks up a buxom German "naturist," and, when he discovers that he is being made a sucker, manages to turn the tables. That, unfortunately, is when the picture begins to lose its zest, but by that time it has also provided more than its quota of fun. And, for my part, the French can continue their crime wave for awhile longer.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Continued from page 21

does not confer the status of an atomic power on any nation. That calls for a stockpile not only of atom bombs but of all kinds of other nuclear weapons. In addition, it is necessary to have the means of delivering them to a potential enemy—suitable carriers, specially designed planes, and missiles.

Considering the industrial installations I saw in China, I question whether the nation will be ready for several years, or even decades, to produce suitable carriers and an arsenal of atomic weapons. Its only large planes are jet fighters. All the civilian planes are of Soviet or English origin. None of them are jets. The Russians have delivered two-engine Ilyushin 14's and four-engine turboprop Ilyushin 18's. China also bought a series of four-engine turboprop Vickers Viscounts from the British. At the time of my visit, English engineers were arriving in Peking to restore some of these planes to working condition.

This suggests that the Chinese do not yet have the technical ability necessary to maintain such complex apparatus. But it would be a mistake to count on that. The Chinese have already forged ahead in other areas to an amazing degree. We must take into consideration the possibility that some day they will be able to produce atomic carriers. Obviously, the government would willingly sacrifice a great deal to achieve this; the construction of the atom bomb proves it.

The atomic explosion not only strengthened the Communist regime within China but made certain that its Asian neighbors, and even the Africans and South Americans, would admire or fear the Chinese even more than before. Both fear and admiration have the same result—respect. Increased respect for China automatically weakens the position of the West in Asia, as well as in the other developing areas of the world. Naturally, it also weakens the position of the Soviet Union, assuming that the Moscow-Peking conflict will continue.

VI. Impressions

SHANGHAI really is something special among Chinese cities. No other has as many European and American traits, no other emanates such an international aura as does Shanghai to this day, even though its population no longer has much contact with the rest of the world. Naturally, ships still tie up in Shanghai's harbor: from Korea, Albania, now and then one from the West. But most ships with freight from Europe unload at the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. On the Huang-po there are more junks than ocean liners these days. And yet thousands of people throng the quais every evening, just to get a breath of fresh air. They lean against the railings and look out over the water that once kept them in hourly touch with the rest of the world.

SOME OF THE NEW HOUSING PROJECTS soon came into view. Although they had just been built, they looked as if they had been standing there fifty years or more. Exposure to weather and smoke had aged the brick façades. Most of the buildings were four to five stories high and spaced about 100 to 150 feet apart. "Social greenery" was not much in evidence, although efforts were being made to supply it. In Anshan thousands of trees had been planted between the buildings, and they seemed to be doing well. "Not everything can be done at once," my interpreter hastened to explain. "The expansion of industry comes first. The workers have had to make do with temporary accommodations. Now we have built the projects, and in time we'll be able to beautify them."

HERE AND THERE, I saw peasants and other civilians at rifle practice. Every Chinese citizen belongs to the people's militia . . . The peasant has to build his house himself and pay for the construction materials himself. In cases of severe need, the commune will help out with a contribution or by granting credit. But in the communes I visited I saw hardly any new houses. The rural population lives, now as formerly, in old peasant dwellings.

BECAUSE I HAD READ so much about the dirtiness of the old China, not only the streets but also many of the people, I was struck particularly by the cleanliness of Peking. During the next few days, I would be wakened at five in the morning by the noise of many scratching whiskbrooms, and if I glanced out of my hotel-room window, I could see numerous columns of broom-wielding women, sweeping the street in unison.

IN ONE RESPECT there is complete conformity between China, the Soviet Union, and other Communist countries: the press. In a Communist country nothing is more monotonous than a newsstand, and the Chinese newsstands are perhaps the most monotonous of the lot.

Naturally, I wondered whether Chinese readers had an opportunity to see foreign newspapers. In the hotels and some waiting rooms I had found the official organs of the New Zealand, Australian, North Vietnamese, North Korean, and, above all, the Albanian Communist parties. But there were no non-Communist newspapers from abroad, nor even the Communist papers from the European "brother nations." Neither *Pravda* nor *Izvestia* can be bought in China nowadays.

TELEVISION, THE MOST EFFECTIVE PROPAGANDA medium, has not yet been developed very highly in China. Although the larger cities have their own television stations, few programs are transmitted. For example, in Shanghai a television program is shown on alternate days, and it lasts from two to three hours. Transmissions are more frequent in Peking, but they are confined to news reports, scenes of political rallies, scenes from receptions given by party and government officials (usually a few days after the event), and movies. At present the individual stations are not linked into a network, so there is no way to broadcast an event over a nationwide hookup.

Another fact that limits the effectiveness of television is that there are very few sets. Those that exist are located mostly in the palaces of culture and party offices.

PRESENT-DAY CITIES IN Africa, South America, the rest of Asia, and the countries of East Europe undoubtedly have their share of rundown neighborhoods and their slums, but they also have modern sections that are pleasing to our eyes and meet our standards of housing. These are lacking in China. Here I found myself in a milieu that we know only through descriptions of the early period of European industrialism, without being really able to imagine such a way of life.

THE WORKMEN'S HOUSING PROJECTS skirting the plants made a desolate impression on me. For the most part they consisted of low one-story huts, the walls made of mud with corrugated tin roofs arching over them. "Those are left over from the time of the Japanese occupation," my interpreter told me. "We are in the process of replacing all these with new housing projects."

NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD BUT IN JAPAN had I ever seen such carefully tended fields. The smallest speck of ground is utilized, the terraced fields climb up to the top of

"People are clothed neatly but poorly. Streets are clean."

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the steepest mountains. Many of the highest terraces are no larger than a few square yards. These fields are practically free of weeds. The shoots stand like soldiers in rank and file. Among them, here and there, small groups of peasants are endlessly busy cultivating. Now and then a water buffalo passes, pulling a plow.

Suddenly, I was amazed to see plows pulled not by animals, but by five or six girls. Exposed to the full force of the subtropical sun, they hauled the plows on long ropes. Old peasants steered them and guided the girls by calling out directions.

THE PEOPLE ARE CLOTHED NEATLY BUT POORLY. Although all sorts of fabrics are offered in many colors and patterns, only a few are inexpensive, and these are the plain solid-colored fabrics in very little variety. The high prices, which few can afford to pay, thus make their contribution to a certain uniformity of appearance, not only of the populace but also of their utensils and the furnishing of their homes.

I CANNOT RID MYSELF OF THE FEELING that Communism probably elicits a stronger response from the women of China than from the men, perhaps because, for the first time in several thousand years of sociological development, it has actually granted women full equality of rights and has transferred to them responsibilities that, until eighteen years ago, were in the exclusive domain of men. And so they try doubly and triply hard to justify the trust placed in them.

WITH REGARD TO THE CARE OF THE AGED, no fixed age for retirement is set by the government. In theory, men between the ages of fifty-five and sixty and women between fifty and fifty-five years of age can be pensioned off, depending on the state of health in each case—if they have been workers or employees!

This relatively low retirement age may well be ascribed to the incredibly huge manpower reserve, which exerts pressure on the Chinese labor market. Whereas in theory no one in China is permitted to remain without work, it is undoubtedly not easy for the state to provide adequate work for everyone. Pension payments amount to between 50 and 70 per cent of the wages earned and depend on the length of service in the plant.

TO EAT IN A RESTAURANT is quite expensive in terms of a Chinese income. It costs from 3 to 10 yuan, which, on an average monthly income of 60 yuan (approximately $24), is quite a large sum. So it is safe to assume that all the guests in a restaurant belong to the higher income group.

CHINESE PURITANISM IS ESPECIALLY STRIKING to a visitor from the West. Not one poster shows the face of a pretty girl. In Shanghai I saw a poster advertising ladies' hosiery. It pictured a few flowers. Women's dresses are advertised with flowers and samples of cloth. In the movies, girls are shown as one actually sees them on the street: in shapeless trousers, white blouses, and pigtails or simple pageboy bobs. All sex appeal is carefully avoided.

Although monogamy was legally enforced under Chiang Kai-shek, wealthy Chinese could and did own concubines until 1949, and the practice was overlooked. But since most of the wealthy Chinese who remained in China lost the greater part of their fortunes, or were forced to buy government bonds, which amounted to almost the same thing, they found it almost impossible to support the concubines and their children. In any case, polygamy is illegal and severely punished in today's China.

After the Communist takeover, prostitutes—there were hundreds of thousands of them, especially in the seaports—were put into reform schools. Most of these girls could neither read nor write. They were taught these essentials and also

—*Eastfoto.*

Part of crowd of 900,000 people in rally at Tientsin.

required to work. Some of the girls are said to have relapsed after their release from these centers. They were sent to camps for "re-education through work."

IT WAS MY LAST EVENING in China. We mingled once more in the teeming Chinese street life. We squeezed in among hundreds of people on the narrow sidewalks, crossed streets in a zigzag course, dodged bicycles and tricycle rickshas, stuck our noses in dozens of minute shops. Small groups of people were standing everywhere, discussing and gesticulating just as if it were still possible to haggle over prices in present-day China.

We strolled along the banks of the Pearl River. Darkness had fallen. On the sampans the people had already lit their fires. Hundreds of lights were reflected in the water. People sat packed close together, talking, on the high walls of the quai. Thousands of cicadas were chirping in the trees above us. Over it all was a clear, star-sprinkled tropical sky. At this moment it was easy to forget that I was in a Communist country, in a state that is making the rest of the world uneasy, a state whose ideology and military preparedness are felt as a threat.

Miners doing calisthenics, a custom throughout China.

—*Wang Chi-shan (Eastfoto).*

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The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Able to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $12.50 a month will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

You will receive a photograph, a case history, and progress reports on the child you sponsor. You may also correspond with the child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. Won't you please help?

Founded 1932
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I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
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I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is a contribution of $_____

Name_____
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City_____ State_____ Zip No_____
Contributions are income tax deductible. SR-4-30-6

Writers' Workshops

Continued from page 45

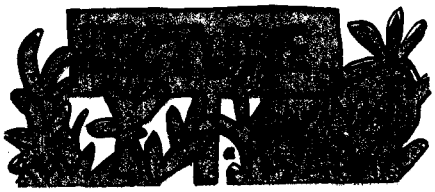
Staff: Elizabeth Yates, Roland Wolseley, Wayne C. Lee, Edward Futweiler, Lou B. Noll. Visiting lecturers: Kyle Haselden, Dorothy Haas, Jack Stokes, Sue Nichols. Workshops in article writing, writing curriculum, fiction, poetry. Tuition: $20. Room and board: varies with type of accommodation (range, $6.50 to $12 per day). Last year's enrollment: 150. For brochure: Mrs. Margaret S. Ward, Program Director, American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481.

One- to Four-Day Conferences

ARKANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet June 3-5 at the Albert Pike Hotel, Little Rock, Ark. Founded 1945. Director: Anna Nash Yarbrough. Religious poetry workshop, newspaper poetry workshop, magazines-books, celebrity banquet, fiction, features, modern poetry, traditional poetry, and awards dinner. Registration: $3. Last year's enrollment: 200. For bulletin: Send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Anna Nash Yarbrough, 510 East Street, Benton, Ark.

TWELFTH ANNUAL WRITERS' WEEK IN PASADENA, under auspices of Pasadena City College, will meet May 9-12 at Pasadena City College and Holliston Ave. Methodist Church, Pasadena, Calif. Founded 1954. Director: Dean L. H. Smith. Staff: Mrs. Helen H. Jones. Tuition: Free. Last year's attendance: 500. For brochure: L. Herman Smith, Dean of Educational Services, Pasadena City College, 1570 E. Colorado Boulevard, Pasadena, Calif.

EIGHTH ANNUAL LONG BEACH WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Long Beach City College, will meet May 5-7 at Lafayette Hotel, Long Beach, Calif. Founded 1959. Director: Eva T. Logan. Staff: William E. Keeley, Dean of Special Services. Visiting lecturers: Ed Ainsworth, Jane Ardmore, John Champion, Thomas Freebairn-Smith, Karl Kasberg, John McGreavy, Don Marshall, George Robeson, Hal D. Steward, Larry Schwab, Ora Pate Stewart, Eugene Vale, Brad Williams. Workshops on book-length fiction and non-



fiction, poetry, drama, technical writing, feature writing, children's books, articles and short stories, television and motion pictures. Prizes. Tuition: $1.50. Accommodations available at Hotel Lafayette and other Long Beach hotels. Last year's attendance: 700. For brochure: Long Beach Writers' Conference, Long Beach City College, 1794 Cedar Avenue, Long Beach, Calif. 90813.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Kansas University School of Journalism and University Extension, will meet June 28-July 1 at Lawrence. Founded 1948. Director: Frances Grinstead. Staff: Herbert Brean (nonfiction book and mystery novel), Helen Rowe Henze (poetry), Holly Wilson (juvenile writing), Lucille Kohler (short story), Fred Kiewit (feature writing), Jay Milner (book-length fiction), Helen Hostetter (writing on family life). Stated amount of manuscript criticism permitted under the tuition fee. No manuscripts required and no college credit given. Tuition: $35. Room and board: $3.50 per person double, $5 single. Last year's enrollment: 55. For brochure: Frances Grinstead, Writers' Conference, School of Journalism, Lawrence, Kan.

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ocean Park Association,

Leonardo da Vinci (a legend)

By R. P. Dickey

MILAN *(at Santa Maria della Grazie's)*:
For the Last Supper in the refectory
Leonardo sought a model for Him.
The choir-boy from the cathedral, very
Suggestive of grace, firm of face and limb,
Clear of line and color—yes, he would do.
Lime, water, umber, ultramarine blue.

Rome *(another time, another painting)*:
For the face of Judas, he scoured the belly
Of the alleys and found one, vice-lined. Swore
His sitter: "I'm Pietro Bandinelli—"
He strained his breath. "I've sat for you before—"
As nervous as at his vocation, theft.
The artist smiled. "Turn a bit to your left."

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will meet August 23-26 at Porter Memorial Hall, Ocean Park. Founded 1941. Co-directors: Loring Williams and Adelbert M. Jakeman. Staff: Rev. Sheldon Christian, William E. Harris. Visiting lecturers: Gladys Hasty Carroll, William M. Clark. Prizes for prose and poetry. Tuition: $5. Room and board: nominal. Last year's enrollment: 75. For brochure: Adelbert M. Jakeman, State of Maine Writers' Conference, Ocean Park, Me.

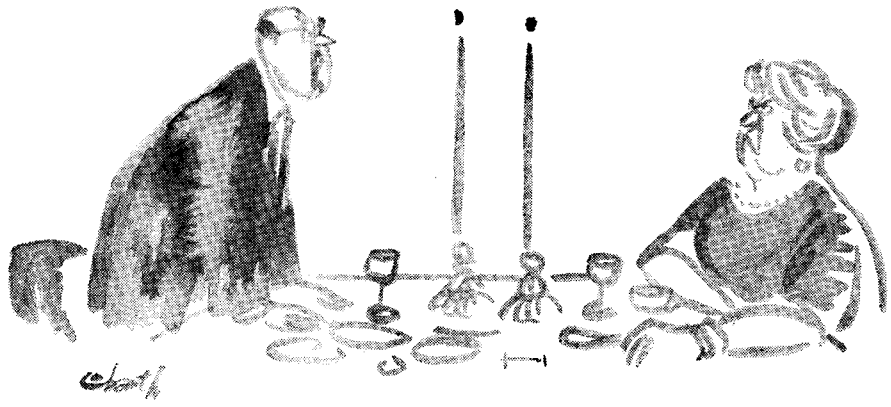
CRAFTSMANSHIP OF CREATIVE WRITING, under auspices of Detroit Women Writers and Division of Continuing Education, Oakland University, will meet October 15 at Oakland University, Rochester, Mich. Founded 1962. Director: Priscilla Jackson. Workshops in poetry, short story, articles, juveniles, drama, markets. Visiting lecturers: Joyce Oates, Sheila Pritchard, Thomas Fitzsimmons. Tuition: $10. Room and board: $8 to $12 per night at motels. For information: Conference Department, Division of Continuing Education, Oakland University, Rochester, Mich. 48063.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EASTERN NEW MEXICO WRITERS WORKSHOP, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 29-July 2 at Portales, N.M. Founded 1951. Director: Dr. E. Debs Smith. Staff: Helen Reagan Smith and ENMU professors. Emphasis on writing of fiction. $50 in awards. Tuition: $12. Room and board: $5 per day. Last year's enrollment: 80. For brochure: Dr. E. Debs Smith, Department of English, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N.M.

IONA COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Iona College, will meet April 30 and May 7 at Iona College, New Rochelle, N.Y. Founded 1964. Director: Patrick S. Collins. Staff: Richard Tobin (articles), Margaret Widdemer (novel), Harry Neal (nonfiction books), Stewart Beach (short story), Henry Klinger (mystery writing). Visiting panelists: Babette Rosmond, Marjorie Vetter, Barbara Blakemore, Neal Gilkyson Stuart, William Carrington Guy, Paul Lapolla, Virginia Kendall, M. Elsa Russell, Riley Hughes, Ray Robinson. Award luncheon on Apr. 30 for presentation of Columba Prize in Literature to Helen MacInnes. Tuition: $12. Last year's enrollment: 275. For brochure: Writers' Conference, Iona College, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

WORKSHOP ON CREATIVE POETRY AND SACRED ART, under auspices of Lakeside, Ohio, Assembly, will meet July 25-27 at Lakeside. Founded 1965. Director: Cecil D. Smith. Staff: Ralph W. Seager and Mildred W. Smith (poetry counselors), Marie Shawan (art criticism). Tuition: $5. Last year's enrollment: 9. For brochure: Professor Cecil D. Smith, 810 S. Gilbert St., Ada, Ohio 45810.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL SHORT COURSE ON PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of Oklahoma University, will meet June 8-10 at Kellogg Center, Oklahoma University, Norman. Founded 1938. Director: Foster-Harris. Staff: Dwight Swain, Helen Reagan Smith. Visiting lecturers: Marc Jaffe, Paul Reynolds, Ken McCormick, Bill Scott. Oklahoma University Writing Award. Tuition: $18. Room and board: $3-$8 for room, cafeteria meals. Last year's enrollment: 350. For brochure: Director of Short Course on Professional Writing, Oklahoma University, Norman, Okla.



"I've taped every argument we've had for twelve years, and Holt, Rinehart & Winston is publishing it."

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Delaware Valley writers' clubs, will meet June 1-3 at Hotel Bellevue Stratford, Philadelphia. Founded 1949. Director: Hobart F. Berolzheimer. Staff: John W. Alexander, Doris T. Patterson, Claude Koch, Howard A. Wiley, Lewis P. Nachod, Daniel L. Rodden, Michael Hoffman, Edward D. Futweiler, Barbara Bates, Lester Del Rey, Jean C. Soule, Richard Bozorth, Edgar Williams, Pauline Bloom, C. Hall Thompson. Manuscript contest open to conferees; cash awards and book prizes; $17 scholarships open to writers' clubs. Tuition: $42. Room and board: single room $10, double $15. Last year's enrollment: 160. For brochure: Jean C. Soule, Registrar, Drawer U. Springfield, Pa. 19064.

SEVENTH PINEYWOODS WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Department of English, Stephen F. Austin State College, will meet July 6-8 on campus of Stephen F. Austin State College, Nacogdoches, Tex. (midway between Dallas and Houston). Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Walter Kidd. Staff: Allen Tate (poetry and literary criticism), Dr. Francis Abernethy (folklore), Charlotte Baker (juvenile fiction and nonfiction), Dr. James V. Baker (research), Sue Abbott Boyd (editing and poetry), Garland Roark (novel and biography). Membership fee: $10 for those entering manuscripts in prize contest; $15 for auditors. For information: stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dr. Walter Kidd, Pineywoods Writers Conference, Box 6157, Stephen F. Austin State College, Nacogdoches, Texas 75961.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' SUMMER INSTITUTE will meet July 7-8 at University of Vermont, Burlington. Founded c. 1930. Director: Ronald Rood. Staff: Betty Douglas. Visiting lecturers: John M. Allen, Helen Pfatteicher, Andrew and Edith Nuquist, and others. Tuition: $2. Room and board: available at local hotels and motels. Last year's attendance: 80. For information: Ronald Rood, President, League of Vermont Writers, Mountain Meadows, Lincoln, Vt. 05467.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Board of Trustees, Pacific Lutheran University, will meet July 28-31 at the campus of Pacific Lutheran University, Tacoma, Wash. Director: W. Gordon Mauermann. Workshops in poetry, nonfiction, short story, novel, juveniles, plays, TV. Five prize contests. Tuition: $5 basic fee including membership dues. Last year's attendance: 500. For information: Laura de Veuve, Secretary, Pacific Northwest Writers Conference, 5009 Tok-A-Lou Ave., N.E., Tacoma, Wash. 98422.

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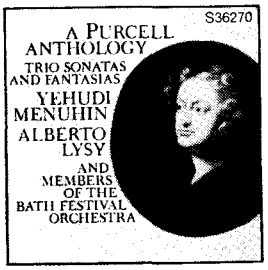

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The Councils Take Counsel

A new turn in the road for community assistance to the arts

By EMILY COLEMAN

IS THE SO-CALLED cultural explosion in the United States a reality—or just a set of misleading statistics? At the moment, there is ample evidence that it is both. But whether this awakening of public interest in the arts booms into vigorous, creative prosperity, or busts in a proliferation of culture centers inhabited by culture-vultures—but no culture—rests largely in the courage and wisdom of comparative newcomers to the field: arts councils operating at the community, state, and national levels.

While the concept of public patronage for the arts is not new in the United States—in 1780 John Adams incorporated into the Massachusetts constitution the admonition that it should be "the duty of the legislature and magistrates" to encourage art and letters as well as agriculture and the sciences—its practical implementation on any scale began only after World War II. Amid growing community programs for concerts, museum shows, and theater productions, interested civic leaders banded together to improve liaison between local cultural establishments, eliminate conflicts in scheduled events, and publish material promoting the joint interests of the artistic community. By 1950, there were eight such community arts councils; ten years later, there were fifty. Only New York then had a state council. By last year, however, there were 250 community and forty state arts councils, plus territorial ones in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands.

As the councils grew in number, so did their functions and programs. Fund raising was undertaken, along with the building and managing of culture centers and production of festivals and other special events involving one or more of a community's art institutions. Along with expansion came the desire to organize nationally, first on an informal basis and, then, in 1960, formally, as Community Arts Councils, Inc.,—now Arts Councils of America (ACA).

CONCOMITANT with the urge to organize came the need to convene and confer. "Take at any instant a census of the great talents of the world," Jacques Barzun has written, "and you will find a large portion preparing, attending, or recovering from a conference." The ACA has been no exception. Its twelfth annual conference will be held May 19-21 at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

In tone and atmosphere this year's meeting is certain to be different from last year's, which was held in Washington at a time when the future of the arts in the United States had never looked so hopeful. Simultaneous with the ACA conference, the White House had staged a festival of the arts unparalleled in size and scope. Congress, heretofore hostile to if not contemptuous of the arts, had passed legislation creating an advisory National Council on the Arts, and then was well on its way to establishing a National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities which would have money to subsidize for art's sake and not employment's, as had been the case under the WPA.

Equally heartening had been the Rockefeller Panel Report on the performing arts, issued a few weeks before the conference, and more in evidence in delegates' hands than the usual visitor's guide to Washington. The report, the most comprehensive of its kind ever undertaken, affirmed and added substance to the ACA's own objectives. Besides pointing out the need for "service and information organizations," it noted that "the basic resources, human and material, for the full development of the arts do exist in the United States. The problem is to mobilize them and use them effectively for the pleasure of many."

Given these auguries, it would have been strange indeed if the more than 900 delegates had reacted with anything less than euphoria. Vindication, after years of frustration, is often satisfaction enough.

But this year reality must be faced. "Last year there were a lot of theories and a lot of talk in the air," recalls W. Howard Adams, ACA's persuasive associate director. "Now we are really coming to grips with problems." A Missourian who was a founder of his own state's arts council (the second in the nation), Adams compares this year's conference with last year's by a homely analogy to his experience in Missouri. "The difference," he says, "is like the day before we got the money, and the day after we got the money."

The theme of this year's meeting is "The Arts: Planning for Change." "We

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know that right at this moment this country is in considerable ferment," Adams notes. "We have population growth and increasing standards of living; yet our cultural structure is based on the nineteenth-century concept of private patronage, with its limited, special genteel tradition. The tremendously expanded interest on the part of the people and the public interest in the arts present quite different problems. For example, how are old institutions like museums and symphony societies able to respond to this new interest, and what kind of new institutions do we need to meet this challenge?"

SPEAKERS at the conference will discuss what the ACA feels are its most pressing problems concerning education, audiences, management, government support, and cultural centers. Harold Taylor, for example, will speak on the need for a re-evaluation of the arts at every level of education. "Band practice is not what we have in mind," Adams says. "We are not interested just in training artists. The citizens themselves need a little attention; we have been turning out a lot of visual illiterates, people who have never been taught to look."

Harlow J. Heneman, management consultant, Cresap, McCormick & Paget, will be another principal speaker. "The arts need a great deal of shaking up as far as management is concerned," Adams explains. "The arts are short on management techniques; they have been run by dilettantes. Frequently, there was no board, and one person was running things, which made it difficult for foundations to respond to their needs. With today's broader support and increasing demands, the arts must become better and more professionally organized."

While it may seem an anomaly to describe the mushrooming of culture centers and audiences as a problem, the phenomenon must, nevertheless, be classified as at least a mixed blessing. Civic planners have said that a concentration of arts in one area of the city is unhealthy for the rest of it, and that too many arts centers are being erected as status symbols, without proof

that they are needed—or even that they have been designed properly. There is also the acute problem of what is to go into the centers. The Rockefeller report noted that there were 1,401 symphonies in the United States; it also stated that most of them were part-time, amateur organizations whose musicians were extremely underpaid, and the same holds true for all of the "booming" opera, theater, dance, and choral groups. In numbers, they could not begin to fill the 100 projected culture centers in the country on a twelve-month basis; in quality, many of them could not draw consecutive audiences of flies—and none of them can pay for themselves.

"It is unconstructive to talk about the attendance and culture boom," Adams says. "The artists, and arts organizations, are just like India. They can't keep up with the population. They get new members, but that just compounds the problem. We have to approach all these institutions and developments and find out how they are serving the arts. If they are not, we must find out why and what can be done."

Another concern is the rapidly shifting attitude on government support of the arts, both at the state and national level. In the old days, Congressmen and legislators used to vie with one another for the honor of ridiculing any bill to acknowledge, let alone aid, the arts. Calling themselves the "boob bloc," some danced in the aisles, and others played guitars as they successfully laughed bills off the floor. But times have so changed that last year, when the House was considering the bill to create the National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities, it fell to Representative H. R. Gross, a Republican from Iowa, to uphold the tradition. First, he offered an amendment that would have included belly dancing as an art. He lost. Next, he tried to include baseball, football, golf, tennis, squash, pinochle, and poker as arts. He lost again, and the bill passed.

"They now know full well that it isn't appropriate political style to talk like that anymore," Adams notes. In 1961, he recalls, when he and his colleagues in Missouri tried to get their first legislative appropriation for the arts passed, it was not only defeated, but the legislators got up in the chamber and sang a chorus of "Home on the Range." Last June, an arts bill with an appropriation of $250,000 passed in the same chamber. "It was not that they themselves had changed; they were the same old crowd. But they are politicians, and they had to change. There is something in the air, making the arts and artists objects of the public's goodwill and interest on a scale unimagined in any other period of American history."

It would, however, be totally unrealistic to assume that the war has been won with the appropriation of a few million dollars. Artists and government are natural enemies: the artist by nature a rebel, the government conformist. Some indication of what may be expected in the future occurred recently when the House Appropriations Committee wrote this cautionary report as it sent the bill to the floor which contained this year's art appropriation: "Extreme care must be exercised that those responsible for the administration of this program do not unduly influence through the award of grants the type or style of art which is to be cultivated in this country." Clearly, Congress is still afraid of nuts with newfangled ideas.

Actually, there is more cause to fear guarantees of "safe" art as the price of government appropriations. It is here that the community, state, and national councils of the arts must step in as the militant guardians of a creative—and hence controversial—society. And here again, as was demonstrated in the changing attitude of the politician, it is becoming more evident that a healthy cultural life begins at the grass-roots level. Just as the diversified nature of the many community councils offers ample protection against any conformist art taking over the nation, so also does the subsidization of the arts increasingly appear to depend upon the multiplicity of support which the state and community councils can offer if fully operative.

THE ACA is more than aware of this, as is the National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities which has set up $25,000 planning grants to states whose arts councils are in the embryonic stage—which, regrettably, most of them are. To further assist with advice and guidelines, already established through the pioneering efforts of New York, Missouri, California, and Illinois —the only states with comprehensive arts programs—ACA has just published a book titled *The Politic of Arts: Forming a State Arts Council.* Written by Adams, it should be required reading for anyone whose region is on the brink of a cultural explosion. It tells how to plan for an arts council, who should be on it and why, how to assess resources, how to draft enabling legislation, how to lobby (tactfully called "Political Action on Behalf of the State Arts Council's Objectives"), and how to set up a program.

It also provides a Model State Arts Council Act, and forms for making cultural inventories of a state, for surveying programs in the arts in universities and colleges, and for surveying "general facilities" (buildings, audience accommodations, acoustics, stage equipment, lighting boards, etc.). It even defines a creative art and an interpretive art. But it does not define art itself, or culture.

"Keep that open," advises Adams.

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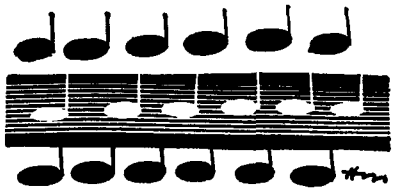
Baroque on the Time-Life Plan

A RESPECTABLE PLACE in literature has long been held by certain books written to arouse and satisfy the interest of the general public in scientific questions. Their authors have had a first-hand acquaintance with the intricacies of their subjects, while understanding the working of untrained minds; they have often been masters of a literary style of simplicity and restraint befitting their high theme. Of late a similar excellence has been exhibited in popular literature devoted to the visual arts, but its musical counterpart, industriously as it is being tilled at present, has yielded little that is even faintly comparable. Popular musicography has become widespread and undiscriminating in this country and is on the threshold of even greater popularity. The ideal of writers and publishers is an equal appeal to the "serious student of music" and that elusive but much courted personage known as the "intelligent average reader"; yet when the inquiry leads, as it does quite naturally, to the fundamental questions of music, the issue is usually shirked.

The processes of music are not easy to understand; the pursuit must be strenuous. The only way we can examine a piece of music is to take it to pieces. That is the difficulty that besets every writer on music: he must analyze, and in so doing he realizes that he is diverting attention from the wholeness of the work which is its life. Yet the perception of the facts has much to do with the vital experience of the wholeness of music. Listening to music is an exercise in sensitivity, for "listening" is much more than "hearing," yet most popular essays on music seem to be addressed to members of the Society for the Promotion of Desultory Listening. Many still believe that music should not be contaminated by even a semblance of learning, and though with the best of intentions, they are incessantly at work to deform and degrade the content of art, forcing the innocent reader to ask himself how far it is wise for him to risk spoiling his appreciation by disturbing his ignorance. In the end, however, most people have the inclination to learn something about what they like, which must have prompted Time, Inc. to inaugurate "a unique new program" for the promotion of musical literacy "in a way never before attempted."

Its glowingly advertised series of publications, entitled *The Story of Great Music,* consists of sets of "Time & Life Records" accompanied by lavishly illustrated volumes of 25,000 words offering literary guidance to each of the periods dealt with. The first volume, *The Baroque Era,* has just appeared and it is an elegant package beautifully produced. True, the recordings themselves (four stereo discs) are all old items culled from the Angel catalogue; they were reviewed years ago and need not detain us, though it should be noted that some of them are poor specimens while others are poor selections for the purposes of this volume. Our concern here is with the "unique new program," the attempt to extend to music the successful achievement of Time, Inc. publications in other fields.

Unfortunately, the editors have aban-



doned all the care expended on their previous popular essays in science and history. The author of the literary commentaries to *The Baroque Era,* Frederic V. Grunfeld, circumnavigates the problems rather than explains them.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the misstatements of facts and theories which this publication contains; even the short captions for the pictures manage to commit major errors. The very plan of the set is shockingly uninformed. *The Baroque Era* is its title, but who can conceive of baroque music without Monteverdi, Lully, Alessandro Scarlatti, Schütz, Carissimi, Buxtehude, and all the others? They are not even mentioned, but since Time & Life's baroque begins a bit late, some of these heroes were automatically excluded. "The inception of the baroque era in music is dated later than the onset of this style in other arts," say the Time & Life researchers, thus passing on to the innocent reader the long discredited idea that music always limps after the other arts at a distance of the better part of a century. Further distortion follows at the other end, the expiration of the baroque, which apparently took place on April 14, 1759, the day Handel died. The book informs us that when the baroque ended the "other arts were already well launched into their next era." Let us see: Stamitz, the fiery leader of the Mannheim School, died two years before Handel, Gluck had composed a couple of dozen operas by 1759, Haydn several quartets and symphonies—what kind of book did the researchers consult?

The argument that selectivity is necessary in such an anthology is sound, but these selections are haphazard and arbitrary. Since that venerable canard about Bach representing the "Great Divide of Musical History" is accepted by Time & Life as a fact, they were bound to go astray and argue from the wrong premises. The nerve center of baroque music was opera, the avalanche of sonatas, suites and concertos notwithstanding. Church music itself was a related genre, part of the large field of dramatic music. The Time & Life set contains no opera and only one sample of dramatic sacred music: excerpts from Bach's *St. Matthew Passion.* The other oratorio excerpts, from Handel's *Messiah,* are atypical both for Handel and the genre. Mr. Grunfeld rightfully calls the *St. Matthew Passion* "dramatic" but fails to enlighten his readers concerning the principal ingredients of this music—recitative, arioso, aria, ensemble—all of which come from opera. Thus even Bach, who did not write operas so designated, composed operatic music aplenty. If the reader is not made aware of this essential operatic-dramatic quality in baroque music he misses the key to the whole period. The author aggravates the situation by listing unrelated genres in an anachronistic sequence. The *serenata* of the baroque was a large cantata (or short opera); it has no connections whatever with the serenade and divertimento of the second half of the century, and even less with the romantic *Ständchen.*

The volume's historical *aperçus* will not stand scrutiny, the excursions into literary and art history are perfunctory, and the comparisons unfortunate. The old baroque echo play is described in recording slang as the "ping-pong effect" instead of being illuminated by an explanation of the nature of antiphonal music. The parallel drawn between the baroque orchestra and jazz groups is grotesque and misleading: "The jazz ensemble uses piano and drums as a rhythm section in the fashion of the baroque harpsichord-and-cello basso continuo." "One of the goals common to almost all baroque composers was the attainment of new and more piquant combinations of sounds"—we are again off the mark by many many decades. The baroque composer, if an Italian, wanted soaring and beguiling melody and homogeneous string tone; if a German, he wanted linear perspective. Bach did not even tell us what instrument or instruments should be used for the performance of *The Art of Fugue.*

The baroque composer, says Mr. Grunfeld "did not have to calculate his coun-

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terpoint any more than a jazz trumpeter today has to 'think out' his part when he plays a number." Well, does he really believe that such tremendous polyphonic structures as, say, the *Clavierübung*, were improvised without careful and lengthy studies? Corelli polished for years (if not decades) the partwriting in his great concerti grossi before allowing them to be printed. The Handel story is incorrect in almost every line. That is not unusual, but to state that this supreme opportunist, entertainer, operator, and musical gambler had "no sense of showmanship" is really amusing. And what is meant by saying that Bach was "much in demand as a visiting soloist"? Did he travel around to play concertos with the nonexistent Dresden or Berlin Philharmonic?

The quality of the historical scholarship involved in this handsome album can be judged from the following examples. In the discussion of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* we are introduced to the "so-called Passion Chorale, based on one of the hymns with which Martin Luther reformed the German church service in the 1520s." Now this is a mare's nest. The melody of the Passion Chorale, by the great German composer Hassler, dates from 1601, the hymn itself ("O sacred Head now wounded"), by Paul Gerhard, is from 1656—Luther died in 1546! The next example is sheer inventive poetry. "Couperin's correspondence with Bach has been lost: the letters vanished after being used by some of his descendants as lids for jam pots." But then what happened to the other half of the correspondence, in the tidy German household where the jam pots had proper lids? There is not the slightest evidence to suggest such a correspondence. Bach knew and appreciated Couperin's works because unlike his own they were published and circulated, but the chances are that Couperin did not even know that Bach existed. Handel himself was ignorant of Bach's music.

We could go on, but the conclusion is inevitable that these commentaries and selections are scarcely equal to the purpose of the publication. Just what did Time & Life's much-vaunted research staff, duly listed and generously credited, contribute to the accuracy of the venture? The book says that Walther's *Lexikon* (1732) devoted "a meager three lines to Bach"—the entry is actually almost a whole column long. Obviously no one laid eyes even on the one concrete reference given in the entire essay. By a combination of a large dose of musical ignorance, a research staff totally unfamiliar with the relevant literature, a too-slick narrative, and poor planning, the editors of Time & Life records altogether botched their "fresh and exciting new approach" to the understanding of music.

—Paul Henry Lang.

The Science of Saying Nothing

By OLIVER DANIEL

SEVERAL YEARS AGO John Cage jolted the academic calm of the Juilliard School with a lecture during which phrases were interspersed with sounds and music. In part, he said:

> The most that . . . can be accomplished . . . by no matter . . . what musical idea . . . is to show how intelligent . . . the composer was who had it; . . . and the easiest way to ascertain what . . . the musical idea . . . was . . . is . . . to . . . get yourself in such a state of confusion . . . that you think . . . that a sound is not something to hear but rather . . . something to look at. . . .
>
> I have nothing to say . . . and I am saying it . . . and . . . that is poetry . . . as I need it. Contemporary music is changing . . . but since everything's changing . . . we could simply . . . decide . . . to drink a glass of water . . . To have something be a masterpiece . . . you have to have enough time to talk when you have nothing to say.

Two new recordings—one all-Cage disc of his *Variations IV* (Everest 3132) and a disc of electronic music (Turnabout TV 4046/TV 34046S) containing Cage's *Fontana Mix* along with *Visage* by Luciano Berio and *Agony* by the young Turkish composer Ilhan Mimaroglu—have been released.

But Cage is the composer who rivets our interest, and the "nothing" which he says here is a wonderful jumble of it. One can see in his work many of the influences that have been formative: the early experimentation of Henry Cowell, with whom he studied; that of Edgard Varèse, whose appreciation of sound and noise he admired; and Oriental philosophy, through which he came to appreciate the Chinese *Book of Changes*, which led him to aleatoric music, or music of change and indeterminacy.

He is not someone to be overlooked, for he has singlehandedly extended a musical revolution. Cage possesses one of the rarest qualities of the true creator —that of an original mind—and whether that originality pleases, irritates, amuses or outrages is irrelevant. He has not only added to our tonal structure but has virtually torn apart the structures of the past. Each new work introduces some new element. True, the lengths to which he goes, such as the amplification of a swallow (not a bird) when the microphone is attached to his Adam's apple and he drinks a glass of water, seem a little far-fetched and sometimes quite silly. But one must not forget that he is also master of the nose-thumb and the leg-pull. I myself find some of his pieces —such as his *Fontana Mix*— delightfully funny. Humor, though Cage never seems to dwell on it, is obviously part of his stock in trade, but he ploys it with deadly seriousness.

"I'm devoted to the principle of originality," he says. "Not originality in the egoistic sense, but originality in the sense of doing something which it is necessary to do. Now, obviously, the things that it is necessary to do are not the things that have been done, but the ones that have not yet been done. This applies not only to other people's work, but seriously to my own work; that is to say, if I have done something, then I consider it my business not to do that, but to find what must be done next."

Cage's *Variations IV* are published by C. F. Peters, one of the most prestigious names in music publishing. The green covers of Peters Editions have proudly displayed the names of Handel, Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, and they have been considered among the finest and best available. Enterprisingly, they now also publish virtually all of John Cage.

The score of *Variations IV* may come as a bit of a shock. It consists of a rectangle of transparent plastic upon which one finds seven dots and two circles with the accompanying instruction: "Place one of the circles anywhere on the plan. Let the other circles and the points fall on the plan or outside it. Taking the placed circle as center, produce lines from it to each of the points (straight line.) The second circle is only operative when one of the lines so produced (one or more) intersects or is tangent to it. Make as many readings of the material as desired (before or during the performance)." The composer also informs us that: "Measurements of time and space are not required. When performed with another activity which has a given time-length (or in a program where a given amount of time is available) let the performance of this take a shorter amount. A performer need not confine himself to a performance of this piece. At any time he may do something else. And others, performing something else at the same time and place, may, when

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Recordings in Review

Browning's Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Variations on a Theme by Diabelli (Op. 120). John Browning, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2877, $4.79; stereo LSC 2877, $5.79.

Though there is no quotable aphorism to that effect, success may have its penalties no less than failure. In the case of John Browning, who was promoted to a position of prominence among other pianists of his years through identification, here and abroad, with the Piano Concerto of Samuel Barber, it has tended to categorize him as a facile, fluent performer with a nice coloristic sense. If anything could uncategorize him, it is the current venture which introduces him to the RCA Victor label.

There are many things good about it, and a few that could even be described as fine. Outstanding, altogether, is Browning's inclination to treat the colossal sequence of variations (thirty-three) neither as an exercise in pedantry nor an opportunity to demonstrate pianistic legerdemain but as a glorious expression of musical abundance by the most abundant of all musicians. This is not merely refreshing and attention-arresting, but a mode of procedure *vis-à-vis* the *Diabelli Variations* perhaps not even accessible to such older pianists as Serkin and Arrau, who have grown up in the shadow of its monumentality erected by Schnabel.

However, it is not merely a major but a formidable challenge to summon the musicality to sustain the attention through fifty-odd minutes of exposition, and Browning has not amassed the power of projection to accomplish this result. The vigor and alertness of the early variations carry him along through much of side one, but he tends to fight the requirements of Nos. 18-19 (this side ends with No. 20) by rushing the tempo and otherwise distorting outlines. However it is the later ones in the sequence (especially Nos. 29, 30, and 31, in which Beethoven loses himself in contemplation of the possibilities still latent in C minor after a lifetime of using it!) that find Browning searching for the broadly based comprehension to realize all the meaning the music contains. There is no question, however, that the extent of his success here—if not total—measurably enhances his stature among his colleagues.

RCA Victor's "literature" for this release includes an illuminating comment on the work's background by Robert Offergold and some warm words for Browning from Rosina Lhevinne with whom he studied; but nowhere—including the label of the disc itself—a straightforward statement of the numerical sequence, with tempo designations. This, I would have thought, would be minimal in a work of this one's particular place in the musical literature as well as in the lore of the keyboard. The second side of the disc was the noisiest I have had from RCA in some time.

Käbi Laretei—"an uncommonly intelligent musician."

Hindemith's Ludus Tonalis

HINDEMITH: *"Ludus Tonalis." Käbi Laretei, piano.* Philips PHM 500 096, $4.98; stereo PHS 900 096, $5.98.

It would be too much to say that complete knowledge of Hindemith is no more possible in ignorance of this massive work than would be the case of Beethoven without cognizance of the *Diabelli Variations*, if only because the latter bears on so much outside of the composer's own life work. But there is little doubt that, in terms of Hindemith's total accomplishment, what is embodied here is no less climactic.

To many, this issue will have the character of a revelation, for there is no counterpart for it in the current Schwann Catalogue, and issues of the past have been restricted to such esoterica as N. Mewton-Wood's version for Argo. Perhaps this is less a reflection on the enterprise of record companies than it is on the lack of initiative on the part of fully qualified performers to work out its intricate succession of twelve fugues and the interludes that separate them. Whether Miss Laretei is such a "fully qualified performer" may rest on the individual opinion of the success of her accomplishment, but she can be praised for making so valiant an effort and thanked for persisting with it to the point of adding so representative a work to the general experience.

For those to whom the name itself may be mystifying, *Ludus Tonalis* (Playing with Tones) bears the subtitle "Studies in Counterpoint, Tonal Organization and Piano Playing"—a rather blandly formalistic designation for a work containing so much musical substance. For it is the essential fact about the *Ludus Tonalis* that it can be listened to, appreciated and enjoyed without much consideration for the theories and systematized practices that it embodies. That is to say, it transcends the purposes it was meant to document, even as Bach's "Forty-eight" relates, now, only incidentally to the composer's success in demonstrating a practical point.

Miss Laretei, who is of Estonian birth and Swedish citizenship, is an uncommonly intelligent musician who has applied herself with great diligence to mastering a terrain for which there are few prior guides. She had the benefit of the composer's counsel in the elaboration of her conception, which, with or without this assistance, has every accent of authenticity. The only quality I find wanting is variation of tone quality and coloration, especially after one is half way through side two and Hindemith's numerous notes tend to echo each other. Bernard Jacobson has provided a helpful aid to indoctrination with his explicit commentary.

Song Bag for Two

BRAHMS: Forty-two folk song settings. *Sagt mir, o schönste Schäf'rin mein. Erlaube mir, fein's Mädchen. Gar lieblich hat sich gesellet. Guten Abend. Die Sonne scheint nicht mehr. Da unten im Tale. Gunhilde. Ach, englische Schäferin. Es war eine Schöne Jüdin. Es ritt ein Ritter. Jungfräulein, soll ich mit euch geh'n. Feinsliebchen, du sollst mir nicht barfuss geh'n. Wach' auf, mein Hort. Maria ging aus wandern. Schwesterlein. Wach' auf, mein' Herzensschöne. Ach Gott, wie weh tut Scheiden. So wünsch' ich ihr ein' gute Nacht. Nur ein Gesicht auf Erden lebt. Schönster Schatz, mein Engel. Es ging ein Maidlein zarte. Wo gehst du hin, du Stolze? Der Reiter. Mir ist ein schön's braun's Maidelein. Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund. Ach könnt' ich diesen Abend. Ich stand auf hohem Berge. Er reit'ein Herr und auch sein Knecht. Es war ein Markgraf über'm Rhein. All' mein' Gedanken. Dort in den Weiden steht ein Haus.*

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So will ich frisch und fröhlich sein. Och, Moder, ich well en Ding han! Wie komm' ich denn zur Tür herein? Soll sich der Mond nicht heller scheinen. Es wohnet ein Fiedler. Du mein einzig Licht. Des Abends kann ich nicht schlafen geh'n. Schöner Augen schöne Strahlen. Ich weiss mir'n Maidlein. Es steht ein' Lind'. In stiller Nacht. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Gerald Moore, piano. Angel B 3675, $9.79; stereo SB 3675, $11.58 (two disks).

Unfamiliar as the title of this release may seem, especially in its "duet" context, its contents are not nearly that unfamiliar. The self-accompanying baritone Ernst Wolff offered a selection of them in a Columbia 78-rpm album, and Lotte Lehmann is but one of several artists who have not only programmed but recorded such favorite items as the beguiling "Da unten im Tale," the delightful "Erlaube mir, fein's Mädchen" and "Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund." Add another favorite such as "Schwesterlein" and the range of interests represented here may be better gauged.

What is best about the offering of the totality rather than a selection is that it permits the listener to seek out his own favorites rather than depend on the whim of a performer. For example, it is a possible question whether in making a choice of excerpts for a sequence of a dozen or so that a soprano would necessarily elect "Maria ging aus wandern." But as performed here by Miss Schwarzkopf with just the right shade of "white" sound suitable to its sermonette on the moral that "even Heaven suffers God's rule," it adds a dimension to our appreciation of Brahms's variety.

As it happens, some of the "variety" derives from the scheme of performance (possibly by Walter Legge) in which the two voices are heard alternately, as suits the dialogical character of many of the songs. When such dialogue is absent, no effort is made to enforce the pattern willy-nilly. Rather such a song is assigned to the female or male voice according to character or suitability: the aforementioned "Maria ging aus wandern" to the soprano, because it recites the wanderings of Mary; "Wach' auf, mein' Herzensschöne" to the baritone because it is clearly the apostrophe of a man to a woman, and so on. This, it may be noted, was no part of Brahms's intention; nor, probably, did he intend the forty-two (solo) songs to be heard at a sitting. Dividing them between two such skillful performers as Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau not only provides a desirable amount of diversity but also heightens the effort of each by the stim-

(*Continued on page* 74)

Powerfully Persuasive "Don Carlo"

CONSIDERING the extent to which it has risen in public favor in the last decade and a half, Verdi's *Don Carlo* has hardly had its share of phonographic consideration. The principal versions to date (one on RCA Victor, pre-stereo, the other, and more recent, from DGG) have both been conducted by Gabriele Santini, and while they served in the absence of anything better, the justice they rendered to one of Verdi's greatest scores has been more than a little circumscribed.

All that has been changed now, thanks to the enterprise of London (A 4432, $19.16; stereo OSA 1432, $23.16), which has turned the responsibility over to Georg Solti, and reaped rich dividends thereby. Taking one thing with another—which is to say, taking the *Ring* with *Falstaff* and now *Don Carlo* —it is fair to say also that Solti has taken a pre-eminent place among conductors of opera for the phonograph. He not only understands what is desired to create aural drama, but has steadily developed the sense of perspective to give both the voices and the instruments their due without sacrificing one or penalizing the other.

Thankfully, too, London has settled on the four-act version which Verdi made for Vienna in 1882 (minus the ballet music). This includes the so-called Fontainebleau scene, which has, unfortunately, been lacking at the Metropolitan since the work was reborn there in 1950. It cannot be defended as the greatest Verdi, but it is certainly good Verdi; and it has the incontrovertible importance of being the source for certain recurrent ideas with which the composer illuminates the drama as it unfolds. Without it, the late reference to them loses more than a little.

With this as a starting point, Solti has built a substantial structure from one act to the next. It strikes me as even a more consistent, well balanced effort than the performances he directed at the Metropolitan during the season of 1964-65, which may well be because he has had the opportunity to evolve an ensemble from his performers. This means not only a fine singing cast but also the orchestra of the Royal Opera House (Covent Garden) of which he is, of course, the principal conductor.

The cast is not only as fine as one could ask for in most particulars, but in one, at least, unlikely to be available for most opera houses. That is the Posa of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. This artist's voice is not only ideal in sound for Verdi's music, but he can actually sing a "shake" without making it sound uncomfortably like that colorful word. In addition, he has the knack of creating something visual with his sound. This supports the grand kind of drama Nicolai Ghiaurov is capable of creating, which offsets to some extent the rather bland Carlo of Bergonzi. Beautiful in sound it is, of course, but not terribly committed to any of the premises—emotional, philosophic, or filial—on which Verdi based the character. The rank of male voices is completed by a rich, deep-sounding basso named Martti Talvela (Inquisitor).

Indeed with Grace Bumbry as probably the finest contemporary Eboli (even though she sings most of the music better than she does the role's showpiece, "O don fatale"), the one weak effort of all is Renata Tebaldi's Elisabetta. It may be doubted that even in the time of her best vocal condition it was a role for which she had deep affection; and it now poses more than a few vocal burdens for her. Probably some of Tebaldi's following will relish this addition to her recorded literature but London could have improved its artistic position with another choice.

This consideration aside, Solti has advanced his own musical stature more than a little by the surety, directness and poise with which he pulls all the threads of this drama together. It is not only much the best *Don Carlo* ever recorded: it is one of the most powerfully persuasive examples of operatic recording yet accomplished, a credit to the unnamed John Culshaw.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Bumbry—"finest contemporary Eboli."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berlioz: *Symphonie fantastique.* Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Philips PHM 500-101, $4.98; stereo PHS 900-101, $5.98.	For something more than half the length of this performance, Davis amply justifies his reputation not only as a leading light among younger conductors, but one with a special affinity for Berlioz. It is a simple, eloquent, unaffected performance he offers in a straight line of descent from the first of all recorded *Fantastiques,* by Weingartner. His treatment of the "March to the Gallows" and "Witches' Sabbath" is also creditable to him as a musician, but his efforts to de-sensationalize Berlioz tend also to devitalize him. First-class orchestral performance and reproduction.
Martinu: *Fantasia Concertante.* Falla: *Noches en los Jardines de España.* Margrit Weber, piano, with Bavarian Radio Orchestra directed by Rafael Kubelik. Deutsche Grammophon, 39 116, $5.79; stereo 139 116, $5.79.	Conductor Kubelik and soloist Weber apply themselves with equal devotion to both works, but there is little question which profits more. Miss Weber has something of a proprietary interest in the Martinu, which was written for her and which she has been playing since its première in 1959. As it is also one of his best pieces, the results are satisfactory on all counts. Not as much can be said for the Falla, which is earnest enough and musically fastidious, but without the atmospheric quality the music demands.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 29 in A and 33 in B flat. Herbert van Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon, 39 002, $5.79; stereo 139 002, $5.79.	There have been no lack of good performances of the A major since Beecham first revealed its fresh invigorating patterns, but the latest is also the best. Karajan has perceived more than the average conductor in its combination of elements—wood-wind warp to the woof of the strings and woven something of special distinction into the results. This applies particularly to the first and last movements, and the Andante. The Minuet plods a bit as though Karajan were not quite sure just how courtly a piece it is, but this, too, fascinates by the way it is put together. There is not so much to listen to in the B flat, a work of more external character than the A major. What can be done with it Karajan does well.
Mozart: Piano Concertos in E flat (No. 9, K. 271 and No. 14, K. 449). Alfred Brendel, piano, with the Solisti di Zagreb, Antonio Janigro conducting. Vanguard VRS 1154, $4.79; VSD 71154, $5.79.	Brendel and Janigro make a compatible pair in these works, which are well suited for the treatment they espouse. This is essentially a chamber music mode of performance, in which Janigro might very well have done his directing with a cello bow from a place in the ensemble rather than with a baton before it. As both works predate the great series written by Mozart for performance in Vienna before audiences, they do not demand more sonority than Janigro's ensemble provides. It would be a service for the same personnel to apply the same treatment to the other early Mozart works, for they are rarely regarded with so much affection. The label identifies the cadenzas of No. 9 as Mozart's, but says nothing about the authorship of those for No. 14.
Prokofiev: Piano Concerto in G minor, No. 2. Dagmar Baloghova, piano, with the Czech Philharmonic conducted by Karel Ancerl. Artia 707, $4.98; stereo S-707, $5.98.	According to the information provided with the recording, Baloghova is a pianist of Slovakian birth who is now a member of the faculty of her Alma Mater, the Academy of Music in Prague. She strikes a mood of eloquence and poetry in some of the quieter sections of this work, which suggests that she might do well with a Chopin concerto or, perhaps, the Dvořák. However her sound inclines to flatten out and become percussive in the more proclamative matter. Some of this may relate to the instrument itself, which is none too good, or the reproduction, which wavers in pitch now and then. Her qualities of musicianship and taste leave the impression of a performer one would like to hear more of, despite a not very good performance of Prokofiev.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 2. George Szell conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Philips M 500-092, $4.98; stereo PHS 900-092, $5.98.	Asked once to summarize the difference between the Philadelphia Orchestra, which he had been guest conducting, and his own Concertgebouw Orchestra, the late Eduard van Beinum replied: "This one is platinum; mine is old gold." There is something brighter, more luminous about the sound of the Concertgebouw here than "old gold" (if not quite platinum), which means that Szell commands the identifying touch of mastery in making whatever orchestra he conducts responsive to his own tonal concepts. It is, indeed, a crisp, well-formed, beautifully articulated Sibelius No. 2 that he has achieved. It is lacking in the ultimate amount of oratorical effect in the finale, suggesting that Szell is too sophisticated a musician to go all the way with Sibelius' "nationalism." What he has chosen to do he has done superbly.
Telemann: *Water Music;* Concerto in F. Collegium Musicum of Paris directed by Roland Douatte, with Robert Gendre, Jean-Pierre Wallez and Nicole Laroque, violins and Laurence Boulay, harpsichord. Nonesuch H 1109, $2.50; stereo H 71109, $2.50.	Those who can take their Telemann or leave it will find that this record poses the dilemma of presenting one work in each category—"must have" and "need not bother." To my taste, the lesser of the two is the *Hamburger Ebb und Fluht* (*Water Music*), which pursues a mostly predictable course. The more interesting Concerto (part of the celebrated *Table Music*) is a work of imposing substance and the kind of individuality that distinguishes Telemann at his best. For those to whom there has been, previously, only one *Water Music* it may be mentioned that this one of 1723 followed Handel's by six years. It also pursues an allegorical course, relating the Naiads to a playful gavotte, Neptune to a loure, and Triton to a harlequinade. Roland Douatte's direction contributes substantially to the interest of the two performances, likewise the color of the recorders used in the *Water Music.* —Irving Kolodin.

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Coltrane Up to Date

TENOR AND SOPRANO SAXOPHONIST John Coltrane is a successful musician, but at the moment his position does not seem enviable. His initial popularity depended on a hit version of *My Favorite Things* (Atlantic 1361) and he is required not only to perform that piece often but, apparently, to follow it with readings of similar material. He feels responsible to assist and encourage a segment of younger "advanced" musicians who consider themselves his followers. At the same time, he is under attack from reviewers who do not like Coltrane's work or its implications and often end up blaming him for a kind of wilful musical obscurity. More recently Coltrane's music has become the center of a nasty journalistic in-fight over its "content" and "meaning" and its relationship to Black Nationalism —a controversy in which Coltrane's supposed "meaning" turns out to be some opportunistic Marxist clichés delivered with a slightly Peking-ese accent.

It has been a little over a year since I wrote of Coltrane in this space and a backlog of several releases has accumulated by now. *A Love Supreme* (Impulse A/AS-77) comprises a single, four-part piece by the Coltrane Quartet. It is offered in a rather austere black-and-white jacket with liner notes by Coltrane himself. This unusual LP was barely released before it was selling very well, and it has already won a couple of popularity polls. The notes begin "All praise to God" and programmatically the piece concerns a religious experience, a period of irresolution, and a return to faith. Each section opens with a theme, followed by "free form," modal improvisation by Coltrane and the members of his group. Considering the subject matter and the strong emotion usually generated by this ensemble the general tone here is relatively calm.

By contrast the frugally titled *John Coltrane Quartet Plays* (Impulse A/AS-85) is offered in a full-color jacket and would seem to have fairly conservative, even commercial, intentions, including versions of "Chim Chim Cheree" and "Nature Boy." The explorations, however, are sometimes quite strong technically and emotionally.

Ascension (Impulse A/AS-95) is the most daring recording Coltrane has ever made. It is a continuous thirty-eight-minute performance in which Coltrane's quartet is augmented by two trumpeters, two tenor saxists, two altos, and an extra bassist. It utilizes a single, slight thematic idea, several loose, turbulent improvised ensembles and solos by most of the players. It soars and it sings. It also blares, rages, shouts, screams, and shrieks. It is at once a truly contemporary performance and a kind of communal rite.

There are surely many things to admire in these records. There are some of Coltrane's ingenious spidery lines on "Chim Chim Cheree." There is drummer Elvin Jones's inspired playing on the same piece. And although I have felt that pianist McCoy Tyner's harmonic sense was overly lush for this music, his solo on "Brazilia" on the *Quartet Plays* set is hard and gem-like.

However, some of this music seems to me repetitious and some of it banal. And there are moments when Coltrane's wildly authentic passion seems not so much a part of the music as a part of the musician—the reaction of a player who is improvising with a minimum of built-in protection but who sometimes cries out, frustrated, against the very limitations and challenges he has set for himself. Often, one's final impression is of musical statements that are highly charged and have brilliant moments but that are somewhat static and unresolved—statements sometimes contained only by a fantastic and original saxophone technique on one hand, or by a state of emotional exhaustion on the other. (It is surely indicative that many of these performances are faded out mechanically rather than ended musically.)

Certainly Coltrane's music is related to the mood of American Negroes, and particularly the awakenings and frustrations of young American Negroes—as if anyone ever doubted that it was, or as if it could be meaningful to so many people if it were not. And in the sense that it is, I think a performance like *Ascension* might be heard, felt, and reflected upon by every politician, police official, psychologist, social worker, editorial writer —perhaps every American—whether it succeeds esthetically or not. If a listener is at first confused or repelled by it, perhaps he should hear it again. To put it another way, if there were a documentary film on the Watts riots, I think John Coltrane would be the ideal man to score it—and I intend the remark to characterize and compliment his work, not to criticize it.

The challenge of America's racial problem is, as the young James Baldwin saw so clearly, a fundamental challenge to Western civilization and all its traditions. And Coltrane's jazz, like much good jazz, looks deep into the inner-being of all men. Some musical statements such as his, even if they fail esthetically, are certainly not to be dismissed.

If *Ascension* leaves one with a feeling of despair, he might turn to Ornette Coleman's *Free Jazz* (Atlantic 1364), a performance to which *Ascension* is directly indebted, but for me a work of beauty and affirmation and hope. For me *Free Jazz*, in Joyce's phrase, better sees the darkness shining in the light. Still, it is a sight for which Coltrane can prepare us, and the preparation can be invaluable. The aforementioned "Brazilia" stays with one and echoes through one's being long after its notes are spent.

Other recent releases include two LPs by Ornette Coleman, his first new recordings in several years, and an album with Coltrane improvising on Coleman pieces. I shall return to these LPs in this space next time. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

1520

By John Frederick Nims

AS ONE who—and so we're a-sonneting?—one who
Sleeps with a casual beauty in the brush;
At morning yawns, amused and tender: "You?
Who are you, dearest?" And the kisses rush.
His finger, reverent, broods on brow, on nose
Fine with its dusty gold, on lazuli lash.
He teases her comb, "Infanta!" tussles clothes
Richer than sunset lit—
on a sudden, a flash
Of armor in all the fields around, a thunder
Of oriflammes smarting of smoke and towns afire;
Men-at-arms with sword-slitted eyes; and under
Banners, her throne; her ape, her fool and friar.
Hoarse helmets buzzing obeisance raise the girl
Who sweeps from her cheek, eye blazing, earth and a curl—

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bliss: Quintet for Clarinet and Strings (1931); Quintet for Oboe and Strings (1927). Melos Ensemble of London. Everest 6135, $4.98; stereo 3135, $4.98.	It would be a hardly relishable challenge to identify the composer of these works without knowing his name—the main components suggesting Delius, Vaughan Williams and Brahms. Taken together, however, the totality begins to sound something like Bliss (once you know his is the name to go with it). Of the two works, the Oboe Quintet is somewhat more individual, perhaps because it has a borrowed folk tune here and there which adds to the appeal of the whole. It is also performed with spectacular control, and every bit of emphasis wanted, by Peter Graeme, who studied with Leon Goossens, for whom Bliss wrote the work and who is now a professor at the Royal College. Gervase de Peyer is, of course, probably England's best clarinetist, and performs up to his standard here. He does not, however, have quite as much to work with as Graeme does. The Melos Quartet, which is led by Emanuel Hurwitz, violin, also includes Ivor McMahon, violin; Cecil Aronowitz, viola; and Terence Weil, cello. Very good recording in both instances.
Brahms: Hungarian Dances. Julius Katchen, piano, with Jean-Pierre Marty, piano. London CM9473, $4.79; stereo CS 6473, $5.79.	Of the numerous discs devoted by Julius Katchen to the complete piano music of Brahms, this is likely to attract the most attention and retain interest the longest, bringing together, as it does, works which are rarely performed with the blend of scholarship and spirit that he (and his associate) impart to them. In accordance with the final form in which they are left by Brahms, Katchen performs Nos. 1-10 as piano solos and the remainder in duet form with Marty. As the sequence takes in half a dozen of the most-played works associated with the name of Brahms, it is improbable that the tempos and phrasings will suit everyone; but the area Katchen and Marty have cultivated is one that many listeners can occupy comfortably. Now and then they tend to rush a tempo or be carried away by the sentiment of what they are doing, but of possible alternatives, those are preferable ones. In short, an offering that can be highly recommended.
Chopin: Sonata (Op. 65). Prokofiev: Sonata (Op 119). Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. RCA Victor LM 2875, $4.79; stereo LSC 2875 $5.79.	If precedents of the past are any guide to the future, the probability is that this issue, however good, is not long for the "catalogue"—which means that those to whom the prospect appeals should act upon it promptly. Of especial value in the partnership of Firkusny and Piatigorsky is the lack of compulsion to dominate on the part of either performer. They not merely give lip service to the theory of equality, but make every effort to put it into practice—with, largely speaking, success. This success is more consistently present in the Prokofiev than in the Chopin, the latter asking some concession-to-weakness and special affinity for style which are not always forthcoming. But the Prokofiev is admirably suited to what the performers have to provide and it comes off very well.
Debussy: Preludes. Leonard Pennario, piano. RCA Victor LM 7036, $9.58; stereo LSC 7036, $11.58.	Whoever's taste is reflected in the choice of Pennario for this assignment, it is poorly justified by the results. As for comparison with such performers as Cortot, Schmitz and Rubinstein who have recorded this sequence (either in whole or in part) for the same label and thus accounted for its standard, it is not merely odious, it is nonexistent. What Pennario brings to this enterprise is much the same as the attributes he brings to other enterprises of the past—considerable fluency, a more than minimal amount of musicianship, and some qualities of animation to engage the attention in such lighter works as "Minstrels," "General Lavine, Eccentric" and "Hommage à S. Pickwick, Esq." What is most often wanted and least often provided (in sufficient supply) is imaginative power, the kind of perception that reaches beyond the specifics of the printed page to those intangibles which cannot be conveyed by written symbols. There is very little of this in Pennario's tone and even less in the way in which it is put to the service of the music. The result is merely to downgrade whatever significance relates to the "Red Seal" as an index to quality.
Mozart: *Dances and Marches (Vol. 4).* Minuets (K. 103); March (K 445); Contredanses (K. 535,607,609). Willy Boskovsky conducting the Vienna Mozart Ensemble. London CM 9459, $4.79; stereo CS 6459, $5.79.	The qualities of this issue are altogether consistent with its three predecessors: unfailingly agreeable, sometimes invigorating material, and consistently superior performances by Boskovsky and his companions of honor. That, to be sure, is a term customarily associated with English nobility, but it is no less applicable to the royal line of descent represented by the Vienna Philharmonic, of which they are all members. In this issue, the concentration of quality is, gratifyingly, toward the end of side two, with a climax in five contradanses derived from Figaro's "Non più andrai," then four-and-a-half years old. The instrumentation for flute, drum and strings adds a jaunty touch to the composer's far from sober reflections on his gay invention.
Mozart: Quintet in A (K. 581); Quartet (K. 370). Berlin Philharmonic Ensemble. Deutsche Grammophon 18 996, $5.79; 138 996, $5.79. Mozart: Quintet in A (K. 581). Weber: Quintet in B flat. Heinrich Geuser, clarinet, with the Drolc Quartet. Mace M9028, $2.49; stereo SM9028, $2.49.	Eminent work though it is, the performance of the Mozart Clarinet Quintet is not the primary attraction of either of these discs. Rather it is, in both instances, somewhat incidental to the second side. In the DGG issue, it is the highly adroit, remarkably controlled performance of the solo part of the Oboe Quartet by Lothar Klein, principal oboe of the Berlin Philharmonic; and in the Mace offering, it is a rare bit of virtuosity in the Weber which captures and holds the attention. Heinrich Geuser is not only a first-class instrumentalist, but one with a special feeling for the sound and mood appropriate to Weber's expressive, highly characteristic work. The partnership works well, for the members of the Drolc Quartet see the work in the same light as he does. If it is the Mozart Clarinet Quintet which is at issue, I would prefer their version to the Berliners, for the larger amount of personal impulse conveyed. In any case, the playing of Koch on DGG is a low-keyed but powerful incentive for acquiring that disc.
Schubert: Octet in F (Op. 166). Octet of the Berlin Philharmonic. Deutsche Grammophon 19 102, $5.79; stereo 139 102, $5.79.	Ultimates in music of this quality are hard to come by, but it may be said that the performance by Alfred Malacek and his associates is about as clean, rhythmically exact and pure in intonation as one could imagine. That, to be sure, is not the whole story of a successful performance of the Octet, but it puts this one in a category occupied by few others. What separates it from a place of its own in the literature of Schubert is a certain hardness of accent, a resistance to the kind of melting sound appropriate to the superheated ideas. And the horn could sound, certainly, more "golden" than it does performed upon by Gerd Seifert. The net of it all is the best possible performance of Schubert by Berliners—and that is about the only qualification that can be cited. Fine sound.
Schubert: Quartet in G, Op 161. Amadeus Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon 19 103, $5.79; stereo 139 103, $5.79.	The Amadeus Quartet attains its access to the heart as well as the letter of this work by a natural extension of its known sympathies for Haydn and early Beethoven. Taken together, these are the shaping influences in Schubert's chamber music, and the two tributaries are united into a well-directed stream by leader Norbert Brainin. Unlike their previous venture with the *Death and the Maiden* Quartet, in which they were somewhat overmatched by the needs it poses for dramatic statement, they are concerned here with a work whose character throughout is lyric. It comes off with great credit to them and to the technicians who have reproduced their effort so well. —I.K.

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The Verrett-Fasano "Orfeo"

THERE COMES A TIME when an excessive show of antiquarianism plays hob with the music it tries to serve, and the musicologist's scalpel becomes the gravedigger's spade. No doubt RCA Victor, in engaging the Virtuosi di Roma as an instrumental body for its recording of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* (LM 6169, $14.37, stereo LSC-6169, $17.37.), believed that, with the presence of players so sterling in the music of Vivaldi and Corelli, this new album of music by a genius of another age and background would come out a monument of authenticity. Certainly no pains have been spared to make it so. The Ricordi edition of *Orfeo* has been followed to the last dotted eighth-note. Not only are all of the repeats in the ballet music observed by the conductor, Renato Fasano, but also—in the long *da capo* passages—repeats within the repeats. At the same time, printed dynamic markings (presumably spurious) are dispensed with; and the orchestra, sounding strangely abstract, plays mezzo-forte by the meter. It is a pity that Gluck's wonderful opera emerges in this performance as a glassed-in museum piece.

Not only that. It lies in the wrong corridor. The score of *Orfeo ed Euridice*, composed by one historic non-conformist (Gluck) and edited, in the contralto version currently used, by another (Berlioz), bears no more than a wisp of relationship to the ornate concerti grossi of an earlier day in which the Virtuosi di Roma excel. *Orfeo* is a modern work, first heard in Vienna when the child Mozart was already concertizing and revised for Paris (by the composer) some four years after the birth of Beethoven. The libretto does retain—in the use of Greek mythology, the *deus ex machina*, and the finale full of ceremonial pomp—certain features of baroque opera, but these are only vestigial. The basic text of Raniero da Calzabigi—simple, direct and touching—is a far cry from the high-flown symmetry of Metastasio, that talkative imperial poet whose verses were sought so sedulously by court composers prior to Gluck. Calzafigi's libretto, uncomplicated on the surface, is actually a declaration of war against the smothering conventions of the old-fashioned *opera seria*. Gluck's music, too, strikes out on a revolutionary path, the way of free emotion. How else is one to account for the violent accents, the seething tonal drama of that scene in which Orfeo, not daring to look back, leads Euridice from the land of the dead? An over-all classical style, nobility of line, of course, but what geysers within! Those who have heard *Orfeo* in the theater, as conducted by Bruno Walter, or its second act in the recording by Arturo Toscanini know the vibrancy of this score, pedants to the contrary.

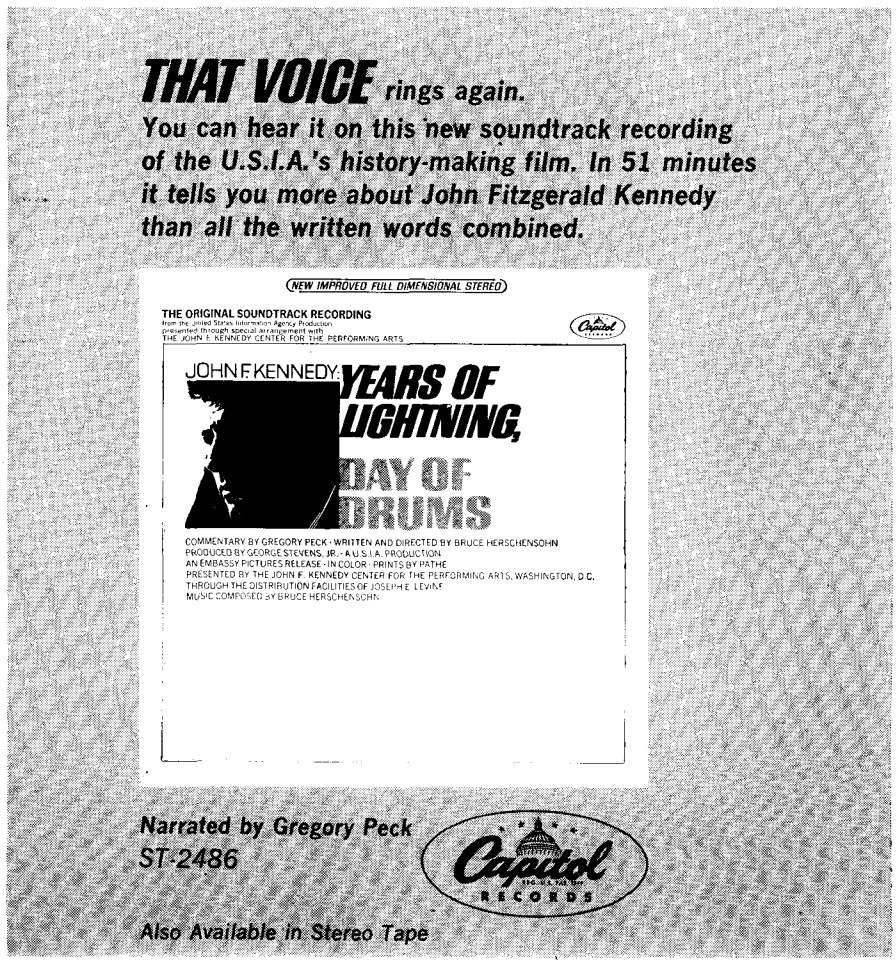
If the new recording of *Orfeo* generates little excitement, it does, however, radiate polish. The playing, *qua* playing, is fine-grained, tasteful, sometimes of a lovely consistency. Much of the dance music in the Elysian Fields carries charm. Yet even here an overly precise reading dries up the lyricism of the famous D-minor tune for flute (one recalls with what passion Georges Barrère would play this solo!). *Orfeo ed Euridice* is no relic. It remains, in our time, the oldest repertory piece, warmly active in the great opera houses of the world. The new recording has been well documented; the album liner contains excellent art work, informative historical notes. It is simply that the musical approach, so lofty by way of intent, has come out frozen.

The three vocal soloists fortunately provide a thaw. Following the Berlioz tradition of entrusting Orfeo to a mezzo-soprano (the role was created at the Vienna premiere by a castrato, Gaetano Guadagni), RCA Victor has cast Shirley Verrett as the minstrel with superb results. Miss Verrett has here discarded the AC-DC timbre which formerly placed her midway between soprano and mezzo in favor of a homogeneous, sculptured quality conveying the full grandeur of the music. It is her best performance thus far on records, and one that promises even more for the living theater.

The chiseled tones of Anna Moffo are well suited to Euridice's classical line in the concerted numbers, and Miss Moffo, an adept stylist, brings good warmth and color to the last-act duet with Orfeo. (She also doubles successfully in the brief aria, "Questo asile di placide calme," assigned to the Happy Shade.) Completing the fine trio of principals is Judith Raskin as Amor, with a voice more rounded than one generally hears in the role . . . yet always in tune with its seraphic appeal.

In short, the disparity between cast and conductor is too great for comfort. No difference of technical address lies in question. Maestro Fasano and his men are distinguished musicians . . . but not of the theater.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Stage and Screen

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Sweet Charity: Music by Cy Coleman, lyrics by Dorothy Fields; Gwen Verdon, John McMartin, Helen Gallagher, Arnold Soboloff, James Luisi and other members of the original Broadway cast, Fred Werner, conducting. Columbia KOL 6500, $5.79; stereo KOS 2900, $6.79.	Cy Coleman's music for *Sweet Charity* rarely achieves real distinction, but it has a saucy, impudent tang that melds perfectly with the cleverly stylish lyrics of Dorothy Fields. The stardust which converts an adequate score into a bubbling, vibrant album is provided by Gwen Verdon—not since the heyday of Judy Holliday has there been such a winning combination of vulgarity, exuberance, warmth, sentiment, humor and great showmanship. John McMartin, Thelma Oliver and Helen Gallagher lead an excellent roster of supporting players.
Hello, Dolly!: Music and lyrics by Jerry Herman; Mary Martin, Loring Smith, Marilynn Lovell, Garrett Lewis, Coco Ramirez, Beverlee Weir, and other members of the original London production cast, Alyn Ainsworth, conducting. RCA Victor LOCD 2007, $5.79; stereo, LSOD 2007, $6.79.	Mary Martin sings *Dolly* "straight," as contrasted with the special, almost stylized concept made famous by Carol Channing. She is no less beguiling in the role, though, and those who are bothered by Miss Channing's mannerisms will rejoice in this alternate version. Unfortunately, Miss Martin's colleagues in the London production lack the spunk and bite, the distinctive voices, the spoofish humor of their Broadway counterparts. A more diffuse quality of recorded sound also makes this overseas *Dolly* seem rather pale alongside the original cast edition.
Man of La Mancha: Music by Mitch Leigh, lyrics by Joe Darion; Richard Kiley, Ray Middleton, Joan Diener, Robert Rounseville, Irving Jacobsen and other members of the original cast, Neil Warner, conducting. Kapp KRL 4505, $4.79; stereo KRS 4505, $5.79.	All the superlatives that have been heaped upon the stage presentation of *Man of La Mancha* will serve nicely to describe the original cast recording. The songs are fresh, the performances zesty, the album totally captivating. Richard Kiley is virile and convincing in the title role, Robert Rounseville provides stout support in the resonant voice department, and Irving Jacobsen is a bundle of raucous delight as the vastly comical Sancho Panza. Joan Diener has a few awkward vocal moments, but on the whole, she, too, contributes a characterization of depth and warm believability.
The Mad Show: Music by Mary Rodgers, lyrics and skits by Marshall Barer, Larry Siegel, Steven Vinaver and Stan Hart; Linda Lavin, MacIntyre Dixon, Jo Anne Worley, Dick Libertini and Paul Sand, with Sam Pottle conducting. Columbia OL 6530, $4.79; stereo OS 2930, $5.79.	Everyone who finds the expression "Eccch!" inordinately amusing, will be pleased to know that *The Mad Show* maintains a similarly lofty level of satire most of the way through. The tunes by Mary Rodgers are serviceable, and the five-member cast struggles gamely against the skits and lyrics of the Messrs. Barer, Siegel, Hart and Vinaver.
Skyscraper: Lyrics by Sammy Cahn, music by James van Heusen; Julie Harris, Peter L. Marshall, Rex Everhart, Dick O'Neill, Charles Nelson Reilly and other members of the original Broadway cast, John Lesko conducting. Capitol VAS 2422, $5.79; stereo SVAS 2422, $6.79.	The Cahn-van Heusen score for *Skyscraper* has many of the attributes of the big city life it celebrates—it is animated, energetic, bustling, and not very endearing. Glitter there is, and hearty ebullience, but it is all strangely impersonal. Julie Harris is effectively brash as the landlady who fervently guards her brownstone against the predatory advances of a wrecking crew, and her enthusiasm is shared by Peter L. Marshall, Charles Nelson Reilly and the other performers in the capable cast.
Doctor Zhivago: the original motion picture score, composed and conducted by Maurice Jarre. MGM 1E 6 ST, $4.79; stereo SIE 6 ST, $5.79.	The talented French composer Maurice Jarre has given his *Doctor Zhivago* music a full measure of Slavic soul, along with a sense of drama. As usual, Jarre has been fairly stingy with original themes, but his numerous variations on the two primary melodies show an inventive touch.
Slender Thread: The original motion picture score, composed and conducted by Quincy Jones. Mercury MG 21070, $3.98; stereo MGS 61070, $4.98.	Following in the successful footsteps of his earlier soundtracks for *Mirage* and *The Pawnbroker*, Quincy Jones has combined elements of jazz, popular and symphonic music into a compelling score. If the quality of the *Slender Thread* music is high, it must be noted that its quantity is limited—each disc side runs something under thirteen minutes.
Nothing Thrilled Us Half As Much: Fred Astaire; "A Foggy Day," "Cheek to Cheek," "A Fine Romance," "Slap That Bass," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," seven more. Epic FLM 13103, $4.79; stereo FLS 15103, $5.79.	If the nostalgia doesn't get you, the marvelous Gershwin, Kern and Berlin tunes will. The familiar voice (and, on occasion, the flying feet) of Fred Astaire are recaptured in this excellently engineered reissue, offering a dozen songs from half that many film musicals of the mid and late Thirties. Most are standards now, so it's all the more joy to hear them in the glow and the sentimentality and, yes, the dated arrangements of the bygone era which gave them birth.
Judith: The original motion picture score, composed and conducted by Sol Kaplan. RCA Victor LOC 1119, $4.79; stereo LSO 1119, $5.79.	Sol Kaplan's music for this adventure-drama set in Israel is somewhat reminiscent (*Exodus* revisited, so to say), but consistently attractive all the same. Sturdy themes in minor mode, sprightly hora rhythms and gentle, reflective passages are skillfully tinged with Near Eastern colors. The blend is both effective and entertaining.
Mary Poppins in French: Music and lyrics by Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman, French lyrics by Rene Lucades: Christiane Legrand and Bob Martin. Buena Vista BV 3335, $3.79. (not available in stereo).	Now that the *Mary Poppins* craze has simmered down a bit, here's just the novelty item to start it bubbling again. Christiane Legrand and Bob Martin are no match for original casters Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke, but they sing with enough charm and elan to make highly agreeable company. As for the tunes, they still have a most engaging lilt, despite some over-jazzy arrangements, and what a distinctive freshness they gain from the unaccustomed tang of the French lyric! In a word, it's Supercalifragilisticexpidelilicieaux. —Robert Sherman.

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The New Preamps

THERE'S a widely held idea—and in a way, a true one—that the best and cheapest way to upgrade the average console phonograph would be to replace its ceramic pickup cartridge with a magnetic one.

It's all quite logical: the weakest links in any phonograph are usually the speakers and the cartridge; it's less expensive to replace a stereo cartridge than to replace two speaker systems with new units of any quality at all; and the ceramic cartridges found in most commercial phonographs not only do not sound as good as the better magnetics, but cause more record wear as well.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing: while all of the above is true, he who simply replaces his ceramic cartridge with a magnetic one is in for a disappointment.

The missing link is the preamplifier, perhaps the least understood section of a high fidelity system. Many owners of high fidelity equipment are unaware that they have one, since in most home systems it is built into the amplifier or receiver. The typical portable or console phonograph has none at all. With a ceramic (or a crystal) cartridge, none is needed, but a magnetic cartridge cannot perform properly without a preamp to perform two important functions: preamplification and equalization.

The output of a magnetic cartridge may be only one-thousandth as great as that of a ceramic, so the preamplifier's first (and most obvious) function is to raise the magnetic's output level until it is sufficient to drive the main amplifier.

Less obvious, but equally important, is equalization. The frequency response of a well-engineered record is never flat. In cutting a record, the level of the bass frequencies is deliberately reduced, and high frequencies are deliberately boosted. If the bass were not cut, the record grooves representing loud bass frequencies would be so wide that the pickup stylus would rattle around erratically. And if the treble were not boosted, it would be veiled by the hiss of surface noise found on even the best-made records.

Of course, in playback the diminished bass frequencies must be restored and the augmented treble tones reduced, to restore the original tonal balance of the record. So long as the record equalization—the pattern of bass cut and treble boost—is known precisely, it is possible to apply inverse equalization in playback, and arrive at natural-sounding reproduction once again.

For just about a decade, virtually all long-playing records have been cut with standardized equalization, the Record Industry Association of America's RIAA curve, and all modern phonograph preamplifiers are built to match this curve in playback.

A few years ago, however, the situation was chaotic, with many record companies using equalization curves of their own. Preamplifiers in those days had separate "turnover" and "rolloff" controls for bass boost and treble cut respectively, and serious listeners pored over charts in *SR* (then *SRL*) and other record publications to learn which of perhaps sixteen or more possible settings was the proper one to use with a particular disc.

But ceramic cartridges have a naturally sloping frequency response, with a strong bass and a drooping treble that come close to matching the standard playback curve. Hence, most of them need no equalization. Since virtually all component high fidelity systems – and a growing number of packaged phonographs—do have equalized, preamplified phono inputs, there are ceramics of good quality that are designed to work with just such systems, but will not work properly with phonographs lacking a preamplifier/equalizer.

There would seem to be a need for a compact, inexpensive preamplifier that need only be plugged in to adapt any phonograph for use with magnetic cartridges—and just such preamplifiers exist. Best known, and most widely available, is General Electric's Model UPX 003C, small enough to be tucked away conveniently in nearly any console.

Both magnetic and ceramic cartridges are miniature generators, converting the mechanical energy of the needle's movement within the groove into electrical energy. Euphonics, a new name in high fidelity, has come up with a cartridge that is neither magnetic, ceramic, nor a generator. Their "semiconductor" cartridge is a modulator: stylus motion does not generate electrical energy, but controls the flow of electricity from an external power supply. As a result, the Euphonics unit has output as high as that of any ceramic cartridge, yet causes as little record wear as a magnetic. Sonotone; long known for ceramic cartridges, has just announced two new cartridges of a similar principle for later this year.

—IVAN BERGER.

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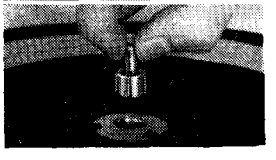

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THE OTHER SIDE

Menuhin at Fifty

LONDON.

BRITAIN'S MUSIC LOVERS are much concerned with the fiftieth birthday anniversary of Yehudi Menuhin on April 22. The anniversary was celebrated with a special family concert at the Festival Hall to aid the violinist's school for gifted young musicians, as well as by some new HMV discs. While he still retains his American citizenship—which forfends calling him Sir Yehudi, though, having been an integral part of British musical life for many years now, he was awarded the KBE last year—the almost unique affection in which he is held here is something much more personal than the adulation customarily accorded a great instrumental virtuoso.

Indeed, the Menuhin of today is far more than a top virtuoso. Out of what must have been an agonizing personal crisis in the Fifties, when he seemed at war with his instrument, there has emerged a new Menuhin, a "whole man" and complete musician, no longer interested in pyrotechnics but leading a full, rich life as solo violinist, chamber music player, conductor, teacher, organizer of music festivals and a friend to all who share his love of the art. He is also one of the most articulate of musicians, as we know from countless radio and TV programs, from lectures and discussions, and now from a wholly delightful disc issued by HMV under the title *Menuhin at Fifty*.

Here, contained in a folder crowded with nostalgic photographs, we find Menuhin tracing his career from its earliest, precocious beginnings to the present day. The narration is copiously illustrated by recordings covering a span of thirty-eight years—it ends with a Mozart sonata movement in which he is teamed with his son Jeremy, age fourteen. Among the many treasured excerpts from old discs is one from the Elgar Concerto, which the sixteen-year-old Menuhin recorded in 1932 under the composer's direction; now, after a gap of more than a generation, he has recorded the work anew with Sir Adrian Boult and the New Philharmonia. It is a splendid disc of a beautiful work, and HMV has underlined the link with the historical Menuhin/Elgar collaboration by juxtaposing a famous photograph taken of the boy with the aged composer on the steps of the Abbey Road studio with one of Menuhin and Boult posed on the identical spot.

HMV's third Menuhin recording is devoted to chamber music: with sister Hephzibah and cellist Maurice Gendron as partners, he plays the two Beethoven trios, Op. 70, but the performances are curiously lopsided in that the strings frequently overpower the keyboard.

Other current EMI issues include sturdy, Klemperer-directed performances of Mozart Symphonies 29 and 33, an impressive Schubert coupling—Sonatas in A minor, D.784, and C minor, D.958—by Hans Richter-Haaser—and a splendid reissue of some Handel Harpsichord Suites, recorded in 1935 by Wanda Landowska. There is also another disc in the series "Great Cathedral Organs" featuring the instrument of Llandaff Cathedral in Wales and its resident organist, Robert Joyce, in a fine program of music by Bach, Brahms, Liszt, Vaughan Williams and William Mathias. For those who like ceremonial, HMV has issued a recording of last December's 900th anniversary service at Westminster Abbey (omitting the sermon, which comes enclosed with the disc as a separate leaflet), while the choir and organist of St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Edinburgh, contribute a collection of music suitable for Eastertide.

THE Furtwängler-directed set of *Die Walküre* has now been reissued in HMV's inexpensive Everyman Opera series but, for all its orchestral splendor and a recording that still sounds admirable, the performance cannot compare with the same conductor's *Tristan* because the cast (Mödl/Frantz/Rysanek/Suthaus/Klose/Frick) leaves a good deal to be desired. Yet another reissue features the popular oratorio soprano of a generation ago, Isobel Baillie, in the kind of repertoire that made her famous: Purcell, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Elgar and Dyson. Miss Baillie was particularly admired in her day for her pure, boyish timbre, and this is well in evidence in these recordings, which date mainly from the Forties. Her technique, on the other hand, frequently sounds roughhewn compared to that of many a present-day practitioner—the revival of interest in the bel canto repertoire, for which Callas can claim much of the credit, has certainly improved standards of execution during the past ten or fifteen years.

This repertoire is much to the fore in recent Decca-group releases, not only in two Sutherland collections devoted, respectively, to music by Bellini and Verdi

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(drawn from complete opera recordings and earlier, miscellaneous sets), but also thanks to new collections by Montserrat Caballé and Marilyn Horne. Caballé's Bellini/Donizetti recital, recorded in London last summer and already issued in the United States by RCA, contains some ravishing singing, notably in the final scene from *Il Pirata*. Miss Horne's two-disc album, recorded in Geneva with the Suisse Romande under the direction of her husband, Henry Lewis, is an extremely ambitious venture which reveals the American mezzo-soprano's remarkable gifts as well as her limitations. The program, which is full of interest, concerns itself with the repertoire of the two celebrated daughters of Manuel Garcia: Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot. Rossini is the composer most represented—including the marvelous "Willow Song" from his *Otello* and the suave "Di tanti palpiti" from *Tancredi*, as well as more familiar items from *Il Barbiere*, *Semiramide* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*. But Miss Horne also performs excerpts from *Alceste*, *Orphée*, *Fidelio*, Bellini's *I Capuleti ed I Montecchi*, Gounod's *Sapho* (very fine, this), *Le Prophete* and *Il Trovatore*. She is a compelling rather than an ingratiating singer, and she does not sound entirely happy when delving into the dramatic soprano repertoire (e.g. "Abscheulicher!" or "Divinités du Styx"). Her Azucena lacks dramatic conviction, but much of the singing is magnificently accomplished, stylish, and musical.

Yet another Decca issue which attaches itself to the apron-strings of a nineteenth-century legend is Elisabeth Söderström's recital of *Jenny Lind Songs*. This is a pleasant but fairly innocuous collection of mainly Swedish and German material with which the "Swedish Nightingale" was wont to delight her public, but not the kind of program I would have chosen to display her very considerable vocal and histrionic talents to the best advantage.

Piano virtuosity on an exalted level can be found in Katchen's latest Brahms disc, featuring the familiar Handel and Paganini Variations, and even more strikingly in an RCA issue by Raymond Lewenthal devoted to the music of the nineteenth-century French composer, Charles-Valentin Alkan. This is a truly astonishing piece of special pleading, bringing to vivid life a figure of whom many of us had barely been aware—a mere name one came across in books devoted to other musicians of the period. Though the music is splendidly compelling in its romantic flamboyance and dazzling in its exploitation of the instrument's tonal range, its long neglect is not difficult to understand, for Alkan's keyboard writing is of a kind that would daunt the courage even of some of the world's most accomplished practitioners.

From the associated Argo label comes *The Happy Prince*, an attractive children's opera based on Oscar Wilde's fairy tale which Malcolm Williamson—a gifted, young Australian, resident in this country—wrote and composed for last year's Farnham Festival (an annual event involving boys and girls from schools in that part of Surrey). The opera was designed entirely for performance by girls, including several travesti roles, but the recording—presumably intended as a model for those wishing to perform the work, as well as for simple enjoyment—uses mainly professional singers (among them April Cantelo and Maureen Lehane), plus students from the Guildhall School of Music; the accompaniment is for piano duet (the composer and Richard Rodney Bennett), percussion and optional string quintet. This delightful score of about forty minutes' duration, which should not be too difficult for any musically enterprising school, we owe to a combination of local initiative and industrial patronage. (The Festival, which has already commissioned works from a number of leading composers, was founded in 1963 by the joint efforts of the Rector of Farnham and the musical director of the local Grammar School; the Watney Mann brewery provided the financial backing). Also on Argo there is a brilliant and immensely entertaining harp recital by Marisa Robles, a young and beautiful virtuoso, whose program is wholly devoted to music from her native Spain.

From a more-than-usually interesting CBS list—and this is a company whose releases always tend to the adventurous—only the latest Stravinsky disc, the fine *Baiser de la fée*, and the Casals set of Brandenburg Concertos have so far reached me. What a strange mixture the latter are, with all their idiosyncrasies of tempo and phrasing and their almost aggressive disregard of eighteenth-century performing practice, yet at the same time so heartwarmingly alive and full of youthful vitality. With an artist close on ninety, like Casals, a refusal to take into account the research of the past fifty years is at least understandable. But when a young conductor like Lorin Maazel adopts a similar, nineteenth-century-based stance—as evidenced in his recent Philips albums of the Brandenburg Concertos, the Orchestral Suites and the B-minor Mass—it suggests either a sheer lack of interest in and respect for the composer or simply the arrogance of a prima donna who thinks that "instinct" can dispense with knowledge. Of course, scholarship is no substitute for musical vitality, but there is no reason on earth why the two should not go hand in hand, producing performances which are both invigorating *and*, as far as possible, grammatically accurate!

—Thomas Heinitz.

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John Cage

Continued from page 63

free to do so, enter into the performance of this."

And with that brief, shall we say, score, the performers proceed to create the piece. The notation is obviously merely a graph to indicate place and movement of performers in the spaces available. It has nothing to do with sound; that element is strictly improvised, and Cage draws on a large mass of prerecorded tapes, short-wave radios, electronic circuits, amplified conversations of the audience, and plane noises.

The version available here was recorded live at the Feigen-Palmer Gallery in Los Angeles. It was a "happening," and unfortunately we must miss the visual fun. The four movements, all told taking over thirty minutes, have subtitles which were not given by Cage and to which he objects long and strenuously. They are: *Arrivals (7 PM to 8 PM); Small Talk (8 PM to 9 PM); After 3 Martinis (9 PM to 10 PM);* and *Departures (10 PM to 11 PM).* But, what matter, since the sky is the limit? Stereo here is absolutely essential, and the two channels bring an infinite number of unrelated bits and pieces of assorted music and fragments of unrelated verbiage: snatches of Schubert, telephone bells, jazz, Christmas carols, traffic noises, static, a receding train, a Mexican tune, comments—"Is this the first time you have loved?"—Moussorgsky and other operatic bits, sound effects, wild screams, Chopin, the *Blue Danube,* even a fragment of that famous aleatoric wonder Florence Foster Jenkins, and then Ravel's *Bolero*—whoops, just a few measures. The result is a collage, a device quite accepted among painters.

It's all good fun, and like other works of Cage when given in the framework of more conventional concerts such as those of the New York Philharmonic, invariably activates that rare old bird which stalks out of concerts—the *Toqued and Sometimes Feathered Ostentatious Huff.*

Perhaps more than any other living composer, Cage holds up an auditory mirror of the sound of music about us. While caught in a massive traffic jam on New York's East River Drive, I thought of Cage. On my car radio I caught bits of *Parsifal* interrupted by static, news broadcasts and rock-'n'-roll smothered in engine sounds from near cars, the roar of traffic, boat whistles, and other assorted noise. Cage came to mind at once. He has a validity that both disturbs and indicts.

Fontana Mix has been recorded before on a Time disc with the voice of the remarkable Cathy Berberian superimposed. I have also heard her perform it in concerts, and it is brilliant and colorful, hitting points of high humor. The electronic background alone seems dull and pointless.

Mimaroglu's *Agony* is not at all painful. It is an inventive, all-electronic abstraction. I said not at all painful to human ears, but if you play it for your pet cat or dog, you'll probably hear from the ASPCA.

Visage of Luciano Berio is a twenty-one-minute work combining the voice of Cathy Berberian with electronic sounds. Berio regards *Visage* as a sound track for an unwritten drama. It is certainly better left unwritten, because it would never pass the censors nor find itself on the recommended list of approved discs for children. It makes the Marat/Sade madness sound conventional. At times it is an auditory bedroom farce. (Do you remember "John and Marcia"?) It is a wild, hilarious, imaginative, and lewd work. It could perhaps be referred to as *Ludis Tonalis,* with apologies to Hindemith. Yet for all its brilliance, it simply goes on too long. Berio is enormously inventive and can evoke at moments an eerie out-of-this-worldness. His combination of voice and electronic sound is some of the best that has as yet been produced, and the star, Cathy Berberian, is magnificent.

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 65

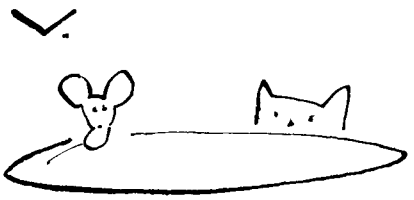
ulation of the other. Add Gerald Moore as the ideal adjutant, and the tripartite requirements for an historic issue are fulfilled.

Ives by Bernstein

IVES: *Symphony No. 3; Central Park in the Dark; Decoration Day; The Unanswered Question. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (assisted in Central Park in the Dark by Seiji Ozawa and Maurice Peress).* Columbia ML 6243, $4.79; stereo MS 6843, $5.79.

Ivesians who are grieved by the deletion of Symphony No. 2 (see page 75) may derive a measure of consolation from the appearance of this probing collection by Bernstein and the Philharmonic. For those who have found Ives something less than the most phonogenic of composers—the requirement for clarity in the perception of his deliberately unclear images being on the order of indispensable—it may be cheering news that this is one of the best-sounding of all Ives recordings.

My special reference here is to side 2, on which are concentrated the three shorter works of the total sequence. One



of these—*The Unanswered Question*—is perhaps the best realized of all Ives's conceptions, with its special quality of cosmology blended with a beautifully dense accompanying sound to the solo trumpet. Bernstein sustains it superbly, and the playing is of equally high quality. He also propels both other pieces to their pre-destined clash of aural images, a kind of formula (some might call it a gimmick) which had best not be heard twice in succession.

As for the Symphony, which is subtitled *The Camp Meeting,* a valuation of it depends much on whether one believes Ives deliberately set out to be obscure and vague, or whether this is a derivative of his inability to express himself otherwise (in this particular work). My feeling is that it is just not very good music, or particularly good Ives—which is no indictment of the quality of the recreation. That certainly, is all purpose and efficiency.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 7, 5, 2, 1, 10, 8, 12, 3, 11 9, 4, 6.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Columbia Cut Outs

I WOULD LIKE to bring to your readers' attention Columbia's recent deletion of over fifty records from their catalogue, including Bruno Walter's conducting of Mahler's Fourth Symphony, The Carter First String Quartet, the Schoenberg-conducted Pierrot Lunaire, and, of all things, the Ives Second Symphony under Bernstein. Columbia records is particularly notorious for deleting valuable old records, but the elimination of so popular a record as the Ives Second Symphony is a mystery to me.

This dilemma becomes particularly acute with respect to modern music. The irreplaceable complete Schoenberg piano music played by Steuermann has been deleted within the past year, as have the Berg and Schoenberg Violin Concertos played by Louis Krassner. William Masselos' recording of the Ives First Piano Sonata, and Kirkpatrick's recording of the Second Sonata are also currently unavailable.

I urge every responsible record collector to write Columbia and protest, for not even a giant enterprise like CBS can afford to remain aloof from public opinion.

ERIC J. WULFERT.

New York, N.Y.

The Voice of Kuhse

IN THE FEBRUARY 26 ISSUE of SR you carried a brief account of Hanne-Lore Kuhse's recording of the *Four Last Songs* of Strauss. You point out that Eterna Bestell-Nr. recordings are "not readily available for purchase." I have attempted to order this record in Los Angeles shops, but no one seems able to help. Would you be kind enough to tell me where I might write?

JOHN M. STEWART.

Pasadena, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As of now the records are not available outside East Germany.*

The Products of Piracy

In your recent article you referred to "Private Editions" for hard-to-get phonograph recordings. We are most anxious to know more about that label. Where may we purchase it? How can we get on the mailing list?

HELEN KENNEDY, Head,
Phonograph Record Section,
Long Beach Public Library.

Long Beach, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To this query, and all the others provoked by the discussion of "Piracy on the High C's" we must note that the information is not ours to disclose.*

Williams on Simone

YOUR ISSUE of March 12 contained an article titled "Mostly About Pianists" by Martin Williams. In it he says that if Nina Simone has ever appeared on national television, he is unaware of it. I would like to inform him that she has appeared two or three times on the Lloyd Thaxton Show, at least twice on the Merv Griffin show, and once that I know of on the Johnny Carson *Tonight* show (there may have been other appearances; as a full-time college student, I don't often stay up late).

Mr. Williams also says he doesn't know where Miss Simone's appeal lies. Miss Si-

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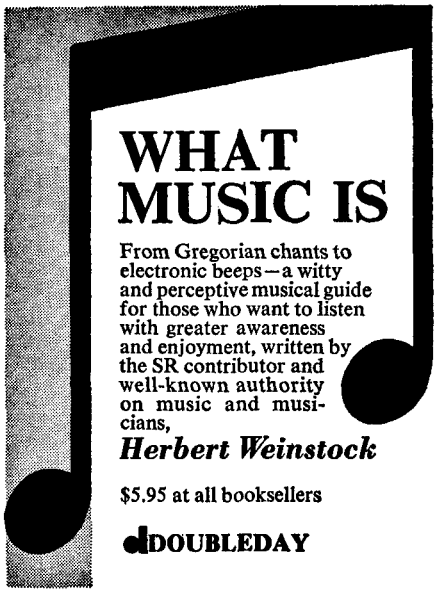

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mone is one of the top female vocalists, in my opinion. Her low, earthy voice comes across with sincerity and strong emotions.

MICHAEL BRAKE.

Mesa, Ariz.

Artists vs. Singers

LIKE CHARITY, the word "artist" covers a multitude of sins and means different things to different people. I consider Callas an artist just as I consider Nilsson, Sutherland, de los Angeles and a good many other sopranos artists. All of them have their own individual strengths and weaknesses. I find it difficult to understand, however, how Mr. Linthicum, [in his letter to the Recordings Editor of March 26] after giving his own idea of an artist ("the term artist implies complete command of every aspect of operatic performance-vocal coloration, etc . . ."), grants the title only to Callas, whose command of a quarter of her range is problematical to say the least, and whose "coloration" from G up is confined to a hollow, unfocused wobble.

Technical facility can easily blind one to other aspects of a singer's art, and as Nilsson's apparent ease in the use of a big and not obviously "warm" voice has led many to think of her as a "cold" singer, so Miliza Korjus' impeccable execution of fioritura blinded many to the fact that her singing was most artistic along with the fireworks. I heard her sing some lieder as encores, and the simplicity and taste with which they were executed might well have served as object lessons to some well-known lieder "experts." Her recording of "One Day When We Were Young" could teach many established singers a good deal about legato singing and what *can* be done with a musical trifle.

ROBERT B. DAFLER.

Richmond, Ind.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 48

dience to "Save this beautiful house"; it passed though Licia Albanese all but kissed the stage floor as she patted it affectionately; it passed as conductors from Molinari-Pradelli to Rudolf to Schick, Varviso, Cleva, Rosenstock, Mehta, Leinsdorf, Kurt Adler and Prêtre exchanged batons, in relay team formation, from one group of excerpts to the next. For where the company goes, there also go the standards. The given value, in this oddly inconvenient, unquestionably difficult and withal unforgettable place was the power of the human voice, to arouse, to excite, to inspire. Whatever it may be in the next arena, it will be different. If we are fortunate, it will be as good; if we are thrice blessed, it will be better. But it will be, as Rudolf Bing said in his blissfully short but effective words of greeting, "a future to which the Metropolitan can look forward with confidence." That is written in the stars, human as well astrological, under which, as one epoch ends, another begins.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 77)

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ASPEN WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Colorado, June-September. In residence: Donald Barthelme, fiction; Robert Creeley, poetry; staff of seven. Fiction, poetry, playwriting. Brochure: AWW, 855 West End, NYC 10025.

33rd WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 24th through August 5th, 1966. Juvenile Writing-Ellen Wilson; Novel-Mildred Walker; Poetry-Rolfe Humphries; Short Story-Edwin L. Peterson; Nonfiction-William E. Wilson; Article Writing-Edward Weeks; Book Reviewing-Stanton Peckham. Write: Margaret Robb, Director, Hellems 122W, University of Colorado, Boulder.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 seeking liberal arts education. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two week seminars on campus twice yearly with *independent study at home. Openings in new cycles* starting in July 1966 and January 1967. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

GENUINE OIL PAINTING of your favorite scene (landscape, seascape, snow, travel) hand-painted from your colored print or slide. 16 x 20 inch canvas panel, $39.95; 18 x 24 inch stretched canvas, $59.95. Mail check with scene. Satisfaction guaranteed (scene safely returned). Brookside Enterprises, P.O. Box 7061, Kansas City, Missouri 64113.

THE SCHOOL OF LETTERS, Indiana University, 1966-67, Summer, Fall and Spring Courses on the graduate level in the theory and practice of Literary Criticism, including work toward advanced degrees in Criticism, English Literature and Comparative Literature. Summer Courses by: Glauco Cambon, Makoto Ueda, Walter J. Ong, S.J., David Wagoner, R. W. B. Lewis, Francis Fergusson. Scholarships available to qualified students for both summer session and regular academic year. Address inquiries to: The School of Letters, Indiana University, 208 South Indiana Avenue, Bloomington, Indiana 47403.

PERSONALS

BALKAN SUPREME Pipe Tobacco: World-famous blend. Yenidje, Mahalla, Latakia, Cavendish. No artificial flavoring. Price? Very popular. Why? Direct from factory. Send 25¢ for sample. Atlas Blending Corp., 20 East 30th Street, NYC 10016.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITER'S WORKSHOP — July 4th-July 22nd. Workshop director, Dr. Stanley Koehler, professor of English, University of Massachusetts, will teach Poetry Section; Nonfiction led by Dr. Martin Light, Purdue University; Fiction will be under Miss Cynthia Ozick; Seminar in Playwriting under Kirk Willis, resident director, Chautauqua Repertory Theater. Special feature will be class in Young People's Creative Writing under Dr. Light for high school and college students. Dr. Koehler will conduct Seminar in contemporary religious poetry from July 25th-29th. Academic credit through Writer's Workshop is available by enrolling in Chautauqua Center of Syracuse University. Special events at Chautauqua include 21 symphony concerts, plays and operas, recitals, art shows, lectures, golf, tennis and all water sports on beautiful Lake Chautauqua. For brochures, write Joseph C. Clarke, Director of Education, Department SR, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N.Y. 14722.

VIOLINIST, VIOLIST, CELLIST for Franconia College Summer Concerts June 22nd-August 30th. Coaching by experienced professionals. Salary plus room and board. Larry Lemmel, Franconia College, Franconia, N.H.

FASCINATING BIRD BOOK. This big "Birds of Australia" book has more than 70 full-color large photographs, including such unusual, exotic, beautiful birds in native habitat as the Lorikeet, Crimson Rosella, Boobook Owl, Lyrebird, Kookaburra, 65 others; with full descriptions, big map of Australia. 16" x 11", 44 pages. A permanent, colorful, fascinating addition to your library. Comes to you from Melbourne by Sea Mail. Send only $2 to Bird Book, The Australian, SR, 230 West 41st Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

COME TO ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SCHOOL on Zodiac, Reincarnation, Karma and Arts. 16 lectures, 24 classes, $45.00. August 19th-27th. See Rudolf Steiner, Encyclopedia Britannica, 1962. Riesen, 419 Vliet, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212.

SINGERS, MUSICIANS, BALLERINAS wanted for N.J. appearances. Nonprofessional. Write: Grand Opera Foundation, 155 Washington Avenue, Dumont, N.J.

MONACO, anyone? For the first time in about 400 years, something new has been added to a regular deck of Playing Cards, creating a new family of card games. At least one word can be made with ANY TWO cards in the deck without repeating a word. WOW! See what our $10,000 challenge is all about. 2 deck box, including booklet of rules, $3.00 postpaid. Single deck $1.75. Combo Playing Cards, Inc., 2408 Guardian Building, 500 Griswold Street, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

AFRICAN CARVINGS, TRIBAL MASKS. Free Brochure. Verkaufen Imports, Box 137, LeMars, Iowa 51031.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "How to Write a Resume," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

OPERATE LUCRATIVE Information Service (Research). It's terrific! Free literature. Career Aids, 119 11th Avenue, San Francisco, California 94118.

PORTRAITS OF CHARACTER—Charcoal and pastel portraits from photos. Samuel Prager, 3417 General Pershing Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70125.

"DISTINCTIVE GIFTS"—most fascinating gift catalogue you ever saw. Write HOWARD'S, 28 East Jackson, Suite 1204-SR, Chicago 60604.

CUM PLAY CUM QUOITS. Indoor ring toss game that amuses and challenges. $3.00 postpaid. Ann Moore, Blowing Rock, N.C.

MOTHER'S DAY French fine linen towel, colorful, original cartoon, "Too many cooks . . ." Display, use. $2.95. Catalogue. Maureen Gifts, POB 28, Smoketown, Pennsylvania 17576.

ARTS-HUMANITIES "Grants Indicators #1"—Planned categories and dollar amounts. How to apply to U.S. Arts Foundation. $2. "Grants," 115 5th Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

PERSONALS

WANTED: Young woman, 20-35, competent, intelligent, attractive. Interesting, low-pay, part-time summer job. New and used bookstore with some arts, crafts, recordings. Aardvark Books, 213 East Holly Street, Bellingham, Washington 98225.

COLLEGE JUNIOR, FEMALE, personable, desires interesting summer position. Box R-985.

PARISIENNE, youthful 40, university educated, experienced traveler, international beachcomber, member of Explorer's Society, writer, driver, deep water sailor, cook, independent original spirit, will share expedition in sunnier countries with serious partners. Box S-226.

SOCIAL PURPOSE needed by successful executive, 34. Phi Bete. Family. Box S-277.

17, COLLEGE-BOUND, desires scenery change—wants work, travel. Charles Skrief, International Falls, Minnesota.

COED, EDUCATION MAJOR, qualified lifesaver, seeks child care with interesting family. Seashore or travel. Must exchange references. Box S-258.

COLLEGE JUNIOR seeks summer job crewing on yacht. Box S-269.

GIRL WITH OWN HORSE wishes summer job as teacher or groom. References. 201-567-8254 or write Box S-241.

ENGLISH M.A., 23, teaching experience, seeks interesting summer employment, Washington, D.C. area. Will type, tutor, write, anything. Box S-270.

SUMMER SITTER, 16, seeking job with travel. Interests music, dance, drama. Responsible with children. Kate Draper, Box S-267.

COLLEGE MALE desires summer employment in technical theater. Must clear $350. References. Box S-255.

RETAIL PASTE-UP LAYOUT, copy, graphics, trouble-shooting. 12 years' experience. Available midsummer. State requirements first letter. Box S-239.

MALE STUDENT, 20, seeks summer employment in Paris. Box S-245.

IVY LEAGUE college junior—intelligent, versatile, desires creative summer employment. Box S-238.

MOTHERS—Senior girl, traveled, experienced children, 2-4 week summer aide. References. Box S-259.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, B.A. philosophy, NDEA '66-67, nothing for summer. Do anything, anywhere. Box S-230.

MEDICAL STUDENT—Accompany travelers abroad, elsewhere. Aide, child care. Box S-248.

HAVE YOU INTERESTING JOB for enthusiastic college coed? Photographer, experienced children. Box S-262.

GRADUATE STUDENT, MALE, 24, seeks interesting summer work—Europe, South America. Salary secondary. Tutoring experience. Familiar travel, Europe. Social science/humanities background. Spanish, German, some Portuguese, Italian. Box S-250.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WILL INTERMEDIATE GRADE TEACHERS, new or used, suffering from tedium teaching and overripe salary schedules, but with a dogged liking for children, please apply to Norman Roseman, The School in Rose Valley, Moylan, Pennsylvania, for a progressive solution to their ills.

HOUSEKEEPER: Cultured, refined lady to take complete charge of recent widower's home. Live in middle sized central Michigan city. Light housekeeping, light cooking. No washing, laundering or ironing. One daughter attending local college. Non-smoker able to drive automobile preferred. Own private quarters in luxury home with private bath and television. Good salary with fringe benefits. Lady of good appearance, mature, approximately 35 to 55 years. This is an excellent and permanent position. Write Box S-133 giving experience, education and background, salary expected, phone number and recent snapshot if available.

SUMMER JOBS in the Rockies! Over 2,000 resorts, dude ranches, camps, construction companies, national parks, etc. shown in Rocky Mountain Summer Employment Guide. Also: how to get free transportation and information on summer stewardess positions (U.S. and overseas). Hurry, most hiring done in April and May. Only $3.00. University Publications, Dept. A21, Box 6013, Denver, Colorado 80206. Money-back guarantee!

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

HOUSEPARENTS: Couple without dependent children needed for private coeducational school serving adolescents. Challenging experience in community living and working with young people. Year-round employment, good salary, vacation and fringe benefits. Contact Executive Assistant, George Junior Republic, Freeville, N.Y. Phone: 607-844-3114.

STUDENTS, 2, senior or graduate, July, August. Supervision three daughters, 10-14 years, Pocono summer home commuting Philadelphia physicians. $50 week each. Swimming pool. Private rooms, bath. Box S-141.

WANTED: Summer employment. All around experienced group counselor for challenging work with emotionally disturbed children in residential day camping program. Must have own living accommodations. June 27th to August 26th. Write or call: Mr. William Rosenblatt, ACSW, Group Work Supervisor, Children's Village, 1680 Albany Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut. Telephone 236-4511, Ext 238.

MANHATTAN PUBLISHER'S Publicity Department seeks young woman with brains and good typing for interesting, permanent job with good future. No experience required. Box S-279.

WRITER WANTED. Major management magazine in dire need of creative writer to back up promotion director and produce sales presentations, collateral materials and publicity on occasion. Interested and qualified? Write Box S-223.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, architect's office, university community, college background required. Please send resume to P.O. Box 178, Ithaca, New York.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT—Virginia museum publications department. College graduate, English major, knowledge of static and performing arts. Skilled writer; fast, accurate typist (must double as departmental secretary). Box S-265.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. Gracious southern brick Colonial. 4 secluded acres. 12 rooms. Structurally excellent. Needs wave of paint brush. $65,000. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

GUILFORD, VERMONT—Secluded camp in lovely wooded area overlooking Green River. Large fireplace, bathroom, half-story sleeping deck. $9,500. Telephone 802-254-5145.

BERKSHIRES. Lovely 1810 country home. Magnificent views—acreage. 14 rooms, 4 baths, 3 fireplaces. $39,500. Box S-289.

For Sale—Furnished

SOUTH WINDSOR, MAINE—Small, winterized unique house. $8,000. SR Box S-254.

For Rent

FOR RENT: Small cottage, Long Island estate. Ideal for retired couple fond of animals. Box S-263.

For Rent—Furnished

MARYLAND EASTERN SHORE. New waterfront all-electric, year-round lodge. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Fishing, boating, waterfowl and deer hunting. Seasonal or yearly lease available. Write McKinney, Kirn Burn, Worton, Maryland 21678.

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA. Luxuriously furnished, 3 and 4 bedroom houses on private estate near Homestead Hotel. Call or write for brochure. Clarkson and Wallace. Inc., Warm Springs, Virginia. Telephone Hot Springs 839-2632.

MAUI, HAWAII. Amid coconut palms, a 1 bedroom Tahitian style cottage $250 monthly; 2 bedroom lodge, $350; full kitchens, completely modern. 3 bedroom modern home, dishwasher, washer-drier, perfect for 2-3 vacationing couples, $500. All elegantly furnished, on excellent swimming beaches, near shopping and airport. Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

AUTHOR'S SKI AND SUMMER LODGE. Beautifully situated southern Vermont woodland. Brook, mountain view, large natural swimming pool. Fully equipped. Extra cabin also furnished. Available to September 1967. Private use only. 203-259-6234. Box S-235.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

CONIFER, LAKE KEZAR, LOVELL, MAINE. Housekeeping cottages, completely modernized. Secluded, 200 wooded acres, private beach. $125 per week.

BERKSHIRE HILLS. 1 bedroom farm cottage, furnished, conveniences. Breathtaking views, splendid seclusion. June through September. $185 month. Season rates. Box R-596.

PUTNEY, VERMONT—July first to November first. Peaceful, hilltop modern house, 2 bedrooms. $800. J. Case, Putney, Vermont.

HOUSE AND SAILBOAT. Maine peninsula. Music Festival. Furnished. June to October. $700 per month or part. Kennedy, Gates Mills, Ohio 44040.

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA. 6/15-9/15. $1,000. 4 bedroom, antique-furnished, air-conditioned, remodeled farmhouse. 1½ acres, woods. Box S-163.

CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, MAINE. Cottage, 3 bedrooms, fireplace, modern conveniences. Golf, sandy beach. July, August. SR Box S-106.

TWO RENOVATED FARMHOUSES near Appalachian Gap. Swimming on premises, golf nearby. Each $125 first week, $100 succeeding. Star Mountain Farms, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

SOUTHERN NOVA SCOTIA. 3 bedroom family cottage, fully equipped. Overlooks Tusket River and Islands and sea. July, August; $250 per month. References required. Box S-153.

VERMONT—NEAR JEFFERSONVILLE. Enjoy restful summer—modern home perfectly equipped. 8 acres of privacy—glorious views. 3 double bedrooms plus dorm. 2 baths, fireplaces, terrace. $1,200. Long season. Putziger, 132 Chestnut Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

SAN FRANCISCO TOWN HOUSE. Elegant, Pacific Heights. 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths, deck. Fully equipped. Maid, garden service. Family preferred. $500 month. June 20th-August 20th. 2949 Divisadero Street, California 94123.

CAPE COD COTTAGES—Seasonal to bimonthly. $390-$1,000 monthly. Covering several seashore villages and towns. For detailed descriptions, write or call Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. D, Orleans Center, Massachusetts. Phone 617-255-0552.

SOUTHERN VERMONT award winning ski lodge, mountain stream under entrance, waterfall, swimming pond. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. Low off-season rental. Box S-234.

SWANS ISLAND, MAINE—4 bedroom, 2 bath, furnished home. $375 month, $700 season.
COTTAGE, bathroom, sleeps 5. $275 month, $500 season. Box S-242.

GREEK ISLANDS IN AEGEAN. 6 bedroom home. Terraces. Whole or part of house by week or month. Box S-256.

MAINE ISLAND, furnished house on beach. 6 bedrooms, washer, freezer. $600 per month. Box S-282.

MAGNOLIA, MASSACHUSETTS. Charming vacation spot, 3 minutes walk to beach. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Very modern conveniences. Porch, garden. From June-September. SR Box S-244.

VERMONT—New chalet, fully furnished. Lakes nearby. Week, month. Guiles, 73 Lafayette Avenue, Hempstead, New York.

PROFESSOR'S SPACIOUS 4 bedroom home in Washington, D.C., near Georgetown, available July. Quiet neighborhood, on bluffs above Potomac River. $275. Write Box S-275.

STOWE—Chalets viewing Mt. Mansfield—long or short term. Swimming and tennis. Area 18 hole golf and summer theater. Logwood, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

HOUSE WANTED

SMALL, YEAR-ROUND HOUSE near the sea, for eventual retirement. Box S-156.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

VERMONT. Midtown Montpelier studio apartment, excellent libraries, $75 monthly. MOUNTAIN CABIN, private pond, all conveniences, $75 weekly. Box S-221.

For Summer Rental

PUTNEY, VERMONT—apartment, country home, 100 acre scenic site, modern facilities, accommodates two. Contact R. W. Ellis.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

90th AND CPW, NYC. Cooperative apartments in newly renovated brownstone. Occupancy 10/66. Elevator. 2 bedroom, 1½ bathroom apartment, $5,500 down payment, $195 maintenance, substantial tax savings. Also 1½ room studio, ground floor front, suitable professional-living, $2,500 down payment, $105 maintenance. 212-WA 7-1780 after 8 p.m.

APARTMENT WANTED

Unfurnished

NYC APARTMENT—Mother/2 school age girls desires unfurnished 5-6 room apartment, East 70s-80s. Year or more. August 1st. To $550 month. Box S-293.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

OLD FARMHOUSE and spacious barn on unspoiled Vermont Lake (most of shore owned by the Wilderness Corporation, insuring no building). Farmhouse tract affords majestic lake view. Ownership includes use of lake beaches, of 2,200 acre forest with hiking trails. 12 room farmhouse, oldest in region, has triple fireplace, fine woodwork. Despite population pressures elsewhere, restrictions here preserve natural beauty of lake. Remaining to sell in Wilderness Community: two 1 acre lots, two 2 acre; also, further on, 3 acre lot bordering shore. All nondivisible, with building restricted. Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

BERKSHIRE AREA. 3 to 10 acre homesites. 30-mile views, seclusion. Within half hour Tanglewood, lakes, theaters. Brochure. Overlook, Hillsdale, N.Y. 12529.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10 per acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—unusual wooded settings with unparalleled views of Vineyard Sound. Close proximity to excellent community beach. 2-6 acres. $15,000-$30,000. SR Box R-241.

COASTAL SETTLEMENTS—Unspoiled Rogue Bluffs and Corea by the Sea ocean frontage from $1,495. $100 down. Paul Bunyan Shores, Winter Harbor, Maine. 207-963-2600.

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASSACHUSETTS. On secluded Coolidge Point, unique 2 story barracks building and 5 story reinforced concrete observation tower. ¼ acre plus easements. Ideal summer home. $29,500. Owner Donaldson R. McMullin, 216 Conant Road, Weston, Massachusetts 02193.

JACKSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Near Pleasant mountain village with magnificent views of Presidential range. Woodland tract owner offers 20 acres on all-weather road. Will subdivide. Minimum parcel 3 acres, $7,500. Terms. Reasonable restrictions to preserve natural values and insure privacy. Box S-294.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

LIVE, WORK, raise your family near heaven. Weekly newspaper-job printing plant close to skiing, lakes in northern New England. Requires minimum $40,000 down. Box S-211.

FOR SALE. Established bookstore in southeastern Wisconsin. Retail trading area 150,000. General trade; college texts. Box S-274.

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(Continued from page 79)

CAMPS

SUMMERLANE CAMP in the tradition of The Little Commonwealth, Summerhill, The Gorky Colony. Continuing an exploration of the boundaries of freedom in democracy; seeking to teach that love is something more than need; that work and creativity are inseparable. Now in our 4th summer. Boys and girls, ages 5-19. Buckbrook Farm, North Branch 20, N.Y.

GREEN MOUNTAIN Chamber Music Camp—Landgrove, Vermont. Strings only. Coed 11-14. Visit Marlboro, Hopkins Center, Saratoga. Outdoor education, historical tours, sports. Family atmosphere in beautiful ski lodge. Brochure. Director, M. C. Vincent, Meadow Way, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Boys, girls; 14 through 18. Study creative thinking through literature, history, music, drama; work projects, carpentry, forestry, gardening. June 26th-August 7th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

EUROPEAN CAMP—Switzerland. Coed. 6-16. French language instruction. Sports. Excursions. Josephine McCarthy, 4705 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10471.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack horse; Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 41st year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York.

CAMP BIOTA—Fun. Knowledge. Adventure. Natural Science. Academically talented boys, 9-14. Six weeks. Swimming, canoeing, riding, creative crafts, wilderness survival. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee. Call NAshville 766-2494.

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California 95453.

OUT ISLAND SUMMER SEA CAMP. In tropical Bahamas and 60' Schooner. Diving, fishing, sailing, navigation, etc. Coed 12-18. Limited enrollment, July 16th-August 15th. $600. Brochure. Capt. A. Kadey, City Yacht Basin, Miami, Florida 33132.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated (coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey.

HAS YOUR TEENAGE SON OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program, provides constructive, adventuresome experiences. 20th summer. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut.

CANOE, HIKE, FLY remote Adirondack regions, boys 11-15, inexpensive. Timberlock Voyageurs, Indian Lake, Sabael, N.Y.

ADVISORY SERVICE, summer camps, to meet children's needs, parents' budgets. R. Barnett, 180 West End Avenue, NYC 10023.

WILDERNESS VENTURE—Boys 13-16. Mountain climbing and canoeing program informed by principles of depth and growth. Adult, professional leadership. August 1st-28th. James Whitehill, 119 Reservoir Road, Parsippany, N.J. 07054.

A SUMMER TO REMEMBER—Unique Ranch Camp for 11-15 year olds emphasizing folk guitar, art workshops, songs, folk dances. Visit cliff dwellings, Pueblo Indian dances, community artists and singers of the Southwest. Double S Bar Ranch near Taos, New Mexico. Limited to 25, July 5th-August 10th. Gar Embrey, M.S., Director, 1566 Curran Street, Los Angeles, California 90026. 213-NO 2-5102. N.Y. telephone: 212-TR 3-5430.

RETIREMENT LIVING

"HAVE YOU SEEN MEADOW LAKES?" If you are planning retirement, plan to visit this retirement community of garden-level apartments situated on 103 scenic acres near Princeton, N.J. A monthly service charge provides menu-selected meals, maintenance, maid service, medical, surgical and nursing care. The Presbyterian Nursing Care Center at Meadow Lakes is now accepting patients for short term or permanent residence. For Retirement Community or Nursing Center brochures write: Presbyterian Homes of N.J., Meadow Lakes, P.O. Box 70, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.

VACATIONS

WINDHAM HILL FARM—West Townshend, Vermont 05359. Quiet country inn. Old magazines. Good food. Folder.

THERE'S A PLACE you'll like—white sand beaches—uncrowded Island—nice. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

HOPE TOWN, ABACO, BAHAMAS. New cottages on beach in hotel grounds. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, kitchen, all utilities. $45 per day, $300 per week. Boats, guides available for all fishing and skin diving. Food, beverages and all services readily available from hotel. Add comfort to your Out-Island holiday. Airmail 13¢ or telephone Marcel S. Maury, Hope Town Harbour Lodge, Abaco, Bahamas.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small. Secluded. Informal. Brochure.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA Mobile Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

IN MAGNIFICENT COLORADO, it's Craig's Wilderness Trails Dude Ranch for western fun relaxation. Horseback riding in "Switzerland of America." Pack trips, fishing, children's program. Top AAA. Color brochure. Box B, Bayfield, Colorado.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

GO GAUGUIN! Caribbean mountain studio. Bring sweaters. Hammond, Naguabo, P.R.

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION . . . Maine's most accessible lakes are surrounded by pine-clad mountains. Seacoast cities nearby. Free color magazine. Sebago-Long Lakes Association, Box 16, Sebago Lake, Maine.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

EVERY SEASON there's a reason. Fishing, boating, hunting, skiing. Pleasant Mt. Chair Lift. For FREE booklet write Box 236E, Chamber of Commerce, Bridgton, Maine.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Now is the time—crowds gone, rates down, weather is fine. Cable Beach Manor Apartment Hotel—each has kitchen, bath, veranda, air-conditioning. 1-2-3 rooms. Private beach, double $70 week. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment, own boat and auto trips. $12.50-$16.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Direct service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt. Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

HERITAGE HILL, Holland—Colonial Country Inn. Hills, lakes; snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

WALKER'S WRINKLE—Brooklin, Maine 04616. Unusual cuisine, comfortable accommodations, roam 73 acres.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. Children under 12- or 24-hour care. Excellent counselors. Planned activities. For adults: canoe trips, sailing, water skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, antique auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

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REST AND RELAXATION. Vacation resort with meals, on Lake Wentworth. Modern cottages. Outdoor sports. Bass fishing. Color folder gives complete information. Point Breeze, Wolfeboro, N.H.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1673

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Doleful story; denunciatory complaint.	117 84 20 102 126 184 197 146
B. Any of several Amer. trees having canescent leaves, of genus *Salix* (2 wds.)	37 10 29 79 206 113 50 92 121 69 181
C. Southernmost of the U.S. National Parks.	133 18 15 168 56 105 86 40 193 185
D. To shrink quivering.	119 3 48 82 151
E. Great naval hero written about by Cecil S. Forester, contemporary author.	124 118 196 2 165 43 107 28 52 100
F. Initiatory impulse (comp.)	187 120 154 47 166 76 171
G. Commander of the Boer army before Ladysmith (1862-1919).	127 27 63 158 1
H. Furnish with anything in the nature of a gift.	145 8 5 93 22
I. Something given a new name, without necessarily much alteration.	128 24 80 75 16 64
J. In a soothing manner.	192 19 143 87 44 122
K. Fortress palace of Moorish kings of Granada, mainly 13th cent. architecture.	149 136 35 111 53 202 179 125
L. A certain fuel gelled with aluminum soaps of fatty acids, used in warfare.	55 186 110 203 68 96
M. A continent of the Paleozoic age, generally coextensive with mountainous region of Eastern U.S.	62 139 33 54 4 109 70 116 199 153
N. Worthless meat; rural slang for a poor old wornout horse.	147 130 141 9 160 58 88 34
O. What care is, acc'g to Gilbert in *The Gondoliers.*	132 138 108 95 175 207
P. Most unusual.	99 189 157 174 103 11 66 31 73 123 167 85 21
Q. Any tree of the genus *Diospyros;* its fruit contains much tannin.	140 36 104 180 188 14 152 155 83
R. Famous slogan of a great producer of automated devices.	144 49 173 46 205
S. A method of administering the sacrament, both elements in one.	114 162 190 77 39 91 51 150 13 59
T. Category of the sort of books most greatly read today.	90 178 201 156 42 94 115 142 170 204
U. Made a long, deep incision in.	81 161 72 191 17 169
V. Serviceable odd-job workers (2 wds.)	148 97 194 60 106 6 23 134
W. Russian seaport closed by ice for more than half the year.	89 25 182 200 26 164 71
X. State of low physical health.	32 101 172 65 112 198 129 30 131
Y. Business of buying and selling "on 'Change" (2 wds.)	74 177 183 67 163 41 45 57 98 159 135
Z. Power to produce effects; the potency of things.	195 61 78 38 12 7 176 137

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 G	2 E		3 D	4 M	5 H		6 V	7 Z	8 H		9 N	10 B	11 P		12 Z	13 S
14 Q	15 C	16 I		17 U	18 C	19 J	20 A	21 P		22 H	23 V	24 I	25 W		26 W	27 G	
28 E	29 B	30 X	31 P		32 X	33 M		34 N	35 K	36 Q		37 B	38 Z	39 S	40 C	41 Y	42 T
43 E	44 J		45 Y	46 R	47 F		48 D	49 R	50 B	51 S	52 E	53 K	54 M	55 L		56 C	57 Y
58 N	59 S	60 V	61 Z	62 M	63 G	64 I	65 X	66 P		67 Y	68 L	69 B	70 M	71 W	72 U		73 P
74 Y		75 I		76 F	77 S	78 Z	79 B	80 I	_	81 U	82 D	83 Q	84 A	85 P	86 C	87 J	88 N
89 W	90 T		91 S	92 B	93 H	94 T	95 O	96 L	97 V	98 Y	99 P	100 E		101 X	102 A	103 P	104 Q
105 C	106 V		107 E	108 O		109 M		110 L	111 K	112 X		113 B	114 S	115 T	116 M		117 A
118 E	119 D	120 F	121 B	122 J	123 P		124 E	125 K	126 A	127 G	128 I	129 X		130 N	131 X	132 O	133 C
134 V	135 Y	136 K	137 Z		138 O	139 M	140 Q	141 N	142 T	143 J	144 R	145 H	146 A		147 N	148 V	149 K
150 S	151 D	152 Q	153 M	154 F		155 Q	156 T		157 P	158 G	159 Y		160 N	161 U	162 S	163 Y	164 W
	165 E	166 F	167 P	168 C	169 U		170 T	171 F		172 X	173 R	174 P	175 O	176 Z	177 Y	178 T	179 K
180 Q		181 B	182 W	183 Y		184 A	185 C		186 L		187 F	188 Q	189 P	190 S	191 U	_	192 J
193 C	194 V	195 Z	196 E	197 A	198 X	199 M	200 W	201 T		202 K	203 L	204 T	205 R	206 B	207 O		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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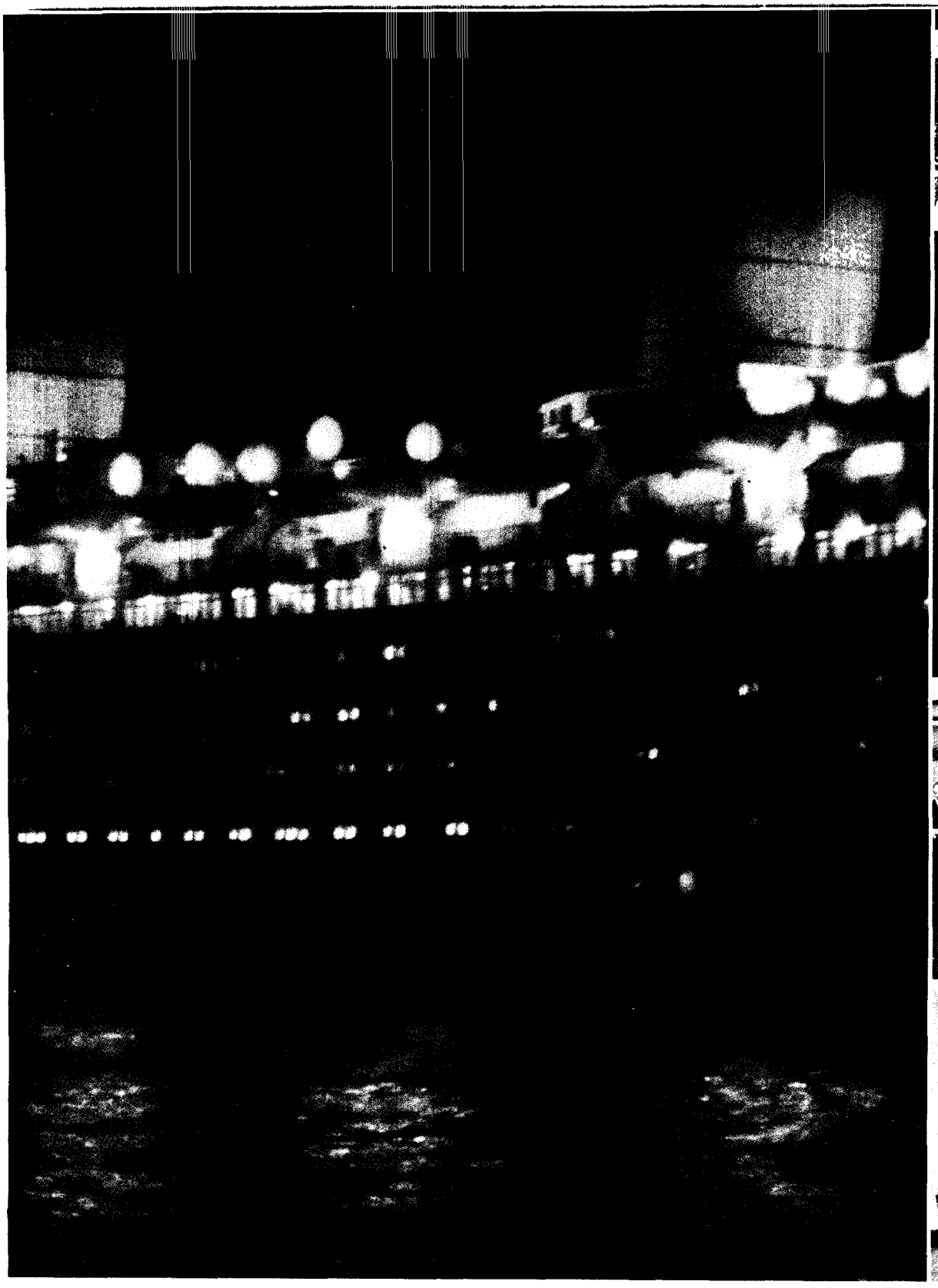

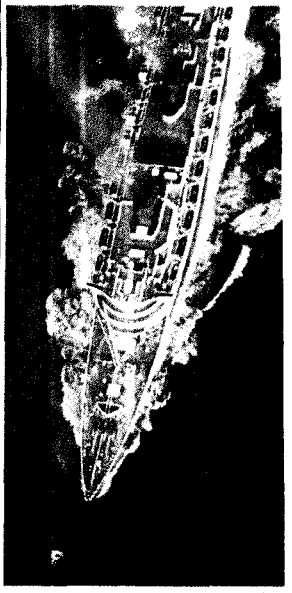

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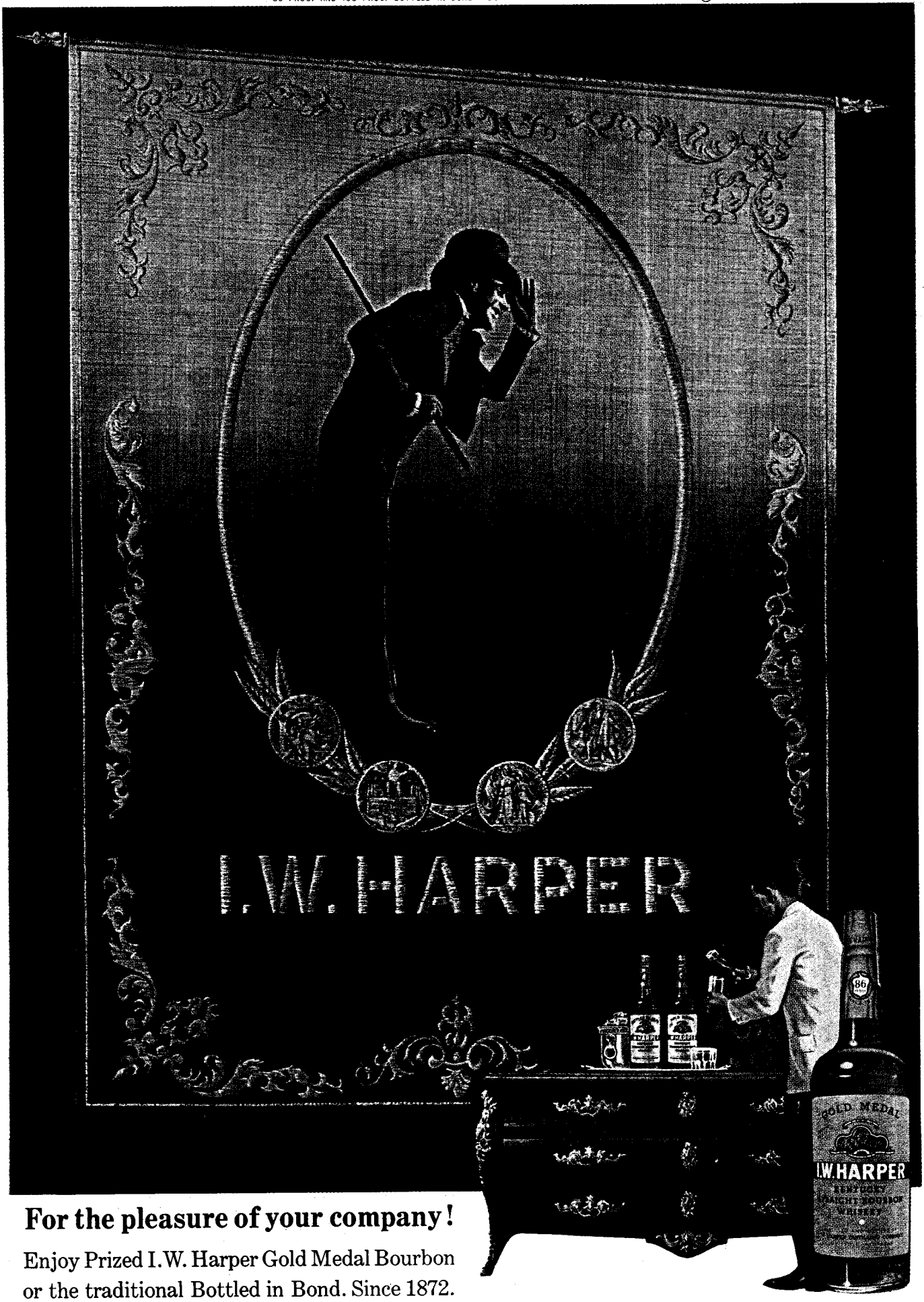

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